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THE  
SPORTSMAN'S CABINET.

JOHNSON, PRINTER, LIVERPOOL.





# BEAGLES





THE

*H. L. Keet  
Auburn N.Y.  
1895-*

# SPORTSMAN'S CABINET,

AND

TOWN AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE;

A PERIODICAL DEVOTED TO THE

## GENUINE SPORTS OF THE FIELD

AND INTERESTING ILLUSTRATIONS OF

### NATURAL HISTORY

INDISPENSABLY CONNECTED WITH THE VARIOUS RAMIFICATIONS OF THE CHASE,  
THE TURF, THE STREAM, &c. &c. WITH

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE ANECDOTES,

AND

ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

~~~~~  
EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY

T. B. JOHNSON,

*Author of the "Sportsman's Cyclopaedia," the "Shooter's Companion," &c. &c.*  
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VOLUME II.

MAY, 1833, to OCTOBER, 1833.

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# THE SPORTSMAN'S CABINET,

AND  
*Town and Country Magazine.*

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VOL. II.

MAY, 1833.

No. 7.

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## THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

On the commencement of the second volume of this publication, the Editor feels himself imperiously called upon to address his readers; not because custom has rendered such a proceeding indispensable, but on account of a sinister influence which has been actively and enviously operating against the work, from the period when it was first announced for publication. Many instances have occurred in provincial towns, where the Sportsman's Cabinet has been ordered, and either the Old or the New Sporting Magazine substituted for it; accompanied with the message, that the Sportsman's Cabinet was discontinued. Others again have been prevented from ordering this work, from being told that it would soon be given up. The first volume, however, has been completed; the second is in progress; and the Editor embraces this opportunity to state, that he had contemplated the present publication for several years; during which period, he had been sedulously preparing for it: so much so, that when the first sheet was put to press, he was in a situation to continue the work for seven years, as far as regards general preparation. Of the truth of this assertion, the volume now before the public, is a proof: and it is proof also, that the Editor has *personally attended the operations of the chase during the whole season*; and consequently, what has appeared on the subject has been the result of *personally-practical* observation; not concocted in the garrets of the metropolis by persons who know not a fox hound from a pointer; who, so far from appearing in the field, were never on horseback; who know not a grouse from a partridge, or scarcely the muzzle from the butt-end of the fowling piece; and whose practical knowledge of any ramification of the aggregate science upon which they profess to write, amounts to the capture of half a dozen minnows near Sadler's Wells; or two days unsuccessful angling in the River Lea. Yet such have been the literary caterers for genuine sportsmen for the last half century!

Let us take a retrospective view of the subject. If we just glance at the publication of Juliana Berners, we sportsmen of the present day, feel surprised that a female should possess an inti-

mate knowledge of one of the most favourite diversions of her time: her work is curious: and the curiosity of the matter constitutes its principal merit.

The author of the "Gentleman's Recreations," was a writer, ignorant, for the most part, of the subjects upon which he professed to treat:—he was the Johnny Lawrence of his day; and the same observation will apply to several other writers of the old school, whose works are laid on the shelf, and, for the most part, forgotten.

It would be time worse than idly spent to enter into an elaborate discussion of the merits of the writers of the old school: we shall therefore place our observations in a more tangible shape. Prior to the *Old Sporting Magazine*, there was no periodical expressly appropriated to the sports of the field. The late Mr. Pittman commenced the *Sporting Magazine*, which since the appearance of the *New Sporting Magazine*, is generally called the *Old Sporting Magazine*. Mr. Pittman was no sportsman: no person could be more superlatively ignorant of field sports than this gentleman, as the early numbers of his magazine incontestably demonstrate. But, having no competitor, he succeeded in establishing a profitable circulation, which continued for many years, though the publication, generally speaking, was made up of the most ignorant, the most vulgar, nonsense!

Mr. John Lawrence might be regarded as the literary kraken of this publication for some time: he was as grossly ignorant of field sports as his employer, Pittman; but far his superior in egotistical presumption; and as there happened to be no competition, this ignorant scribbler was enabled to vomit forth his miserably-wretched trash without control; thus the *Sporting Magazine* continued to flourish: it acquired a considerable circulation, though literally made up of rubbish, merely from the fortuitous circumstance of there being nothing of a similar character in the market.

At length, indications of something in the way of opposition were manifested: the "*Annals of Sporting*" was announced, evidently intended as a rival publication; and Pittman found himself under the necessity of looking out for superior abilities to those which had hitherto been employed in his wretched monthly farrago misnamed the *Sporting Magazine*. In consequence, the celebrated "*Nimrod*" appeared as the mighty hunter in this publication; and for several years it was really entitled to the appellation of the *Sporting Magazine*, as, independently of the well-written articles under the signature just mentioned, the communications of "*The Fox Hunter Rough and Ready*," as well as several others, were highly interesting; but, above all, "*The Old Forester*" shone conspicuously pre-eminent on the score of genius, talent, and practical knowledge. The two *latter* have paid the debt of nature;

while the first mentioned, to use his own words, has become "an exile."

The rival publications continued to procure an extensive patronage; but, although some articles in the *Annals of Sporting* manifested a practical knowledge of field sports, the work was edited by a person utterly ignorant of the subject, and on the score of aggregate talent it was inferior to its elder competitor. The *Annals of Sporting* has ceased to exist for some years. The *Sporting Magazine* continued and still continues, but with faded laurels. It has scarcely had a single correspondent for years, who has manifested knowledge and abilities beyond what may be justly termed *literary quackery*.

The "*New Sporting Magazine*" started into existence two years since, in consequence of the editor of it being refused a share in the proprietorship of the old concern; and exhibits as complete a specimen of editorial egotism and editorial ignorance as were ever placed before the eyes of the public. After speaking of "*our incomparable magazine*" in previous numbers, in the last, we find the following, from the "*incomparable*" pen of this self elected literary dictator:—he begs to call "the attention of the public to this opportunity of commencing a work which the *ablest sporting writers*, and the most talented artists of the day, *have combined to render perfect!*" Bravo! a *marvellous combination truly!* What an extraordinary circumstance that a work should be thus "*combined!*" the principal and "*ablest*" *combinator*, we must of course presume to be the redoubtable editor himself, since such is the true interpretation of the foregoing pithily-potent and "*combined*" flow of self conceit: he is an extraordinary genius! the most wonderfully-gifted *combinator* of this very extraordinary *combination!* who is evidently so much absorbed in his own pyramidal importance, so enveloped in the mazy and multitudinous folds of his own *magnanimous* mind as to forget altogether the old, the homely, but powerfully-expressive, adage, that "self praise is no recommendation." Let us look for the glittering effulgence of this *combination* of complacent conceit. Where shall we find it?—Is it to be sought in the *sparkling wit*, the *exuberant fancy*, the *amazing powers of description*, which irradiate the pages of the miraculous miscellany in question, and particularly in those pearly and spotless gems, which appear with "*the mark of the beast*" indelibly impressed upon them; such as "*Nim South's Extended Tours*," an "*Account of Goodwood Races*," "*John Jorrocks?*" &c. &c. evidently effusions of a masterly and an awful mind! Or, shall we rather, direct our powers of perception to the high-sounding and sonorous abuse of an unfortunate wight, whom this astonishing editor designates "*Nodding Homer?*" Poor Nodding Homer! we know him well; a fellow, if not of "*infinite mirth*," at least blessed with an ordinary share of good temper; a "*fat sleek headed man*," the editor of



the Old Sporting Magazine, which he has conducted for some years, though as impenetrably ignorant of field sports as any old woman who has never strayed beyond the sound of Bow Bell! The same remark will equally apply to the New Sporting Magazine, which manifests unequivocal symptoms of *dropsy*, in defiance of its combination of "*the ablest sporting writers, and the most talented artists of the day!*"

The existence of this "*most complete sporting record that was ever offered to the British public!*" has evidently become very precarious, and the most anxious fears are entertained for its life!—its days are numbered; notwithstanding its *incalculable combinations*, its *mysterious combinator*s, its *potently impressive*, and *awfully gifted editor!*

In regard to our own publication, we can very safely assert, that, though we cannot boast of the assistance of any *supernatural combination*, we have devoted our whole time to it: we have been constantly in the field throughout the season, as the work itself sufficiently testifies; we shall continue to devote our undivided attention to it; and, as the hunting season has closed, we shall not fail personally to visit the principal races in the kingdom. We shall watch the proceedings of the turf with jealous attention, and shall not fail to express our opinion with frankness and fearless freedom.

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### *Summary of the Season, with Illustrative Observations.*

MAY 1.—The winter which has just passed away has not been remarkable for any considerable duration of frost, or more than a usual quantity of rain; it has been very seasonable. Severe frost, for a short period, at the close of 1832 and the commencement of 1833, enabled the husbandman to convey his manure upon his grass land in the most convenient manner, and at the most seasonable period. Frost and a cold severe atmosphere during the month of March checked the progress of early vegetation; so that, at the latter end of this month, the fields presented, in a great degree, their wintry aspect, at least in the midland and northern counties. In consequence, the spring was late, a circumstance well suited to the uncertain climate of this country, and which may be justly regarded as an earnest of future plenty. Hence it will be easily perceived, that, although the fox hunter and the follower of harriers were compelled to suspend their fascinating operations for a short period,

they were amply compensated at the latter end of the season, by being enabled to extend their usual finale for a week or ten days.

During a great part of the hunting season, the country was deep and heavy, which is always the case, and not unfrequently throughout the whole of those months appropriated to this species of pursuit. The latter end of the late season, and particularly during the month of March, we never observed the country more favourable for horses: scent, was, however, very indifferent.

Foxes are silent, for the most part, at the early part of the season; but, on the approach of Christmas, they may be heard, when the shades of night conceal them from human observation, speaking to each other in the language of nature and of course well understood by the species. If the weather become very severe, these animals are less loquacious, till a more genial atmosphere renders them again anxious for companionship and society. The dog fox barks; the



sound emitted by the vixen or female is different, is more shrill, and more resembles a scream than a bark. As the voice of foxes are not precisely alike, the form of their bodies, and their aspect or countenance, appear in the same degree of dissimilarity. The head of the male is thicker and more obtuse, as is his body also; the vixen presenting a more elegant, but less vigorous, form: a rule which will be found to constitute a prevailing feature throughout the beautiful, the wonderful, and endless circle of animated nature!

The season, on the whole, has been favourable to the pursuit of field sports. It has been equally so to the operations of the grazier, the dairyman, and the agriculturist. The young wheats never looked better generally; that is, upon both light and heavy soils. In Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Northamptonshire, I never saw them look so well.

During the late season, fewer accidents have happened than have been known in the memory of the present generation. The fowling piece, frequently so accidentally destructive, has been less so than usual; owing, no doubt, to the more general introduction of percussion guns; while, in hunting, scarcely a fatal accident has taken place.

During the month of March several heavy vixens fell under our observation: cubs will be brought forth rather later than usual; but plenty will be produced, we have not the least doubt: as, although many foxes have been killed during the season, sufficient were left, in most parts of the kingdom, to furnish an abundant future supply.

With respect to hares, partridges,

and pheasants, we never recollect observing them more numerous at the close of the season. The courser and the hare hunter may therefore confidently anticipate plenty of game; and so also may the shooting sportsman, if the present and succeeding month prove tolerably dry; and most especially, if the mowing season be late, which is likely enough to happen.

By the middle or latter end of the present month, young rooks will afford amusement with the cross bow and the air gun. The common gun or fowling piece, we are inclined to think, would answer the purpose much better. If loaded with a very small quantity of powder, merely sufficient to drive the ball with similar force to that with which it is impelled by the air gun, its explosion, would be attended, we suppose, with no louder a report than that which is emitted or sent forth by the discharge of the air gun. The experiment is worth the trial.\*

Otter hunting may be followed as the weather becomes warm.

In the earlier numbers of this work the late arrival of woodcocks in this country was noticed, as well as the general scarcity of these birds throughout the winter. On the 30th of March, a pack of fox hounds, with which the writer was out, flushed two couple and a half in drawing the various covers during the day. It was on the coast, and these birds were no doubt preparing for their trackless journey.

\* See a short article headed "ROOK SHOOTING."

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— "Should you lure  
From his dark haunt amid the tangled roots  
Of pendant trees the monarch of the brook;"

"The charming May, of months the queen," may be truly called the angler's month, as all the varieties of the finny tribe, from a state of comparative torpor seem to spring at once into action and vigorous life. All, from the sprightly minnow to the grovelling barbel, from the ravenous perch to the more ravenous pike will afford the angler diversion, and all fresh water fish, pike alone excepted, are this month fit for

the table. From the lateness of the spring, the May fly cannot be expected before the latter end of the month or the beginning of June, and the March brown, which, as I have before stated, seldom makes its appearance before April, is the best fly that can be used till the May flies are plentiful.—There is a fly I have never seen described by any writer, which I know from experience, to be a most excellent one.

Trout and grayling will rise at it from the middle of May till the end of August in preference to any I ever used, and upon one occasion, I hooked and killed a fine sea trout at the mouth of the river Alt, in Formby, with the same fly. It is made with a speckled feather from the tail of a partridge for the wing, black hackle for the legs, and the body made of the fur from a hare's ear, warp-

ed with black silk. Of all worms for trout fishing, the brandling is perhaps the best (and the same remark will apply to perch); but there is no bait they will so readily take at the bottom as salmon roe. I have frequently caught them with it when the waters have been *low and clear*, and when they leave their hiding place in the evening, it is a bait they will never refuse.

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### *FOX HOUNDS and FOX HUNTING.*

(Continued from vol. 1, page 380.)

In the early part of the season, the sports in that first of all fox hunting countries, Leicestershire, was but indifferent; it did not amount to a fair average. As the season advanced, the sport improved, and some excellent runs took place in the month of February. Lord Lonsdale's hounds, on one occasion, went away close to the brush of their fox: he could not get a head. It was an absolute *race*! they ran up to him in twelve minutes in the open!

On Saturday, March 2, I met Sir T. Stanley's hounds at Picton, a village not far from Chester, and in consequence of the fixture being very convenient for that place, the citizens came up numerous, as well as several gentlemen who usually attend Sir H. Mainwaring's hounds. "The Baron from Hanover" was at the cover side: the field was brilliant and numerous.

A fox was found in a very fine gorse cover, which he was very unwilling to leave. The hounds worked hard, and amongst their deep tones might be heard the impetuous squeaking of the terriers. These active little dogs assist very much in forcing a fox from a gorse cover, as they can thread the fox's runs more easily than their larger companions. The cover was extensive; but, at length, the fox shewed himself, evidently with no intention of leaving it: he ran by the side of the cover for a hundred yards or more, and again entered it. Three couple of the hounds came along on the line of him. In about ten minutes, the view halloo rang from the other side of the gorse, to which the hounds flew, and went well away with him, best pace, the scent being good. Several rolls occurred; and, amongst the rest, an interesting boy, mounted on a galloway, in attempting a deep, dirty, wet ditch, was unhorsed: the horse and his rider seemed to pitch on their heads; and, after floundering for a few seconds in the soft clay muddy receptacle, emerged without sustaining the least injury, but with a very different, a very much altered, aspect.

The fox was a coward. He had not stood up long before the hounds, ere he began to look out for a subterraneous retreat, which he found in about twenty minutes, and there the matter ended.

Tuesday, March 5, met at Hooton Lodge. Badger's Rake (a woodland cover) was tried: several foxes were immediately on foot, with one of which the hounds went away, crossing the main road between Parkgate and Chester, making to the right of the road, over a very heavy country: at the pace the hounds went, no horse could have lived one hour with them; but the fox finding his pursuers gain upon him, and that he could not live before them in the open country, turned; and, after a very smart run of twenty minutes, brought us again to Badger's Rake, and thus saved himself. The hounds unfortunately got upon the line of another fox, one of those which had been disturbed when the hounds were first thrown into the cover: they consequently picked a very cool scent: after an hour of very slow work, he was given up.

The hounds were taken to Burton, and thrown into a fine gorse by the side of a hill facing the Dee. They found; but the fox was unwilling to leave home: he contrived to hide himself under ground.

Found again in Mr. Congreve's plantation; from which the hounds came away very prettily: they came tolerably well through Mr. Congreve's grounds. The scent, however, which had been very good in the morning, became very indifferent, and the hounds were soon brought to cool hunting; about four o'clock the operations of the day were brought to a close.

Mr. Corbet, one of the sons of Sir Andrew Corbet, and who has been noticed in our number for January, again appeared in the field—in good spirits; and seemed to enjoy the diversion very much, although quite blind. Mr. Haigh is always well mounted; but, on this day, he rode a very superior horse.

Saturday, March 9, these hounds met at the favourite fixture, Upton, with the weather bitterly cold. Upton covers were drawn blank, to the surprise of the field! It should, however, be borne in mind, that, at this period of the year, foxes are fond of lying in the hedge rows, a dog and a vixen not far from each other. The township of Upton, I have not the least doubt, contained plenty of foxes, as they are carefully preserved by Mr. Webster, who, however, enters no farther into the spirit of the diversion, than merely as a pedestrian looker-on when the hounds meet at this village.

The covers of Mr. Leigh, at Grange, were tried with no better success. Gayton covers were also tried: here I did not expect we should find, as I observed a keeper, whose countenance, I thought, bore a very vulpecidal aspect, and whose wages, I was told, were paid in rabbits. Wherever a keeper is allowed an interest in rabbits, foxes will disappear: several instances of this sort have fallen under my observation.

At length we reached the never failing cover of Poulton. Here the foxes are as carefully preserved as at Upton; though

Mr. Green, the owner, like Mr. Webster, becomes a spectator only when the hounds come to his covers. The day was drawing to a close; but the master of the hounds will not have a *blank* in his calendar. Not one fox only, but several, were soon on foot. Sleety rain and snow began to descend: I therefore took the best sheltered situation I could find, well knowing that foxes very seldom leave this wood; which is intersected with miry lanes, at the bottom of one of which, beneath the branches of an oak, I placed myself. In two or three minutes a very fine dog fox came into the lane, and, flourishing his brush (with a tag three inches long) entered the wood on the other side. I hallooed! the hounds soon reached the spot, and succeeded in forcing renard to leave this cover; to which, however, he returned; there was not scent enough to press him. The snow fell fast; night was approaching; and, in about twenty minutes, the labours of the day were brought to a close. Renard was allowed a week's repose; and again unkennelled on Saturday, the 16th of March. He proved a gallant fox after all—a very gallant fox indeed! By some oversight the earths in this extensive cover were all open; yet, after a little dodging, he flew from it, too confident in his own strength to hide himself from a fair trial with his pursuers. He came away in the direction for Mr. Mainwaring's grounds; and unfortunately his mate came away with him. She, however, would not keep his company, but returned to the wood, and the hounds thus became divided; five couple of them run the vixen to the wood, without, however, the huntsman, or either of the whips: thus a number of of the field lost the cream of the run. Our fox passed through the picturesque grounds of Mr. Mainwaring, directing his flight towards Eastham wood: the hounds rattled him along at a killing pace, when he turned to the right, making straight for the main road from Liverpool to Chester, which he crossed. Here the run became beautiful! field after field the hounds stretched gallantly away, the brilliant runners leading by turns. At length they reached the cover called Plymiard, which, however, renard had not entered. He had skirted it. The hounds were puzzled for a few seconds, when they came away with a good scent, pointing for Willaston; but, leaning to the left, the fox re-crossed the main road between the villages of Sutton and Eastham, making for a gorse cover, called Sea Rough, on the banks of the Mersey. The run was capital: the hounds performed admirably, and the sportsmen also. Forward and fearlessly rode Mr. Cockerell, Captain Dunn, Captain John Stanley, Mr. Congreve, junior; Mr. Charles Stanley (jun.) went well, as did Mr. Haigh and many others.—Messrs. Humble, Peel, Owens Johnson, front rank men, unfortunately lost this extraordinary run, owing to the division of the pack.

From the gorse just noticed, renard was compelled to fly: he



made for Hooton Park; too much exhausted, however, to scale the wall, he was forced down to the sandy shore of the Mersey, over which the hounds carried the scent with uncommon speed for at least a mile. The Baronet himself first reached the sands, where he tried the speed of his charming Maximilian mare: he tried her power also, for it was heavy galloping. He led the van, followed by his two sons and the rest of the field. Captain Dunn happened to be in the rear; but he put his bay bit of blood along in such style that he soon regained his usual place. Singular as it may appear, though the hounds had gone the very best pace over the sands, they no sooner entered the wood, called the Bous-ten, than they were brought to a check. Amongst the dead and decaying leaves the scent was bad; here the fox had a decided advantage. On entering these plantations, which fringe Hooton Park, the fox was dead beat; but by the time the hounds had picked their way through them, he was six or seven minutes before us, his tongue out and black; he was dirty and distressed, with scarcely the power of making a gallop.

He kept to the plantations as long as possible; when forced to leave them, he made across the fields, pointing towards a brick kiln, into which I confidently expected he had introduced himself: Sir Thomas Stanley was of the same opinion; and he seems to possess a prescience of the movements and workings of the foxes in his country. The hounds pointed to the brick kiln; they passed it, hunting up to some old pits, covered with brushwood, where I thought they would find him completely exhausted: he had evidently entered this thicket, and most likely lain down for a few seconds, till the near approach of the pack induced him to move. The run again became very pretty: the sportsmen performed well: I was pleased to observe Mr. C. Stanley, jun. so much improved in horsemanship: he rode his hard-pulling gray well—he took his fences in good style. The hounds leaned towards the right till they reached some greasy fallows. It was evident the fox was making his way home again. The hounds passed through Plymiard, picking a cold scent, and ultimately reached Poulton wood, where they got upon a fresh fox, and the original chase was lost, after a most extraordinary run of three hours and a half, from the time the hounds first spoke to him!

The first hour after the fox was got fairly away was equal to any thing of the kind I ever witnessed: and this treat was enjoyed in the best possible manner by the master of the hounds, by Captains Dunn and Stanley, by Messrs. Congreve, jun. Cockerell, J. Davis, C. Stanley, jun. Haigh, Newton, Scholes, G. Aspinall, Hetherington, and a young man named Johnson, son of a highly respectable Cheshire farmer. I never saw Sir Thomas Stanley in better spirits; he could not be otherwise than highly pleased

with the performance of his hounds. They deserved their fox ; and he deserved his life.

Tuesday, March 19, will be long remembered by those who attend Sir Thomas Stanley's hounds. Last season, these hounds ran a fine dark coloured fox for some time and lost him ; lost him, in fact, unaccountably, after going best pace for upwards of an hour. They ran the same fox some time afterwards ; they ran him, as before, up to Hooton Park ; he had stood up gallantly for more than one hour, and baffled his pursuers : they knew not how. At length, he was discovered in an extraordinary retreat in the garden :—he had crept into one of the flews belonging to the hot house. As he had proved himself a gallant fox, disdaining to seek the shelter of the park or gardens while he could stand up before the hounds in the open country, he was allowed his freedom again, after having been deprived of a part of one of his ears, in order that his identity might be placed beyond the reach of doubt.

Hooton Park is completely fringed with covers ; and in its immediate vicinity are situated several fine gorses, which never fail to hold foxes : indeed, this part of Sir T. Stanley's country is uncommonly well stocked with foxes ; which, when driven by the hounds, generally make away for the Park immediately.—The fox above noticed formed an exception. He flew boldly before the hounds ; and sought the most secure or best retreat only when he found his pursuers were beating him.

On the day mentioned at the commencement of the last paragraph but one, the hounds met at the village of Whitby, two miles on the southern side of Hooton, and drew Stanney wood, which may be said to be two miles further to the southward, and which seldom fails to hold a fox. Stanney wood is about the same extent as Martinshaw wood in Leicestershire ; the hounds, however, very soon spoke. The fox broke cover, run short, and returned :—it was a heavy vixen, and the hounds were stopped.

The hounds drew towards Hooton ; nothing occurred worth relating, till the hounds were thrown into a fine gorse in the township of Eastham. Perceiving the master of the hounds ride round, and place himself at the eastern corner of the cover, I took my station within a few yards of him : I heard the certain note of Sampson : I knew it was good : in a few seconds, I observed re-nard leave the lower end of the gorse a few yards, look round, and make off ! He came more hurriedly out of the cover than foxes in general, and went away wildly, like a staunch fellow : however, as his mode and manner were unusual, his appearance was equally so : he seemed destitute of a brush ; but, nevertheless, appeared to be a very large stout animal. He went straight away as if he meant to run, pointing north-westerly, the dark lowering hills of



Flintshire in the distance ; but, becoming at length aware that the Dee interposed an expanse of several miles of water, he declined so extensive a cold bath, and leaned to the left, in the direction for Willaston. Leaving this place on the right, I concluded he was making for Stanney wood : but, finding the hounds press him, he despaired of reaching it, and was constrained to make a desperate effort to reach that neighbourhood, where he had previously saved himself. He made directly for Hooton : he scaled the nine feet wall, at the back of the Hall, and directed his course down the plantations, not being able to make his way into the gardens.

Up to this period the run had continued one hour and a few minutes, at a very good rattling pace, many parts of which were very pretty. But the fox, by his semi-retrograde movement, gained a decided advantage : the scent had altered : amidst the decaying leaves the hounds were brought to very cool hunting, and continued picking till they reached the fine gorse, called Sea Rough. The hounds continued to thread the cover, but did not open. I began to think it was all over ; when the deep and welcome tones of Regent, and the shriller voice of Rockwood, dissipated my irksome forebodings. In a few seconds, renard left the cover ; and, although he had been driven for upwards of an hour best pace, he still looked very wild, and went away very strong. He had unquestionably lain down in the gorse, and rested himself all the time the hounds were picking a cold scent for a mile up to it. I viewed him away : he was still the same brushless fox. The scent was become indifferent ; and no sooner had the hounds began to carry it, than two fellows rode before them, and brought them to a check : in consequence, they could not make him off. Davies lifted them, recovered the scent, and they went well away in the direction of Burton or Denhall, for several miles, when they became mute. They made their own cast in excellent style ; they were then cast by the huntsman ; but it would not do. Several of the horses appeared to be quite satisfied with what they had done : that prime little nag, Tam O'Shanter, appeared lame : he and his rider (Mr. Collier), and many others, left the field and returned home. In this cramp country, abounding with small covers, a cast *back* will as frequently recover the fox as a cast *forward* ; and of this, Davies seems to be well aware : on this occasion, he made a cast back for a very considerable distance, and recovered his fox. The hounds settled well to the scent, and went off for Stanney, which they passed, going for the village of Whitby ; this place they also passed on the right, and were once more brought to cool hunting, and thus continued for some time ; and the fox would have been lost, had it not been for a distant halloo, to which the hounds were instantly lifted. We reached Hooton Park, where renard began to dodge ; yet he still gave us a very pretty

burst across it for a mile. He passed the racing stables, again took to dodging, and at length broke away over the open country; but very soon perceiving he could not thus maintain himself, after proceeding a mile, he turned to the left. The hounds now manifested those indications, which are well known to fox hunters, and too intelligible to be mistaken: they knew they were near their fox—"their bristles are up, Sir, they're hard at him now." Renard reached the small village, called Pool, quite exhausted—so much so, that Mr. Congreve, jun. took him up and held him for some seconds. The fox entered the village, got upon a pig sty, and thence ascended the roof of a cottage; the hounds flew in all directions, rather seeking their fox with their eyes than their noses. He was compelled to descend from his elevated station, but allowed very fair play; he crawled across several fields to a small rough, where he resigned himself to his fate, and died without uttering the least complaint!

It might have been supposed, from the length and duration of the run, that we had changed foxes; but it proved the same brushless fox that I saw go away so wildly when found, which I saw leave Sea Rough Gorse; the very same which had secreted himself in the flew the previous season, as part of his left ear was wanting. The business occupied four hours; he was truly a game fox; yet, had he not been favoured by the alterations of scent, he could not have stood before the hounds half that time. It may be justly remarked, that during the first hour the scent was good; the two succeeding hours the scent was bad; the last hour the scent very much improved, so that there occurred two hours of good scent and two hours of bad. It would appear that this fox had been afflicted with a surfeit, arising, most likely, from his severe runs last season; and in consequence, though the bone of the brush remained, it was destitute of hair; there were other indications of the effects of surfeit; but he was not troubled with the mange: he appeared in vigorous health, and was about one pound heavier than foxes are usually found.

Saturday, March 23d, met at Bebbington; and amongst those who appeared at the fixture was Mr. Haigh (son of the master of the Surrey fox hounds) mounted on the finest horse I have seen for some time: he is by Smolensko, dam a Comus mare, fifteen hands three inches, rising six, brown, action beautiful, uncommon speed, good temper; the very form, stroke, and manner of a hunter, great power, and consequently able to carry weight.—Mr. Haigh always appears well mounted; but the animal in question leaves the rest of his stud at an immeasurable distance. A sharp frost had taken place during the night. The morning was beautifully fine. We drew the succession of fine covers at Stourton blank. It is true, foxes at this period of the year frequently kennel in hedge rows and old pits; but Stourton covers are unfortunately

situated in a vulpecidal neighbourhood, where excavations are formed in the adjacent plantations for the purpose of enticing foxes, and traps placed in them. Does this arise from an old grudge? and, if so, is it consistent with the mild and forgiving *precepts* of Christianity, for the *practice* of one of its professed ministers to be so tinged with malignity?

We drew blank till two o'clock, when a vixen was found, which went to ground after running a mile. Two foxes had been seen crossing some fields at a short distance: the hounds acknowledged the scent: they picked it down to Gayton covers; and, after a little dodging, renard came away crossing the Parkgate road, pointing eastwardly towards a village in the distance. The scent was good: the hounds went along in beautiful style. Mr. Humble stretched away upon Old Jerry, (thirteen years old; I never saw him look so well, or go better) Mr. Cockerell upon Beans, Captain Dunn, upon his bay thorough-bred, went fearlessly straight, precisely in the way in which he would face the enemy in the field of battle; Mr. C. Stanley, jun. went well upon a beautiful bay, as did Mr. Solomon upon a chesnut, evidently from the Sister Isle; Mr. Davis, I thought, did not ride with his usual spirit, perhaps he was not mounted to his mind. I was glad to see Mr. Ball re-appear: in the earlier part of the day his horse rolled into a deep ditch near Stanley Gorse: he rolled his veteran rider off his back, fortunately without doing him the least injury, and the horse became wedged, heels upward, at the bottom of the ditch: the animal sustained no injury.

The run continued; and in about three quarters of an hour brought us again to Gayton, where, I have much reason to believe, we changed: our first fox thus saved himself, while our second took us for some distance over the very same line of country, as his predecessor, when he made a turn to the left: he crossed several small inclosures at the foot of a range of moorland hills, the fences of which principally consist of rotten sandy banks and ditches. On approaching one of them, I perceived Mr. Bateman (a gentleman from Frankfort on the Maine) rather awkwardly situated. The bank had given way. Neither horse nor rider received the least injury. This gentleman has become a complete fox hunter—he enters into the spirit of the business in true English style. Coming round again to Gayton, I fell in with that civil and intelligent gentleman, Mr. Larden; his horse had thrown a shoe.

The hounds continued running, sometimes brilliantly, and sometimes cool hunting, till half past six o'clock in the evening, when they were stopped among the rotten stone walls near the village of Burton. They had been running three hours; and it is my opinion, that, during this period, not less than three foxes had stood up before them.

The day had been remarkably fine ; foxes were therefore on foot. At this period of the year, foxes are apt to forsake the stronger cover of the woods and gorses, and to kennel in more open and more exposed situations, where they are more liable to be disturbed. The foxes we found on this occasion, were met with under similar circumstances ; and when several foxes are on foot, crossing the line of each other, hounds have little chance of reaching any of them.

On the 22d of March, Mr. Wicksted's hounds found a fox in the favourite cover of Buerton Gorse, which broke away instantly ; and, after running direct for something more than a mile, was lost ; or, in other words, got to ground. About twenty yards from the mouth of the drain, there appeared a small orifice or opening, at which several of the hounds stopped, and manifested those indications which left no doubt that their game was immediately below. The drain, in regard to depth, was superficial ; and therefore a hole was sunk in a very short space, when, behold, instead of a fine dog fox, as was expected, it proved a vixen with seven cubs ! The cubs were scarcely a week old : they could not see. The situation was rendered as secure as possible ; and the dam, unhurt, carefully restored to her tender progeny.

As the season was drawing to a close, I embraced the opportunity of meeting the hounds of Sir H. Mainwaring on the 28th of March. The fixture was the village of Tarvin, five miles from Chester. I had scarcely reached the place, when I perceived the approach of the hounds : they looked uncommonly well, as well indeed as possible ; after having gone through a long and laborious season ; and having, up to this day, killed forty nine brace of foxes and a half : a greater number than has been killed in this hunt, in one season, for the last twenty years : a greater number, I imagine, than has been killed by any other hounds in the kingdom during the present season.

The hounds drew a gorse near the main road blank : with me this created no surprise—it was situated in low swampy ground : foxes will, if possible, form their kennels in situations the very reverse : they are fond of lying dry, and high also if possible, particularly with a southern aspect.—We trotted on through the village of Barrow, between which and Dunham, the hounds were thrown into a fine gorse. Maiden, the huntsman, entered the gorse, the whips judiciously took their stations—all was anxiety : expectation was on the tiptoe, a minute elapsed and the hounds continued silent. I surveyed the cover, found it of much greater extent than it appeared at a distance. I thought ten minutes at least must elapse, before the hounds could draw it completely. In an instant I heard the signal. The second whip viewed him away, and the hounds were got upon the line of him, as quickly as possible. There was no scent : the hounds did not open. The



hunter lifted them; he cast them; and, in a few minutes, seemed to force a scent. The pack gave tongue freely; and yet it was clear the hounds were working under the most adverse circumstances. Maiden was as quick as lightning: the fox's point was evidently for Delamere Forest; the huntsman was well aware of this; and contrived to get his hounds so near their fox, that the business assumed a different aspect. The hounds went well, the run became highly interesting, and was pretty for several miles up to the border of the forest. Here again the huntsman and his hounds had a difficult task. On the light, sandy, friable soil of this part of the country, the scent died away in a great degree: yet they stuck well to him: they rattled him through the fir woods with which this part of Delamere Forest is covered, and at length got him away. I fully calculated that death was at no very great distance: but renard saved his brush from the very censurable conduct of two young men, who rode before the hounds, headed the fox; and thus the huntsman's activity and skill, and the admirable management of the hounds, were rendered abortive from conduct which could not fail to give the most unqualified disgust, and which Sir H. Mainwaring did not fail to visit with severe, but well deserved, reprehension.

The day was not very far spent; but as the hounds proceeded further in the forest, I and a great part of the field, gave it up. On such occasions as these, the hounds draw towards their kennels (which are situated in the forest); they find plenty of foxes, but very rarely can get one away.

The field, on this occasion, was numerous and brilliant: "the Baron from Hanover" was amongst the number; and so was Mr. Ashley of Frodsham, who appears very little worse for the last ten years' wear; a proof that fox hunting agrees with his constitution. I did not observe General Heron; nor Lord Delamere: the latter being on a visit to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle, where he generally finishes the hunting season; thus annually visiting those scenes which afford an interesting retrospection of early life.

The last day of the season with Sir T. Stanley. Saturday, March 30th, Sir Thomas's hounds met at the kennels; and being the last day of the season, there appeared a more numerous assemblage than usual. The weather was remarkably fine, to speak as a sportsman; that is, the morning was not clear, glaring, and gaudy; on the contrary, the heavens presented mild clouds, the air was rather soft than cold and piercing, wind north-west. In a country so well stocked with foxes as that part of Cheshire between the Dee and the Mersey, it rarely happens that the hounds are long in finding, particularly in the Park and its immediate vicinity. The hounds had not been many seconds in a favourite gorse when certain tidings of a fox were heard. In fact, renard left the cover boldly, not only in the very face of the field, but

passed through it. On leaving the cover, he made directly for that part of the lane where I had taken up my position by the side of Major Jones: he came down by the side of the hedge till within six or seven yards of us, when he altered his course a trifle, flourished his brush as if in defiance, crossed the lane amongst the horses, and made off. I never saw a finer or a more beautiful fox.

The field were impatient: I observed, at least, thirty persons ride after the fox before the hounds could be got out of cover and laid on the line of him. On occasions like these, I have often noticed a very whiskered horse dealer from Chester conspicuous; and, in the present instance, he did not fail to distinguish himself. Under such circumstances, had the scent been breast high, the hounds must have been baffled: the scent, however, contrary to expectation, was very bad; and the fox beat us at his ease. We soon found a second fox, which beat us with little trouble to himself, though the hounds worked hard, and picked a cool scent for a considerable time. We found again in the favourite woodland called Badger's Rake, with no better success: the hounds could not hunt: indeed, it must be acknowledged, that the fox's manœuvres appeared very much like those of a vixen, and the hounds were taken to Puddington, which they drew blank. They ultimately reached a hanging wood near the King's Ferry, opposite Wepre in Flintshire. Here at four o'clock a fourth fox was found; and though there still appeared no scent, the hounds, after fifteen minutes of unsatisfactory labour, were lifted to a halloo, and went away in the direction for Mollington. The scent, which had continued very bad up to this period, had become the very reverse: the hounds run their fox for nearly two hours, and lost him in the dusk of the evening.

In general fox hounds will continue to go out during the first week in April; and from the backwardness of the season, the farmer would sustain no injury were hunting to continue during the greater part of the month just mentioned. There are situations where hunting may be extended to a later period. Colonel Vaughan, of Corwen, hunts till June, and sometimes even for a part of that month. This gentleman commences the hunting season, at an early period, in September, for instance; the nature of his country, the Welsh mountains, admitting of such an early and such a protracted season "without offence to God or injury to man." I promise myself the pleasure of a visit to Corwen, at no distant period; and shall, at the same time, embrace the opportunity of spending a day with the frank and generous Major Jones at Wepre, who keeps a pack of harriers: Colonel Vaughan's are fox hounds—of a different style, no doubt, from the generality of modern fox hounds, or they would seldom kill their mountain foxes which, I understand, they rarely miss.



Hunting, and fox hunting in particular, is viewed by many narrow minded ignorant farmers with a jealous eye, who regard it as injurious to young wheat and clover; some of them allow their mistaken feelings to carry them even to a most malignant extent. It is well known that Lord Derby hunted the neighbourhood of the Oaks in Surrey, with his stag hounds, for many years. His lordship's establishment was splendid—his generosity was dispensed on all sides with an unsparing hand. Yet, many of the Surrey farmers were often heard to grumble; and, on more than one occasion, the noble Earl was personally insulted. It is well known that this splendid establishment was broken up a few years ago; and the grumbling farmers have discovered, that the annual disbursement of thirty thousand pounds has been withdrawn from the country; that the markets have in consequence become sluggish, and produce experienced a great local depreciation in price: but what is worse, these grumblers have discovered that the discontinuance of the hunt has thrown some hundreds out of employment, and that the poor rates have trebled in consequence! Hear this, ye grumblers of Lancashire, of Cheshire, of Staffordshire! Also, let the author of the vituperative and ignorant rigmarole which appeared in the last number of the Monthly Magazine look at this striking fact, ere he presume to bespatter with the most vulgar abuse a pursuit which is not only very conducive to health, but essentially beneficial to the best interests of society. The scurrilous hireling in question knows fox hunting *by name only*; and yet enviously runs riot in his studied and malignant slander. His incapacity to understand fox hunting has given rise to this voluntary and inveterate display of almost fiend-like hostility against a diversion which he has never witnessed! and of which he seems to possess just as much knowledge as he does of truth, decency, or common sense, when speaking of it.

*Sir Richard Puleston's retirement.*—This veteran took his leave of fox hounds and fox hunting on Thursday, April 4; when his hounds met at Emral. The circumstance assembled most of the sportsmen of the surrounding country, as a mark of respect to the aged and highly venerable master of the hounds.

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ATTACK UPON A HARE BY A MAGPIE.—I was informed the other day, by a friend, (a medical man, with whom I am on terms, and on whose veracity I can rely), that he had just witnessed a curious contest between a magpie and a fine full-grown hare; the bird making frequent and furious pounces at the hare, and pursuing it for a considerable

distance, when the animal escaped by making for a thick hedge, at the other side of which it ran off to some distance from the place where it had entered, and without being observed by the bird. I had always considered the magpie to be a remarkably bold bird; but never conceived him capable of such an exploit as this.

*FIELD SPORTS in LABRADOR.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

As I have had much leisure, since the conclusion of the shooting season, I have been perusing some accounts of Labrador, of the field sports of which I now propose to send you a sketch, trusting that it will be acceptable as well as amusing to many of your readers. This inhospitable region is situated between 50 and 70 degrees north latitude; and 60 and 100 degrees west longitude: it is the country of the Esquimaux, and bounded on the north by frozen seas and unknown lands about the pole; by the Atlantic ocean on the east; by the bay and river of St. Lawrence and Canada on the south; and by unknown lands on the west. The country is hilly and excessively cold during winter. The ice begins to disappear in May, and about the middle of June commences hot weather, which at times is so violent as to scorch the faces of the hunters. Mock suns are frequent, and the night is enlivened by the aurora borealis.

In England the animals which principally occupy the attention of the sportsman are the fox, hare, grouse, partridge, pheasant, woodcock, and snipe. In Labrador, game is found not only in greater abundance, but in much greater variety, consisting of moose deer, red deer, rein deer, bears, buffaloes, wolves, foxes, beavers, otters, martins, squirrels, ermines, wild cats, hares, &c. while of the feathered game there is still greater variety as well as much greater abundance: there are geese and ducks of all the various kinds, also wild fowl of all sorts in profusion, with partridges, grouse, bustards, &c. Fish is equally abundant. The best information to be obtained respecting the field sports of Labrador, is from the Journal of Captain George Cartwright,\* who resided there sixteen years. From this authority we learn, that the catching of foxes and wolves in traps is a common practice, and that it frequently happens

when a fox is caught, if not immediately taken out of the trap, for the wolves to devour it, even one of their own tribe they will treat precisely in the same manner.

The pursuit of the deer is perhaps the most interesting amusement to be met with in these snowy regions. Cartwright observes:—"At nine o'clock (in the morning) we discovered some deer feeding by the side of a bleak hill: we approached as near to them as the situation would permit, and there lay watching in expectation that they would soon shift their ground; but not finding them disposed to move, and the frost increasing, we attempted to gain their right; but they discerned us, and galloped away till they came upon the ice in the river, where they lay down about three hundred yards from the shore. There I flattered myself that the dogs would have been a match for one of them, and I divided the people in order to surround the herd; but they were too cunning for us. On their rising, the dog was slipped, when he soon ran in and separated them, but they joined again presently; and there being about six inches of light snow upon the ice, with a thin shell frozen on the top, the dog struck so deep in, and cut his legs so much, that he was at length obliged to desist from the pursuit. Never did I see creatures more sensible of the advantage they had, or make better use of it. At first starting, then ran up wind, and, keeping as close together as possible, they kicked up such a shower of frozen snow, that I could scarcely discern the dog, when he was near them; and wondered at his resolution in continuing the chase. When they came near the shore, they wheeled gently round, well knowing that they could not run there nearly so well as on the ice, and might be in danger of an ambuscade. As the dog abated of his speed, they diminished their's; and, when he gave up the pursuit, they ran no longer, but turned about and looked at him."

In the chase, Cartwright always carried with him a favourite rifle, with which, to use his own expression, he

\* The celebrated Major Cartwright, of political notoriety, I presume?

was in the habit of beheading the feathered game—of course the objects were stationary, not on the wing. It is astonishing how the four-footed game made its escape after being desperately wounded. A young black bear was discovered going up by the side of a river: he was pursued, and, after a chase of about two miles, the hunters got within fifty yards of him, and one of them sent a ball through him, which knocked him over; but he soon recovered sufficiently to make his way into the woods, bleeding very freely, but escaped.

The porcupine was amongst the number of the objects of pursuit which these dreary regions afforded, of which the following is a description:—"Early in the morning I ordered the Indian boy home again with the sled\* and dogs; but the bad weather, which soon came on, caused him to return. I went up Porcupine Hill, and travelled about there till the weather drove me back again. I killed an old porcupine big with young, ready to bring forth. I do not know how many these creatures have at a birth, but imagine they are not very prolific; for, if they were, they would destroy all the trees in the country, as they feed on nothing but bark the whole winter, and by so doing, kill a prodigious number of trees of all sorts, though they prefer the silver fir to all others. In spring they are very fond of the leaves of the larch, and in the autumn they eat a bad species of mushroom, which grows here in tolerable plenty. This creature is a good deal like the beaver in size and shape; the only difference is in the tail and feet. They both sit up and make use of their fore feet to feed themselves with. The porcupine readily climbs trees, for which purpose he is furnished with very long claws; and, in winter, when he mounts into a tree, I believe he does not come down till he has eaten the bark from the bottom to the top. He generally makes his course through a wood in a straight direction, seldom missing a tree, unless such as are old. He loves the young ones best, and by eating only the inner part of the rind (or bark) one porcupine will ruin a hundred trees in a single

winter. A person acquainted with the nature of these animals will seldom miss finding them when the snow is upon the ground. The belly of the porcupine is covered with coarse fur, but all the rest of him with sharp prickles or quills, the longest and strongest of which are on his rump and tail. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that a porcupine can dart his quills at pleasure into a distant object. On the approach of danger he retreats into a hole if possible; but where he cannot find one, he takes up the best position that offers, places his nose between his fore legs, and defends himself by a sharp stroke of his tail, or sudden jerk of his back. As the quills are bearded at the points, and not deeply rooted into the skin, they stick firmly into whatever they penetrate. Great care should be taken to extract them immediately; otherwise, by the muscular motion of the animal into which they are struck, enforced by beards of the quills, they soon work themselves quite through the part; but the puncture does not appear to be attended with worse symptoms than that of a chirurgical instrument. "This porcupine (adds Cartwright, alluding to the one mentioned above) chanced to be upon the ground; and my greyhound, which had never seen one before, no sooner set eyes upon him than he struck at him with the same resolution that he would have done at a fox. I thought he would have instantly gone mad. His tongue, the whole inside of his mouth, his nose and face were stuck as full of quills as it was possible for them to be; insomuch that his mouth was gagged wide open, and he was in such agony that he would have bit me when I attempted to give him relief, could he have closed his mouth. Upon returning to the house, I made Jack hold him down, and, then, with the assistance of a pair of bullet moulds, in about three hours' time I extracted most of them. Some were broken too short to take hold of, and I drew out several by their points, which had penetrated quite through the roof of his mouth and the cartilage of his nose. We singed the porcupine and made good soup of it."

"In striking across the country (continues the journalist) I came on the

\* Sledge.

fresh slot of some deer, and had not followed far before my greyhound had them in the wind and led me to the top of the hill, where I met with a brace of old stags, and killed one at the distance of one hundred and twenty yards. I killed a brace of spruce\* game with my rifle.—Drawing near to Foulweather Droke, I discovered five deer feeding close to the shore: I landed, took my shot gun and a rifle, crept up and killed the old hind with the former, and her calf with the latter. We soon found seven more deer in a marsh. After stationing the people at the different passes along the valley which falls into Harbour Pleasure, I crept up and killed another old hind; the rest then took the pass which is next to the harbour, where the man who was stationed there killed a third, and wounded three more. He that went up the high ground, hearing the report of the guns, made for a pass which I had directed him to keep a strict eye on, and there met with four of them, and killed a male deer of two years old: he had just before seen four others, but could not get a shot at them. One of those which was wounded bled very freely, but, as we could not follow them without staying the night, and had already as much venison as the boat could carry, I determined to return home, and fortunately we had not a breath of wind until we got into Cape Harbour; had it come sooner we must have thrown a deer or two overboard, for the skiff was laden down to the gunwale. However, we got safe home with our very acceptable cargo about eleven o'clock at night, and on our return I added three fat ducks to it. The calf was not more than a hundred yards from me, but the second hind was two hundred. Though she was shot through the heart, she ran at least sixty yards before she dropped."

Foxes, martins, otters, beavers, and sometimes wolves were caught in traps, though the latter very rarely. The hunters were not very nice, it seems, in their fare, for Cartwright often mentions cooking a wolf for a repast. He admits that the first time he tasted the flesh of this animal, it was with diffi-

culty he forced down one mouthful; but being determined to conquer his "squeamish stomach," he put the remainder by for his supper, and by perseverance at length came to relish wolf's flesh as much as we do veal. One morning, he went out in his skiff, with four of his people, to take a view of the small islands on the outside of Stoney Island. On Stoney Island, it seems, they found a hind and calf. "I shot the hind (says the writer) and then, lying down close to her, caught the calf as it came to suck. I sent two men to cruise over Stoney Island, and gave them but one gun. I soon perceived one of them throwing stones at an old hind, which stood her ground in a defensive posture. The novelty of the sight surprised me greatly, as I could not account for it: I immediately went over with the dogs, and we soon caught the calf alive and drove the hind into the water, where the rest of the people pursued with the skiff and killed her. I then learned that as soon as they had got to the top of the first hill, they discovered these deer feeding on the other side of it, and that one of them returned to inform me whilst the other attempted to get a shot. The deer, perceiving him, ran round the hill, and coming close past the man, he broke the under jaw of the calf with a stone; upon which it lay down, and the affection of the dam was so great, that she would not quit it, although he hit her several times with such force, that I could hear the sound of the stones."

Speaking of Eagle River (thus named by Cartwright from several eagles which he saw by the side of it) he says it was so full of salmon, that a ball could not be fired without striking some of them. The banks were strewed with the remains of thousands of salmon which had been destroyed by the white bears; while scores of salmon were continually in the air, leaping at a fall, which, however, none of them could reach. The hunters made a fire under a high sandy hill, and remained there all night. But at daylight their greyhound awoke them by barking at a black bear which had approached the foot of the bank. But the bear took to his heels; and when one of the hunters had pursued him about

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\* A species of grouse.



fifty yards, he came suddenly upon an enormous wolf, from which he was glad to make a precipitate retreat. However, "after a long and severe chase," in the water, three deer were afterwards killed. "They proved a staggar, a knobler, and an old hind. It is incredible how fast they swim, and how long they can hold it; although the boat rows very well, we had hard work to come up with the staggar. I also shot a duck (says the writer) and saw a prodigious quantity of geese."

On another occasion, a white bear having been observed, and a cub, coming down the harbour on the ice, the hunters prepared to give them a proper reception; but the bears, either winding or seeing their enemies, turned again before they were within gun shot, when a greyhound was slipped at them, the hunters (on foot of course) following as fast as they could. As soon as the dog got near them, the old bear turned about and attacked him with the greatest fury; she made several strokes at him with her fore paws; but, by his agility, he avoided the blows. The dog then quitte the old bear and pursued the cub (which had continued to proceed) which he caught and pulled down, but was compelled to abandon his game on the fierce approach of the enraged dam. They both escaped. Another white bear being discovered on the ice near Huntingdon Island, the hunters immediately made towards the spot; but as the ice was extremely weak in the middle of the channel, one of the party went round in order to drive him towards the others; in the mean time, the bear went into a pool of water which was open near the island, and one of the party got on the other side of it and fired at him; but as the animal did not come out of the water, several of party went to fetch the skiff for the purpose of rowing up to him. He soon after got upon the ice, and advanced towards the hunter (Cartwright) that remained. "I could have sent a ball through him (said he; but as I wished to have some sport first, I slipped the greyhound at him; but he would not close with him till the Newfoundland dogs came up. We then had a fine battle, and they stopped him until I got quite close up. As I was laying

down one gun that I might fire at him with the other, I observed the ice which I was upon to be so very weak, that it bent under me; and I was at the same moment surrounded with small holes, through which the water boiled up by the motion of the ice caused by my weight. As I knew the water there was twenty-five fathoms deep, with a strong tide, my attention was diverted from attempting to take away the life of a bear to my own safety; and while I was extricating myself from the danger which threatened me, the bear bit all the dogs most severely, and made good his retreat into the open water, which was at some distance lower down. Soon after he got upon the ice again, and made towards the brook in Goose Cove, when we all gave chase a second time, and some of the people came up with him at the mouth of the brook; but he got into the woods, and they could not follow him for want of their rackets." The chase of the bear, however, was no sooner over, than eleven deer were perceived near Pumbly Point, coming downwards, when an old stag was killed at the distance of one hundred and twenty yards.

The chase of the white bear appears to be a dangerous pursuit, not only on account of having frequently to follow the animals upon the ice, but from the ferocity with which it turns upon the hunters. Captain Scott observed a white she bear, with two cubs, come upon the point where his tent was pitched, and all three shortly afterwards entered his skiff to search for fish, the blood of which most probably they wined. The old bear then proceeded on for Muddy Bay, but the cubs loitered behind. Captain Scott contrived to place himself between the cubs and their dam, and fired at one of the former: the old bear immediately turned about, and made at him with the utmost fury; but on his running away, and the cubs joining her unhurt, she appeared contented, and pursued her intended rout. Whenever a man meets with a white bear and cubs, he ought either to kill the dam or let them all alone; otherwise his own life will be in great danger."

The rivers and coast of Labrador were always celebrated for the quantity



of fish which were there to be met with. It was no uncommon occurrence to catch fish as fast as the line could be thrown in; but the following circumstance appears well worth recital:—"Observing many cod fish to come close into the shore, where the water was deep, I laid myself flat upon the rock, took a caplin\* by the tail, and held it in the water, in expectation that a cod would take it out of my fingers: nor was I disappointed, for almost instantly a fish struck at it and seized it; and no sooner had one snatched away the caplin, than another sprang out of the water at my hand, and actually caught a slight hold of my finger and thumb. Had I dipped my hand in the water, I am convinced they would soon have made me repent of my folly, for they are a very greedy bold fish."

Wild fowl, as I have before observed, were to be found in abundance; of the number some idea may be formed from the following:—"We shot six ducks, gathered sixty-one eggs, and dined;" after which the party proceeded to Egg Rock, where they killed six ducks and two pigeons, and gathered two hundred and fifty eggs. This was the fourth time, which, during that season, the same rock had been robbed of its eggs—the whole number gathered amounted to about a thousand, although it is not above one hundred and fifty yards long and fifteen broad.

Speaking of the eider duck,† the

\* A small fish.

† The eider duck is nearly as large as a goose; the colours of the male are principally white and black; and, different from the usual disposition, the former covers the back, and the latter the belly; the same colour, black, is on the top of the head, on the quills of the tail and wings, except the feathers nearest the body, which are white. Below the

author observes, "I measured the flights of the eider ducks by the following method, viz. on arriving off Duck Island, six miles distant from Henley Tickle, I caused the people to lie on their oars; and when I saw the flash of the guns which were fired at a flock of ducks as they passed through, I observed by my watch how long they were in flying abreast of us. The result of above a dozen observations ascertained the rate to be *ninety miles an hour!*"

It has been asserted that grouse in some countries change colour: upon this subject Cartwright thus speaks:—"I took particular notice of those I killed, and can aver for a fact, that they get, at this time of the year (September) a very large addition of feathers, all of which are white. In spring, most of the white feathers drop off, and are succeeded by coloured ones; or, I rather believe, all the white ones drop off, and they get an intirely new set. At the two seasons they change very differently: in the spring beginning at the neck and spreading from thence; now they begin on the belly and end on the neck." The writer here no doubt alludes to that variety of the grouse tribe, which is sometimes found among the almost inaccessible heights of the Highlands of Scotland, and is distinguished by the name of the white grouse or ptarmigan.

nape of the neck there is a broad greenish plate, and the white of the breast is washed with a brick rusty-red tint, in some species of a buff colour; the legs are green. The female is smaller, and all its plumage is uniformly tinged with rusty and blackish, in transverse and waving lines, on a brown-grey ground. In both sexes we perceive scallops, bound by little close feathers like velvet, which extend from the front on both sides of the bill, and almost under the nostrils.

## THE TROUT.

The general shape of trouts is rather long than broad: in several of the Scotch and Irish lakes and rivers, they grow so much thicker than in those of England, that a fish from eighteen to twenty-two inches, will often weigh from three to five pounds. The trout is a fish of prey, has a short roundish head, blunt nose, mouth wide, and filled with teeth, not only in the jaws, but on the palate and tongue: the scales are small, their back is ash-colour, the sides yellow, and when in season, is sprinkled all over the body and covers of the gills, with small beautiful red and black spots; the tail is broad.

There are several sorts of trout, differing in their size, (for in many of the smaller streams, there are trouts that always continue small, but are very great breeders,) shape and hue; but the flesh of the best is either red or yellow when dressed: the female fish has a smaller head and deeper body than the male, and is of a superior flavour. In fact, the colours of the trout and its spots, vary greatly in different waters and at distinct seasons, yet each may be reduced to one species. In Llyndivi, a lake in South Wales, are trout called Coch-y-dail, with red and black spots as big as sixpences; others unmarked, and of a reddish hue, that sometimes weigh nearly ten pounds, but are ill-tasted. In Lough Neah, in Ireland, are trout called Bud-daghs, which rise to thirty pounds; and some (probably of the same species) are taken in Ulls-Water, in Cumberland, of still greater weight; and both these are supposed to be similar with the large trout of the lake of Geneva; a fish, says Mr. Pennant, which I have eaten of more than once, and think very indifferent.

A trout taken in Llynallet, in Denbighshire, which is famous for its excellent kind, was singularly marked and shaped; it measured seventeen inches in length, depth three inches and three quarters, and weighed one pound ten ounces; the head thick, nose sharp, both jaws, as well as the head, of a pale brown, blotched with black; the teeth sharp and strong, dispersed in the jaws, roof of the

mouth, and tongue, (as is the case with the whole genus, except the gwyniad, which is toothless, and the grayling, which has none on the tongue;) the back was dusky, the sides tinged with purplish bloom, both above and below the side line, which was straight, and marked with deep purple spots, mixed with black. The belly was white; the first dorsal fin was spotted; the spurious fin brown, tipped with red; the pectoral, ventral, and anal fins of a pale brown; the edges of the latter white; the tail very little forked when extended.

Some peculiar remarks upon the various sorts of trout in the northern counties of England, and of their growth and age, have been given by a very experienced angler, to the following effect:—That he does not undertake to determine whether the river and burn trout are of one species: in many points, the trout taken out of the same river and same pools will agree, and in some shall vary; so that, if the difference were owing to the water or food, he could say nothing against their being of one species: he believes they spawn promiscuously together, are all similar in shape, in the number of their fins, and their fins being disposed in the same places. Whether the colour of the spots makes any specific variety, he leaves to the decision of naturalists; but, in his opinion, the so much esteemed charr, both red and white, is only a mere or marsh trout, and the colour perhaps owing to the sex. In several of the northern rivers, he has taken trouts as red and as well tasted as any charr, and whose bones, when potted, have dissolved, like those of the charr. That about Michaelmas he had caught trouts of a copperish hue, without spots; the flesh, when dressed, was like bees' wax, and well tasted: that likewise in April, he took one of these trouts twenty-eight inches long, and thick in proportion, which boiled yellow, but was equally good; and this, he thinks, was the bull-trout mentioned by Walton, and several authors, as extraordinary both for its size and goodness, and to be found no where but in Northumberland. He records a still larger fish, caught in the

same river (the Coquet) by him in September, near Brenkburn Abbey; the length, which was nearly a yard, did not strike this gentleman so much, as the bright spots upon the lateral line; by which it appeared to him to be an overgrown burn-trout, and neither a salmon, salmon-trout, nor the same with those two he thought were the bull-trout.

Walton mentions the Fordwich trout, taken in the river Stour, of which only one instance was ever known of its being caught by the angle: it is said to be delicious eating: one weighing twenty-six pounds, and of a most beautiful colour, was taken with a net in December, 1797; they grow to a large size.

Another trout in Northumberland, called the whitling, the former gentleman describes as being from twelve to twenty inches long, shaped exactly like the salmon, and being as red and high-flavoured as the charr; he has taken many of them with the fly, and with night lines, in the Tweed and the Wensbeck, but never with any spawn in them, which induced him to consider them salmon smelts, that had been to the sea and returned to the fresh water in the same summer, and which the following spring would be what is termed a gilse, or year old salmon: none of them had spots either red or black, which the bourn and salmon trouts have; but the fishermen of the Tweed flatly contradicted his suggestions by positively affirming that none were ever known to grow above twenty inches long.

The burn or river trout, he says, with plenty of food and good water, grows rapidly: several experiments were made in ponds fed by river water, and some by clear springs, into which the young fry have been put at five or six months old, (that is, in September or October, reckoning from April, when they first come from the spawning beds,) at which time they will be six or seven inches long: in eighteen months the change has been surprising: he has seen a pond drained ten months after being thus stocked, which was in July, when the fish were fifteen months old; some were fifteen or sixteen inches; others not more than eleven or twelve: the fish were returned into the pond, it was again drained the March follow-

ing, when some were twenty-two inches, and weighed three pounds; others were sixteen inches, and some not more than twelve. To what, asks this gentleman, are we to attribute this difference? In water, food, and weather, they all fared alike: his opinion is, that the fry were the produce of trouts of various ages, and that the older and larger the parents, the more speedy is the growth of their offspring.

In some rivers, trouts begin to spawn in October, but November is the chief month; the end of September they quit the deep water to which they had retired, during the latter part of the hot weather, and make great efforts to gain the source of the currents, (they also swim up brooks, where they are too often destroyed by the poacher, who is always upon the watch, and is sure to cause terrible havoc at this season,) seeking out proper places for spawning: this is always upon a gravelly bottom, or where gravel and sand are mixed among stones, towards the end and sides of a stream, and in lakes, &c. where the bottoms are gravel, among weeds, where they make themselves beds and deposit their ova; (they are very prolific, and the spawn is most eagerly sought after and devoured by the grayling;) at which period they turn black about the head and body, and become soft and unwholesome; in fact, they are never good when big with roe, which is contrary to the nature of most other fish: after spawning they become feeble, their bodies wasted, and those beautiful spots, which before adorned them, are imperceptible; their heads appear swelled, and the eyes dull, (and Mr. Pennant says, the under jaw is subject, at certain times, to the same curvature as that of the salmon). In this state they seek still waters, and continue there sick, it is supposed, all the winter; a prey also to vermin, which breeds upon and keeps them poor.

In March, or if mild open weather, in February, trouts begin to leave their winter quarters, and approach the shallows and tails of streams, where they cleanse and restore themselves to health: as they acquire strength, they advance still higher up the rivers, until they fix upon their summer residence, for which they generally choose an eddy, behind



a stone, a log, or bank that projects forward into the water, and against which the current drives; whirlpools and holes into which sharps and shallows fall, under roots of trees, and in places shaded by boughs and bushes; in small rivers they frequently lie under sedges and weeds, especially in the beginning of the year, before their perfect strength is recovered: but when in their prime, they feed in the swiftest streams, and are often found at the upper end of mill-pools, at locks, flood-gates, and weirs, also under bridges, or between two streams running from under their arches, and likewise in the returns of streams, where the water seems to boil; in the decline of summer, they lie at mill-tails, or end of other streams, and in the deep water.

Trouts may be said to be in season from March to September; they are fattest from the middle of August until the latter month, from their having fed upon the spawn and young fry of various fish: which constitutes their firmness and flavour. Some however contend, that their prime season is in May; but in that month and in June they so glut themselves with flies, as to cause a flabbiness which they have neither at the end of April, nor at the time above mentioned.

There are few fish that afford the angler such diversion, or require more skill to take them, than the trout: (such is the passion to fish for them, that the liberty of angling in some of the streams in the adjacent counties is purchased at the rate of ten pounds per annum by the amateurs of the metropolis;) they are at all times exceedingly circumspect, and it will be in vain to angle when the water is low by being kept up at the mills, as they then retire under the banks and roots, refusing all baits. In a cloudy day, after a gentle shower, when the mills are going, they will freely take minnows, worms, and flies of all kind in their proper season: in March or April, angle for them with the worm in the forenoon, and with a fly or minnow, according to the state of the water, the rest of the day; in the swiftest and sharpest currents, provided the day be warm and bright, and in the deeps early and late; but if the water

be discoloured or very thick, try the gravelly shallows, near the sides and tails of streams, with a worm only, to run on the bottom with one large shot a foot at least from it. When there is a small fresh, or the water is clearing off, and is of a dark brownish colour, first use the worm (which should be a well-scoured brandling, cast in as a fly at the head of the stream, and moved gently towards you, still letting it go down with the current, so as to keep it a little under water; the line should be rather short, with no lead upon it, and the hook fine,) then the minnow, and as the water clears, the artificial flies.

When the water is clear and low in sultry weather, the beetles, blue-bottle, palmer, cad-bait, wood-fly, earth-bob, &c. may be successfully used. Barker has left directions in night angling for trout, where the most killing baits are specified: his account states, that being solicited by a nobleman, who was his patron, to get a dish of trout against the next morning, he set off to the river, and describes his progress there as follows: "It proved very dark; I threw out a line of three silks and three hairs twisted for the upper, and two hairs and two silks for the lower part, with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them; I fell to angle; it proved very dark; so that I had good sport, angling with the lob-worms as with flies on the top; you shall hear the fish rise on the top of the water, then you must loose a slack line down to the bottom, as nigh as you can guess; then hold your line straight, feeling the fish bite; give time, there is no doubt of having the fish; for there is not one amongst twenty but doth gorge the bait; the least stroke fastens the hook, and makes the fish sure; letting the fish take a turn or two, you may take him up with your hands. The night began to alter, and grow somewhat lighter; I took off the lob-worms, and set to my rod a white palmer fly, made of a large hook; I had good sport for a time, until it grew lighter, so I took off the white palmer, and set to a red palmer, made of a large hook; I had good sport until it grew very light, then I took off the red palmer, and



set to a black palmer; I had good sport; made up the dish of fish, so I put up my tackle, and was with my Lord at his time appointed for the service."

These three flies, with the help of the lob-worms, serve to angle all the year for the night, observing the times as I have shewed you in this night's work, the white fly for darkness, the red fly in medio, and the black fly for lightness. This is the true experience for angling in the night, which is the surest angling of all, and killeth the greatest trouts. Your lines may be strong, but must not be longer than your rod.\*

The rod for general trout fishing

\* Night fishing with a fly is best from May to the end of August; but the largest fish are caught in the latter

month. Trout will take in the dark nights of any of the subsequent months, provided they are soft and calm.

### UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.—*Death of Mr. CUBITT.*

Various paragraphs having appeared in the public prints respecting this melancholy transaction, not one of which is strictly correct, we give the following short account, which may be relied on as authentic, having taken the trouble to ascertain the particulars on the very spot where the fatal occurrence took place. Mr. Joseph Cubitt, a very fine young man, who had not attained his twentieth year, on the 27th of March took a brace of percussion pistols to the shop of Messrs. Williams and Powell, for the purpose of being cleaned and repaired; one of which was loaded; he had removed the copper cap, but had neglected to wipe the top of the nipple; and, without mentioning the circumstance of one of them being loaded, handed them to the person in the shop, and proceeded to give his directions. The gunsmith and Mr. Cubitt were opposite each other, the coun-

ter being between them; the former, as is usual, proceeded to draw up the cock, in order to form an opinion as to the state of the interior of the lock; in doing which, the cock slipped from under his thumb, and the pistol was discharged, owing to a little of the percussion powder being left on the top of the nipple. The ball perforated Mr. Cubitt's hat and entered his forehead above the left eye, it took an oblique direction, fractured the skull for several inches, and came out laterally, again perforating Mr. Cubitt's hat, and striking the roof of the shop with great violence. The unfortunate youth died the next day. He was sojourning with his father and family in Liverpool, on their return from Dublin. The young man was habitually careless with fire arms, notwithstanding the frequent admonitions of his family, which is from Norfolk.

### ROOK SHOOTING.

Mr. Williams, a very ingenious gun maker of Liverpool, (of the firm of Williams and Powell) on the 2d of April, placed in our hands a very neat little piece, which may be truly enough denominated the *Rook Shooting Gun*.

It is loaded at the breech end. Into the small cavity of the breech is placed about *half as much gunpowder as would prime a flint lock*, upon which the ball is fixed, and the piece is discharged by a copper cap placed on a nipple for the

purpose. In the discharge, the report of the copper cap only is heard, and the ball is driven with at least three times the force of which the air gun is capable. It is a beautiful little engine, and will undoubtedly supersede the air gun: it is much more sightly, will not cost more than a fourth of the price,

and its use is not attended with a fiftieth part of the trouble. We discharged it three times by way of experiment, at a card about the size of a penny piece: the first ball struck an inch above the mark; the second grazed the edge of it; the third perforated the centre.

## ZOOLOGY.

It must be highly gratifying to the admirers of the wonders of creation, to perceive that an extensive establishment is nearly completed in the immediate vicinity of the large and rapidly increasing town of Liverpool, similar to the Zoological Gardens, London; thus affording a very eligible opportunity to the professed physiologist, and to those who cultivate the enchanting science of Animated Nature, to study the most curious and extraordinary living speci-

mens of foreign animals, and presenting, at the same time, a species of the most interesting amusement for the community in general. The situation chosen for the Liverpool Zoological Gardens is highly picturesque and romantic; and the establishment will be under the direction of a practical naturalist, who, from long and extensive experience, is well acquainted with the management of such creatures as are very soon to tenant this extensive inclosure.

## A DAY with the OAKLEY.

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

On Friday, March 29, the Oakley hounds met at Clapham Gate, a short distance from Bedford. The morning was very fine; the field numerous and brilliant, amongst whom I noticed Lord Abercorne, Lord Charles Russell, and several other noblemen; Sir Peter Payne, a veteran between 70 and 80, who rides with the vigour of youth.—The dress of the master of the hounds (Mr. Berkeley) and his huntsman and whips, consists of a sort of yellow plush coat, which, to me, had a singular appearance. The hounds are very handsome; I noticed many individuals amongst them which were remarkable for the “low dropping chest,” and which presented altogether a beautiful conformation: they stand scarcely so high as the Cheshire, the Shropshire, or the Duke of Rutland’s, but resemble more nearly those of Mr. Meynell. They possess those two essential requisites for a fox hound, strength and speed, and have a laborious country to cross, containing many covers. With a scent, they seldom miss their fox, and up to

this period of the season they had killed thirty-two brace.

The master of the hounds, and the gentlemen of the hunt, are remarkably civil and polite to strangers; and I was furnished with a variety of opportunities of noticing that highly gratifying circumstance, *the good understanding subsisting between them and the yeomen and farmers*; nor do I know which most to admire, the condescending and pleasant affability of the former, or the genuine English good nature and hospitality of the latter. I am aware, Mr. Editor, that you have spoken in the highest terms of Shropshire, and truly so, I well know. The two hunts may be said to run neck and neck in their marked attention to strangers, in their affability, and their generous and unqualified hospitality. Like the Shropshire yeomen, many of the same class in Bedfordshire, ride well; for instance, Mr. Bolton, the two Whitworth’s, Messrs. Hidd, Anderson, Pinner, &c. The gentlemen wish to see their tenants well mounted, as well as to see them go in front and straightforward. The horse which won the farmer’s plate, the previous day,

at Bedford Races, was in the field, and a cooler or a better hunter I never saw.

The hounds drew Clapham Park blank, but found in Twin Woods; they ran him through the cover, when he was headed back, and soon after broke and went away for Clapham Park, whence he made his line for Bedford; but, turning to the right over Clapham Hill, he pointed for Biddenham Field; was headed short back by some men at the Clay Pits. Up to this time, about fifteen minutes, the pace was very good; but, owing to the emulative ardour of Mr. Bolton and several others, the hounds were pressed over the scent, and some time elapsed before they could again recover it: in fact, the mischief was done. The fox had turned short back and had made for his old quarters; and had the hounds been allowed to make their own cast, I have no doubt, they would have given a good account of their fox; but in consequence of being pressed forward, they overran the scent, and were brought to very cool

hunting for nearly an hour, and lost him.

It requires a good nag to cross this country; some of the fences are strong and very high, while the greater part of the country is very deep, and in most of the covers the horse sinks up to his knees. The hounds performed uncommonly well: they are very handy, turn quickly, and run well together. Mr. Berkeley hunts them, assisted by his huntsman and two whips.

STEEL.

P. S. On Monday, April 1, I had an opportunity of taking a peep at the Duke of Rutland's hounds. They met not far from Melton; and, in defiance of bad weather, a large field assembled, amongst whom were many noblemen, and persons of distinction. A fox was soon found; but, for want of scent, the hounds could not go away at a rattling pace. I did not follow them. I merely went to witness the find.

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## THE ROOK.

The rook is about the size of the carrion crow, but its plumage is more glossy. It also differs in having its nostrils, and the roots of the bill, naked; in the crow these are covered with bristly hair. This arises from the rook's thrusting its bill continually into the earth in search of worms and other food.

Besides insects, the rooks feed on different kinds of grain, thus causing some inconvenience to the farmer; but this seems greatly repaid by the good they do to him, in extirpating maggots of some of the most destructive of the beetle tribe.—In Suffolk, and in some parts of Norfolk, the farmers find it to their interest to encourage the breed of rooks, as the only means of freeing their grounds from the grub which produces the cockchafer, which in this state destroys the roots of corn and grass to such a degree, "that (says Mr. Stillingfleet, one of the most accurate observers of nature whom this country has ever produced) I have myself seen a piece of pasture land where you might turn up the turf with your foot." An intelligent

farmer in Berkshire informed this gentleman, that one year, while his men were hoeing a field of turnips, a great number of rooks alighted in a part of it where they were not at work. The consequence was a remarkably fine crop in this part, while in the remainder of the field there was scarcely any turnips that year.

These birds are gregarious, being sometimes seen in flocks so great as to darken the air in their flight. They build their nests on high trees close to each other; generally selecting a large clump of the tallest trees for this purpose. When once settled, they every year frequent the same place. Rooks are, however, but bad neighbours to each other; for they are continually fighting and pulling to pieces each other's nests. These proceedings seem unfavourable to their living in such close community; and yet, if a pair offers to build on a separate tree, the nest is plundered and demolished at once. Some unhappy couples are not permitted to finish any nest till the rest have

all completed their buildings: for as soon as they get a few sticks together, a party comes and demolishes the whole. It generally happens that one of the pair is stationed to keep guard, while the other goes abroad for materials.—From their conduct in these circumstances our cant-word *rooking*, for cheating, originated.

As soon as the rooks have finished their nests, and before they lay, the cocks begin to feed the hens; who receive their bounty with a fondling tremulous voice, and fluttering wings, and all the little blandishments that are expressed by the young while in a helpless state. This gallant deportment of the males is continued through the whole season of incubation.

New-comers are often severely beaten by the old inhabitants (who are not fond of intrusions from other societies) and even frequently driven quite away. Of this an instance occurred near Newcastle, in the year 1783. A pair of rooks, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish themselves in a rookery at no great distance from the Exchange, were compelled to abandon the attempt, and take refuge on the spire of that building; and, although continually interrupted by other rooks, they built their nest on the top of the vane, and reared their young, undisturbed by the noise of the populace below them:—the nest and its inhabitants were of course turned about by every change of wind. They returned and built their nest every year on the same place, till the year 1793, soon after which the spire was taken down. A small copperplate was engraved, of the size of a watch-paper, with a representation of the top of the spire and nest; and so much pleased were the inhabitants and other persons with it, that as many copies were sold as produced to the engraver the sum of ten pounds.

A remarkable circumstance respecting these birds occurred a few years ago at Dallam Tower, in Westmoreland, the seat of Daniel Wilson, Esq.—There were two groves adjoining to the park; one of which had for many years been the resort of a number of herons, that regularly every year built and bred there. In the other was a very large rookery.

For a long time the two tribes lived peaceably together. At length, in the spring of 1775, the trees of the heronry were cut down, and the young brood perished by the fall of the timber. The parent birds, not willing to be driven from the place, endeavoured to effect a settlement in the rookery. The rooks made an obstinate resistance; but, after a desperate contest, in the course of which many of the rooks and some of the herons lost their lives, the latter at length succeeded in obtaining possession of some of the trees, and that very spring built their nests afresh. The next season a similar conflict took place; which, like the former, was terminated by the victory of the herons. Since this time, peace seems to have been agreed upon between them: the rooks have relinquished part of the grove to the herons, to which part alone they confine themselves; and the two communities appear to live together in as much harmony as before the dispute.

The following anecdote of this sagacious community is related by Dr. Percivall, in his Dissertations:—"A large colony of rooks had subsisted many years in a grove on the banks of the river Irwell, near Manchester. One serene evening, I placed myself within the view of it, and marked with attention the various labours, pastimes, and evolutions of this crowded society. The idle members amused themselves with chasing each other through endless mazes; and, in their flight, they made the air resound with an infinitude of discordant noises. In the midst of these playful exertions, it unfortunately happened that one rook, by a sudden turn, struck his beak against the wing of another. The sufferer instantly fell into the river. A general cry of distress ensued. The birds hovered, with every expression of anxiety, over their distressed companion. Animated by their sympathy, and, perhaps, by the language of counsel known to themselves, he sprang into the air, and, by one strong effort, reached the point of a rock which projected into the water. The joy became loud and universal; but, alas! it was soon changed into notes of lamentation; for the poor wounded bird, in attempting to fly towards his nest,



dropped into the river, and was drowned, amidst the moans of his whole fraternity."

There seems to exist a wonderful antipathy between these birds and the raven: Mr. Markwick says, that in the year 1778, as soon as a raven had built her nest in a tree adjoining to a very numerous rookery, all the rooks immediately forsook the spot, and have not returned to build there since. At the Bishop of Chichester's rookery, at Broomham, near Hastings, upon a raven's building her nest in one of the trees, all the rooks forsook the spot; they, however returned to their haunts in the autumn, and built their nests there the succeeding year. It is no very difficult task to account for this antipathy. 'The raven will scarcely suffer any bird whatever to come within a quarter of a mile of its nest, being very fierce in defending it. It besides takes the young rooks from their nests, to feed its own young. This Mr. Lambert was an eye-witness to, at Mr. Seymer's, at Harford, in Dorsetshire; for there was no peace in the rookery, night nor day, till one of the old ravens was killed, and the rest were destroyed.

They begin to build in March; and, after the breeding season is over, forsake their nesting trees, and for some time roost elsewhere; but they have always been observed to return in August. In October, they repair their nests.

When the first brood of rooks are sufficiently fledged, they all leave their nest-trees in the day time, and resort to some distant place in search of food; but return regularly every evening, in vast flights, to their nest-trees; where,

Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
They pick their scanty fare, a black'ning train  
Of loitering rooks thick urge their weary flight,  
And seek the shelter of the grove.—

But, although the forest may be called his winter habitation, he generally every day visits his nursery; preserving the idea of a family, which he begins to make provision for very early in the spring.

Among all the sounds of animal nature, few are more pleasing than the cawing of rooks. The rook has but two

after flying round several times with much noise and clamour till they are all assembled together, they take up their abode for the night.

Mr. White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, speaking of the evening exercises of rooks in the autumn, remarks, that just before dusk, they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne Down, where they wheel round, and dive in a playful manner in the air, exerting their voices; which, being softened by the distance, become a pleasing murmur, not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in deep echoing woods. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of light, they retire to the deep beech woods of Tisted and Keyley. We remember (says Mr. White) a little girl, who as she was going to bed used to remark, on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the scriptures have said of the Deity—that "he feedeth the ravens who call upon him."

In the parts of Hampshire adjacent to the New Forest, after the rook has reared his progeny, and has carried off such of them as have escaped the arts of men and boys, he retires every evening at a late hour, during the autumn and winter months, to the closest coverts of the forest, having spent the day in the open fields and inclosures in quest of food. His late retreat to the forest is characteristic of the near approach of night.

or three notes, and when he attempts a *solo* we cannot praise his song; but when he performs in *concert*, which is his chief delight, these notes, although rough in themselves, being intermixed with those of the multitude, have, as it were, all their rough edges worn off, and become harmonious, especially when softened in the air, where the bird

chiefly performs. We have this music in perfection when the whole colony is raised by the discharge of a gun.

Dr. Darwin has remarked, that a consciousness of danger from mankind is much more apparent in rooks than in most other birds. Any one who has in the least attended to them, will see that they evidently distinguish that the danger is greater when a man is armed with a gun than when he has no weapon in his hands. In the spring of the year, if a person happens to walk under a rookery with a gun in his hand, the inhabitants of the trees rise on their wings, and scream to the unfledged young to shrink into their nest from the

sight of the enemy. The country people, observing this circumstance so uniformly to occur, assert that rooks can smell gunpowder.

In England these birds remain during the whole year; but both in France and Silesia they migrate. It is a singular circumstance that the island of Jersey should be entirely without rooks; particularly when we know that they frequently fly over from our country into France.

The young birds, when skinned and made into pies, are much esteemed by some persons.—*Johnson's Sportsman's Cyclopaedia.*

### MISCHIEVOUS PROPENSITIES of the ROOK.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

The rook is as great and as highly finished a depredator on game as the carrion crow, or any other of the feathered tribe, though perhaps not generally suspected. In the course of my perambulations during last spring, I met with half a dozen or eight partridge nests, as well as several nests of pheasants, two of the former of which were destroyed when the birds had only deposited about half their usual number of eggs: a rookery belonging to a neighbouring gentleman was at some distance, and the rooks were constantly passing over the ground where the nests in question were situated; but I had not the least suspicion that the rooks were the marauders, till accident proved the fact. In a few days after the destruction of the nests, however, in going my accustomed round, I observed several rooks on the ground disputing, as it were, and every now and then actually engaged in combat. I clearly saw that the scene of action was very near to the spot where I knew there was a partridge's nest, and I proceeded towards it, but still without suspecting these half white-billed querulous gentry. But, on reaching the place, I was extremely mortified to find the greater part of the partridge's eggs destroyed, and the tattered spoils scattered in all directions about the nest!

This circumstance immediately carried my suspicions back to something of a similar nature, which had taken place about a week before. One of my turkey hens, after having made a nest in a remote corner of my garden hedge, had deposited in regular succession, six eggs which were suffered to remain in the nest, in order that she might ultimately go through the period of incubation in the same place, as it was well sheltered from the weather. But the eggs were suddenly destroyed, and I have much reason to suppose by the rooks, from numbers of them frequently flying over the garden.

Some are of opinion that rooks are beneficial to the husbandman, while others will be found who entertain very different sentiments upon the subject; but there is no longer any doubt on my mind, that their neighbourhood is very pernicious to the hopes of the sportsman:—whether they would destroy young partridges or young pheasants, I cannot positively assert; that they will destroy the eggs of these birds I have proved to demonstration; and I can scarcely help suspecting, that as they, like the carrion crow, so eagerly devour the eggs, they would, like that bird, destroy the young also.

Rooks feed on insects, grubs, and worms; they eagerly devour the grubs of the chafer beetle, and are so far of very essential service, as the latter in-

sects frequently appear in hot weather in the early part of summer, in prodigious numbers, and are particularly destructive in gardens amongst the fruit. We are told that in 1747, whole meadows and fields of corn were destroyed by them in Suffolk, which was thought to be occasioned by the decrease of rookeries in that county; and the farmers, both in Suffolk and Norfolk, found it their interest to encourage and protect the rooks in consequence.

On the other hand, the rook will eagerly feed on all kinds of grain, and is frequently detrimental to new sown wheat: newly set potatoes also they will very dextrously dig up again and

devour. It is true, there are various means of no very difficult application, by which rooks may be prevented from doing any serious injury to crops of corn; but, it would appear that, while we prevent the mischief, we prevent the benefit also, as the grubs, &c. of which I have just spoken, are chiefly met with on ground in a state of tillage. Thus the evils and benefits appear somewhat equally divided; and therefore before I condemn the rook, I will duly weigh the matter in my mind, and let you, Mr. Editor, hear from me again on the subject.

RUSTICUS.

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### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

#### DERBY.

7 to 1 agst Glaucus.  
 9 to 1 agst Llewelyn.  
 9 to 1 agst Revenge.  
 12 to 1 agst Forester.  
 15 to 1 agst Titian (the Landscape colt).

15 to 1 agst Moses's dam.  
 15 to 1 agst the Emmeline colt.  
 20 to 1 agst Twatty.  
 25 to 1 agst Nonsense.

#### OAKS.

11 to 1 agst Revelry.  
 20 to 1 agst Dirce.  
 20 to 1 agst Deception.  
 20 to 1 agst Malibran.  
 Nothing doing on the St. Leger, &c.

Nothing else named. This event loses a candidate by the breaking down of Raffle, the property of Mr. Vansittart.—Mr. Cosby is the only challenger for the foot of Eclipse.

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ON THE STOMACHS OF BIRDS.—I have had occasion to open two or three bearded tits, and have observed that the stomach is exceedingly strong and muscular; the stomachs of the tits may almost be called membranaceous; that of the shrike is quite so. I have often been astonished to perceive hard seeds, grains of corn, &c., in the almost membranaceous stomach of the oxeye, which differs so much from the muscular gizzards of the buntings and others which subsist on such food. Amongst other things I have noticed small snails in the stomach of the oxeye. Are you aware

that many hard bill birds use the throat or swallow as a pouch, or reservoir for food? A sparrow that I shot a few mornings since had its throat greatly distended with grains of corn.

FLIGHT OF THE ALBATROSS.—How powerful must be the wing muscles of birds which sustain themselves in the sky for many hours together! The great Albatross, with wings extending fourteen feet or more, is seen in the stormy solitudes of the Southern ocean, accompanying ships for whole days, without ever resting on the waves.







CLIFFS OF THE COAST

(Continued from vol. 1, p. 336.)

return immediately, or we should be in great danger from the setting in of the tide. We at first thought the boy was playing off a joke upon us; but a survey of our situation immediately convinced us of the earnestness and good intentions of the lad, who approached us and shewed us the road by which to make the safest and speediest retreat.

We proceeded along the upper part of the beach till we reached the place where the fishers were employed. These were youths, who, with very ordinary tackle indeed (merely a small stick with a thread and bended pin) were catching small fish, which are very numerous among the crags, and which, it seems, bite very freely towards the dusk of the evening. These fish were about as long as one's finger, and consisted of young cod, and the young of other fish, which, I suppose, seek shelter in shallow water, and particularly among the crags, from that wholesale destruction which awaits them from the larger tribes, even from their own progenitors!

It was a beautiful evening, and, amidst the still and solemn gloom of twilight, we surveyed the ruins of Scrabster Castle, which are situated on an eminence close to the sea, and awfully overhang the crags, which oppose the rolling of the foaming surges below, (see the accompanying Plate). The moon rose from behind the adjacent Orkneys in size and splendour far superior to any thing of the sort which I ever before witnessed. I have already remarked that the evening was still; but the sea was loud, more so than ordinary, or at least so it appeared to me; nor could I help figuring to my imagination, a vessel driven upon the frightful Orkney rocks, the crew in vain imploring assistance from the unfeeling and savage inhabitants of these islands. This may appear harsh; but I was informed by a very respectable gentleman, who resides in the neighbourhood of Thurso, and whose authority cannot be questioned, that the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands rejoice at the idea of a wreck, as if it were a blessing sent by Providence; and intent only on plunder, with the most fiend like indifference, suffer the wretched mariner, clinging to the rocks perhaps, and calling to them for assistance, to be swallowed up by the relentless fury of the waves! Dreadful as this barbarous thirst for plunder may appear, it is not confined to the inhabitants of the rocks of which I am now speaking, and which seem in terrific grandeur to rise from the bosom of the ocean: on the contrary, it exists in England, even in the county in which I reside:—I know that on some parts of the coast of Lancashire, the barbarous inhabitants calculate the season as unfortunate or otherwise according to the number of wrecks; and I have heard them lament their ill-fortune, when the winter has passed without

being thus dreadfully productive! The inhabitants of other parts of the coast of England are addicted to the same horrid practice of plundering a wreck instead of assisting the perishing crew. These remarks are strongly applicable to the Welsh coast; and it is only education which can induce barbarians voluntarily to abandon a practice, which no feeling or well regulated mind can contemplate without horror!

The coast of Caithness, as indeed the whole of the Scotch coast, abounds with fish; but in Caithness, the herring fishery has been established to a very great extent. The town of Wick, distant something more than twenty miles from Thurso, is the principal place to which the herrings are brought for the purpose of curing and barrelling up: it possesses a convenient harbour for the fishing boats, and other requisite accommodation.—The town itself, in consequence of the fishery, neither smells well, nor does it appear inviting: we visited it nevertheless; and, on this occasion, were informed that not less than *fifteen hundred boats* were out at sea at that very moment! The ocean indeed, for some miles from the shore, was very thickly dotted with herring boats, and from personal observation, I have every reason to believe that the number mentioned was not an exaggeration.

I have mentioned Wick as the grand focus of the herring fishery; but there are other places of minor importance occasionally met with all along the coast of Caithness and even in Sutherlandshire, where the fish are gutted, &c. and packed up. It is only for a few weeks that these vast shoals of herrings appear off the immediate vicinity; during the other portions of the year, I make no doubt, the neighbourhood is sufficiently dull.

The herring nets are made by the fishermen and their children; and as they have abundance of leisure, during a very long vacation, they are always well provided; indeed, this is highly necessary, as it is no uncommon occurrence for the net to be totally destroyed, owing to the immense weight or quantity of fish which it has enveloped. From inquiries which I made on the spot, I found it to be the opinion of the intelligent and the best informed on the subject, that the herrings annually visit these shores in order to deposit their spawn; that they are always to be found off the coast in deep water; but at this season approach the shallows for the purpose mentioned. This I am much inclined to believe, since it is well known, that most fish approach the shore for the same purpose. If so, what has been written on the subject is erroneous; since we are told, that “herrings are found in the greatest abundance in the highest northern latitudes. In those inaccessible seas that are covered with ice for a great part of the year, the herring finds a quiet and sure retreat from all its numerous enemies: thither neither man, nor the still more destructive enemy, the fin fish, or the cachalot, dares to pursue them. The

quantity of insect food which those seas supply is very great; whence, in that remote situation, defended from the icy rigour of the climate, they live at ease and multiply beyond expression. From this most desirable retreat, Anderson supposes, they would never depart, but that their numbers render it necessary for them to migrate; and, as with bees from a hive, they are compelled to seek for other retreats. For this reason, the great colony is seen to set out from the icy sea about the middle of winter: composed of numbers, that, if all the men in the world were to be loaded with herrings, they would not carry the thousandth part away. But they no sooner leave their retreats, but millions of enemies appear to thin their squadrons. The fin fish and the cachalot swallow barrels at a yawn; the porpoise, the grampus, the shark, and the whole numerous tribe of dog fish find them an easy prey, and desist from making war upon each other; but still more the unnumbered flocks of sea fowl, that chiefly inhabit near the pole, watch the outset of their dangerous migration, and spread extensive ruin. In this exigence, the defenceless emigrants find no other safety than by crowding together, and leaving to the outmost the danger of being first devoured; thus, like sheep when frightened, that always run together in a body, and each finding some protection in being but one of many that are equally liable to invasion. They are seen to separate into shoals, one body of which moves to the west, and pours down along the coasts of America, as far as South Carolina, and but seldom farther. In Chesapeake Bay, the annual inundation of these fish is so great, that they cover the shores in such quantities as to become a nuisance. Those that hold more to the east, and come down towards Europe, endeavour to save themselves from their merciless pursuers by approaching the first shore they can find; and that which first offers in their descent is the coast of Iceland, in the beginning of March. Upon their arrival on that coast, their phalanx, which has already suffered considerable diminutions, is nevertheless of amazing extent, depth, and closeness, covering an extent of shore as large as the island itself. The whole water seems alive, and is seen so black with them to a great distance, that the number seems inexhaustible. There the porpoise and the shark continue their depredations; and the birds devour what quantities they please. By these enemies the herrings are cooped up into so close a body, that a shovel, or any hollow vessel, put into the water takes them up without further trouble. That body which comes upon our coasts begins to appear off the Shetland Isles in April. These are the forerunners of the grand shoal which descends in June: while its arrival is easily announced, by the number of its greedy attendants, the gannet, the gull, the shark, and the porpoise. When the main body is arrived, its breadth and depth are such as to alter the very appearance of the ocean.



It is divided into distinct columns of five or six miles in length and three or four broad; while the water before them curls up as if forced out of its bed. Sometimes they sink for the space of ten or fifteen minutes, then rise again to the surface; and, in bright weather, reflect a variety of splendid colours, like a field bespangled with purple, gold, and azure. The fishermen are ready prepared to give them a proper reception; and by nets made for the occasion, they take sometimes above two thousand barrels at a single draught.

“ From the Shetland Isles, where it divides, another body of this great army goes off to the western coasts of Ireland, where they meet with a second necessity of dividing. The one takes to the Atlantic, where it is soon lost in that extensive ocean; the other passes into the Irish sea, and furnishes a very considerable capture to the natives.

“ In this manner the herrings, expelled from their native seas, seek those bays and shores where they can find food, and the best defence against their unmerciful pursuers of the deep. In general, the most uninhabited shores are the places where the larger animals of the deep are least fond of pursuing; and these are chosen by the herrings as an asylum from great dangers. Thus, along the coasts of Norway, the German shores, and the northern shores of France, these animals are found punctual in their visitations. In these different places they produce their young; which, when come to some degree of maturity, attend the general motions. After the destruction of such numbers, the quantity that attempts to return is but small; and Anderson seems to entertain some doubts whether they ever return.”

Such is the account given, and I quote it as being interesting, of the migration of these fishes by one who was supposed to be the best acquainted with their history; and yet it is at best but a fanciful theory, and erroneous in many respects. The first known great bank for herrings was along the shores of Norway. Before the year 1584, the number of ships from all parts of Europe that resorted to that shore, amounted to some thousands; and, according to the account of Olaus Magnus, the quantity of herrings assembled there was such, that a spear put in the water among them would stand on end. Soon after this period, however, these animals were seen to desert the Norway shores, and took up along the German coast, where the Hanse Towns drove a very great trade by their capture and sale; but, about two centuries ago, forsook them, in a great degree, and have since been met with in the greatest quantities in the British channel, and upon the coast of Scotland.

Herrings are to be found not only however there, but in many of the lakes; Loch Broom, in Ross-shire, for instance, is considered a great resort for the largest and best herrings in the

world. Since the time of Anderson, (if his account can be relied on) the herrings have changed the period of their visit to the land of the thistle; it was in the month of August when I saw the coast of Caithness and Sutherlandshire so thickly dotted with herring boats, and the women on shore so busied in curing them; while the nets which the fishermen use are not calculated to lift "*above two thousand barrels at a single draught,*" or the boats used in the fishery capable of containing a twentieth part of that quantity. The nets, (and I saw a great number spread upon the grass) appeared about ten yards square, perhaps not so much; and though the season was considered one of the best which had occurred for some years, yet, I did not observe that they "*altered the very appearance of the ocean,*" or that the water before them curled up "*as if forced out of its bed.*" That the birds attend the movements of the fish is evident; for I saw them (principally the gull tribes) by thousands hovering over the water, particularly near in the Firth of Cromarty.

All circumstances considered, there is little doubt that herrings are to be found in the British seas at all times in deep water, and that they approach the shore at a certain period of the year for the purpose of spawning.

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## CHAPTER IX,

*The Secret of Shooting Flying.—Berrydale.—The Marquis of Stafford.—Dr. Ross.—Clashmore Inn.—The Firth of Dornoch.—Packing Grouse.—The best Mode of Travelling in the Highlands of Scotland.—The late Colonel Thornton's Sporting Dogs.—Sagacity of the Pointer.—The Welsh Driver.*

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On the 16th of August, we dined with the amiable and accomplished Mr. George Sinclair, at Thurso Castle, on which occasion we met a Dr. Torrence, a well informed gentleman, but who is introduced in this place, as one of those sportsmen, who are unable to acquire the art of shooting flying. He remarked, that he had been much attached to shooting; that he had followed it for many years, and yet, during the whole period of his sporting career, had never been able to bring down a bird! I am certainly surprised at such a circumstance, as there is no great mystery in shooting flying—in fact, any person of common sense may easily acquire it: and as Dr. Torrence possessed much more of that

essential quality than falls to the lot of men in general, it is no wonder that I was astonished at his insurmountable awkwardness. The fundamental principle of shooting flying is self-possession; if a man can so far command himself as to approach a steady point without that anxious trepidation which is often witnessed—if, in fact, he can approach with comparative indifference, he will be sure to succeed in his object; but it generally happens with beginners, that they walk up to the pointing dog with that intensity of anxious expectation that scarcely allows them to breathe: they frequently tremble from head to foot; and when, at length, the game springs, they fire without selecting an object, and frequently, I have no doubt, before they fairly see the birds. I scarcely ever saw an indifferent shot, whose awkwardness did not arise from being in too great a hurry. The springing of partridges is attended with very startling bustle to a stranger—the birds are alarmed, and by communicating, in some degree, a sympathetic feeling to the sportsman, they succeed in making their escape.

“Up springs the dog-trac’d covey with a sound  
Of many wings swift *whirring* through the air:  
The tyro sportsman, at the *rushing* noise,  
Starts back astonished, and almost forgets  
The objects of his aim. In haste he fires,  
And *not a feather falls*——”

Caithness has, in general, more the appearance of a Lowland than a Highland county; and though there is much corn grown there, it presents a dreary aspect. The greater part of Sutherlandshire has much the same appearance; but upon its brown moorlands excellent grouse shooting may be obtained. On approaching Berrydale (Caithness) appearances very much improve. There is a good inn at Berrydale (or Berridale) situated in a most picturesque glen, the sides of the adjoining mountains are beautifully fringed with trees and shrubs, and the neighbourhood appears well calculated for the black cock; but we met with no black game, though red grouse are plentiful at no great distance from the inn. From this place, the coast of the counties of both Caithness and Sutherland assume somewhat the appearance of the county of Ross, which joins Sutherlandshire. The immediate residence of the Marquis of Stafford, (who owns the principal part, if not the whole, of Sutherlandshire) is well wooded; though the trees, in defiance of all the care and pains which have been taken in their cultivation, plainly indicate the hostile influence of a northern latitude and a sterile soil. I was informed that the Marquis of Stafford annually expended the whole of the rents of his extensive property in this quarter in improving the natural barrenness of the land. The alterations are, in consequence, evident, great, and extensive; but, as they have been attended

with results somewhat disastrous to many poor Highland families, so, of course, they are unpopular except with those who have derived great benefits from them. Macculloch states them flip-pantly, yet forcibly, and a short extract from his work will give a good idea of the business, as well as exhibit a correct view of the greater part of the county of Sutherland. He thus proceeds:—

“It had been a long, tedious, vacant, dreary, unideal day; one bog succeeding another bog, one stone, one rush, one bush of heath, being like every other one, and even the very sky standing still, as if it scorned to smile at any thing. As I descended the brow of a long and dreary mountain moor, where nothing but the brown heath, intermixed with scattered fragments of grey rock, had for many miles met my view, there began at last to appear the traces of a brook; in some places dried up, in others struggling with difficulty in twenty channels, through black peat, interspersed with scanty tufts of rushes and coarse grass. This was the only guide to the only path which existed; if that could be called a path where a thousand fragments of sheep tracks were seen crossing each other in all directions, and where, after a few yards of dry ground, or a narrow line of black plashy peat, stagnating among huge stones, and intersecting, like a ditch, the uneven and impracticable mixture of bog and rushes on each side of it, all traces of a road were at every instant lost; leaving me again to try where it might be recovered next. But the descent soon began to increase in rapidity; the ground became drier, as it was more easily drained; the brook assumed somewhat more of the form of a stream; and the path, now becoming more decided, was edged by lumps of scattered and green turf. By slow degrees these symptoms of human existence increased; and the downward track, still wider and greener, and at length skirted by detached spots of pasture among the heath, promised, in no long time, the sight of human habitations. Shortly a stray horse appeared perched on a knoll more verdant than the rest, gazing at the intruder, who now began to accelerate the wearied pace that promised a speedy termination to his labour. The sun was just gleaming beneath the cloud of approaching evening; the brook, now increased to a river, brawled along its pebbly bed, over which a few scattered birches were bending their light foliage; and marks of the plough were seen in the green ridges that rose in a gentle slope from its banks. The village was now close at hand; for a few broken enclosures began to appear, and the top of an ancient ash, gilded by the last rays of yellow light, hung, with all its drooping branches over the high bank, which still interrupted the view of the houses that occupied the well known green hollow, waiting the traveller’s arrival. I turned the last angle of the winding path, and the village was in my view; a shapeless heap of black ruins. All was silent and dead; the turf was still ver-



dant, but the ancient mazes in the green "for lack of tread were undistinguishable."

"I need not tell you, that this portion of Sutherland is the greatest and most conspicuous experiment on the transplantation of the interior population which has been made. To shut our eyes to its success, and to its beneficial consequences, is to be hopelessly prejudiced, or incurably dull: to treat the experiment with obloquy, is to add anger to prejudice, and ill temper to ignorance. But, unfortunately, so much of personality has been intermixed with the discussions to which it has given rise, that it is unpleasing to enter on it. Defence or explanation it can no longer require to those who have sense to understand and coolness to judge; and, for those of opposite qualifications, that labour would be thrown away."

The fact is, that large farms were established, and the small portions of land occupied by the lower orders of the Highlanders were converted into extensive sheep walks; the cottagers were, in consequence, constrained to seek for subsistence elsewhere, which was provided for them, in some degree, by the increased employment created at Brora by the coal works, at Helmsdale by the fishery, &c.

Proceeding onwards in the direction of Ross-shire, we reached a place called the Fleet, formerly a lake or loch, across which the Marquis of Stafford has thrown a mound for the purpose of recovering a considerable tract of land from the sea. In this respect, the scheme has not been successful, but the mound forms an excellent road, and has thus superseded, as I was informed, a disagreeable ferry. As soon as we passed the mound, we came to the residence of a Dr. Ross, a gentleman, it seems, who is very much attached to shooting; and who has taken up his residence in a very sequestered and romantic spot for the purpose of enjoying his favourite amusement more conveniently. The house is situated at the foot of a large mountain, and so shaded by short trees, that it is scarcely discernible from the road. The neighbourhood is well stocked with black and red grouse; though the game seems to retire to some distance from the road, as it was not till we had crossed the range of mountains, at the foot of which Dr. Ross's house is situated, that we met with a single bird. We bagged two brace, and proceeded towards Clashmore Inn, leaving the town of Dornoch on our left.

For some miles prior to reaching Clashmore Inn, the ground (moorland) is uncommonly barren—not a grouse was to be met with. In some parts, attempts had been made to cultivate what, from appearances, would seem to bid defiance to all the efforts of human industry and human genius—and so it proved; as I found, that after much labour, the undertaking, though under the direction and at the expence of the Marquis of Stafford, was aban-

done. We reached the inn at Clashmore, which has a neat appearance—there is something English about it—it is situated on the Marquis of Stafford's estate, and at the door hangs the sign of the wild cat, the crest of the Countess of Sutherland,\* if my information be correct. The name of the landlord is Mackintosh, a very civil obliging man. His two handsome daughters fulfilled the duties of waiters, and though well dressed, appeared without stockings and shoes. But Hebe was a cupbearer and she wore nature's garb. Here we got some of our grouse broiled, and were lucky enough to meet with two very pleasant Scots gentlemen, one of whom informed me that he had, the year before, killed thirty eight brace of black cocks in one day, at no great distance from this spot.

After sojourning here all night, we thought it necessary spite of our pleasant accommodations, to shift our quarters, as the landlord appeared rather uneasy, or at least so we conceived, on our account; the game in the neighbourhood being understood to be preserved.

We proceeded to a cottage situated on the margin of the Firth of Dornoch, where we met with the utmost hospitality and cheerfulness. It was not a splendid mansion, but there was a sort of unfeigned, hearty welcome which gave an increased zest to every thing of which we partook.

The sporting, however, in this quarter did not equal our expectations, having met with only a few black cocks, and killed but three brace of red grouse. During our excursions in this neighbourhood we crossed the Dornoch Firth several times by what is called the Muckle Ferry.

I must confess I am by no means partial to crossing extensive ferries, and the one in question was about a mile and a half, and, as I found upon inquiry, was considered dangerous, unless the weather was fine and little wind stirring. The ferryman was attended by two boys, his sons, one apparently fifteen years of age, and the other about eight or nine; the latter, a very pleasant active lad: he was dressed, as indeed most of the lesser Highland boys are, in the kilt, or short petticoat, and was barefoot and barelegged. The elder boy had on trowsers, but neither shoes nor stockings. The father had on trowsers also, as well as stockings and shoes. As the boats were uniformly run as much on shore as possible for the purpose of affording facility in landing, and going on board, so on pushing off again, while the father used a long boat hook, the sons entered the water for the purpose of assisting in the operation: in consequence the waves sometimes reached to the middle of the lesser boy, and more than half way up the thigh

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\* The Marquis of Stafford married the Countess of Sutherland.

of the other. As soon as the vessel was sufficiently afloat, the boys jumped into it, and assisted in its navigation across the Firth. The lesser boy was communicative—he told me his name was John Patience, and that in winter he was clothed in the same way in which I then saw him, and had frequently to wade into the water in the same manner—the boys, as well as their father, appeared healthy and vigorous—and of course, their mode of life may be considered as a striking illustration of the old saying that use becomes second nature.

The neighbourhood of the muckle ferry is romantic and beautiful, and some parts of it being well wooded, I expected to have seen more black game. On the very margin of the firth, one of my dogs made a very steady point—I advanced to the spot, which was covered with rushes, from under a bunch of which a hare moved and made off: I could easily have shot her; but prodigious slaughter was not the object of my visit to the Highlands of Scotland; and above all, I felt little inclination to shoot hares,\* as they are sufficiently plentiful in my own neighbourhood.

Sportsmen, however, who visit these parts, though few English sportsmen reach so far, may find tolerably good amusement both with red grouse and black game, and if they are not disposed to put up with cottage accommodation, they may procure comfortable quarters at the George and Dragon, Tain, where they will find a very civil obliging landlord, a pleasant, well-fed, little fellow, who will lend the weary sportsman every collateral assistance, such as packing up his game, &c. The lady of the house is equally civil, as indeed are all the domestics, while the charges are by no means exorbitant. I quitted the George and Dragon, at Tain, with regret.

A word or two on the packing, &c. of grouse.—The summer of 1824, it will be recollected, was remarkably warm, the month of August in particular; and the grouse in consequence, sent from the north to London, were principally spoiled; or, at least, so said those periodical luminaries, the newspapers, and I have no doubt they spoke the truth. Of all the various kinds of game, none fades or becomes putrid so soon as grouse; but still they may be rendered perfectly palatable, when some persons might be apt to suppose they were *too far gone*. Even after maggots have made their appearance, which they will very soon in August, if the birds are suffered to remain in an exposed situation, they ought not to be thrown away—they should be well cleaned and well washed in vinegar, and they will thus not only be rendered fit for

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\* There is no legal specified time, when the pursuit of the hare shall commence or end; but the certificate expires on the 5th of April, and the certificate for the following season cannot be obtained before the 5th of July.

the table, but extremely delicious. In regard to packing grouse, one method, in common use, is, to put them in latticed wooden boxes made for the purpose, surrounded or packed in heath; another plan is to lay them in small or large hampers, according to circumstances, and pack them with heath or straw. There may be no particular objection to either of these ways, but so long as grouse are exposed to the action of the atmosphere, which is the case with the plans just described, putrefaction will very quickly ensue, particularly if the birds have been much cut with the shot, or have fallen in the water, or been otherwise wet. It would hence result that, by the exclusion of the atmospheric air, grouse may be much longer kept than otherwise: if, therefore, each bird were placed in a bladder, and the neck of it closely sealed, I have little doubt they would remain good for a week or perhaps more; even in the hottest weather. Any other contrivance by which the air is completely excluded would answer the same purpose as bladders. At all events, whatever system may be adopted, the feathers of the birds should be placed as regular and as straight as possible before they are packed; this, in fact, should be done immediately on the sportsman's return from shooting.

We experienced some inconvenience with regard to our luggage; for though, in this respect, we had provided ourselves with nothing beyond mere necessaries, yet, from the scarcity of conveyances in Scotland, we had already been obliged to forward it repeatedly in peat carts, or similar vehicles belonging to the inhabitants. We very much and very frequently regretted that we had not brought a gig, and, upon quitting Tain, we had still more reason to regret the want of such a conveyance. It might at first seem an awkward appendage for the mountainous regions of Scotland; but even in the most rugged parts of Perthshire and Argyleshire, excellent carriage roads are to be met with.—These, I apprehend, were principally formed after the rebellion, by the English military, for the conveyance of artillery, troops, &c. into the very heart of the Highlands. That they are good roads will excite no surprise when the circumstances of the case are considered, as the materials for making them were every where at hand, and since their first formation they have been but little used—heavy carriages have rarely, if ever, passed over them. A gig, therefore, with a convenience below, or rather, behind, the seat, for a couple of pointers would appear to be the best mode for two private gentlemen to make a sporting tour of the Highlands of Scotland. The gig could, whenever requisite, be sent forward, by means of these roads to any particular point, by Highland boys or men, while the sportsmen traversed the mountains or moors, and when fatigued by, or tired of, shooting, the gig would be a most acceptable, as well as a most pleasant mode of conveying them to their intended quarters for the night.



In England, stage coaches have reached a pitch of perfection, which, even forty years ago, could not have been contemplated; but a long journey, with pointers and other shooting appendages, by these is remarkably unpleasant; in the Highlands of Scotland, generally speaking, no such thing is to be met with; the want of a gig, therefore, we felt very much; particularly when fatigued with prior exertion, we had eight or ten miles perhaps to walk to our accommodations for the night. If two sportsmen (and an excursion to the Highlands without company would be rather tedious, notwithstanding the abundance of game which is to be met with, and the variety of conspiring circumstances which give a much more than ordinary degree of interest to these parts;) have to travel several hundred miles to the scene of operations, they would perform the journey sooner by the stage coaches, but with little comfort; while a gig would place every accommodation within their reach, without greatly enhancing the expence. A few more days would be indispensable, but on occasions of this sort, however, a little time ought to be no consideration.

Two good pointers would be sufficient, where the object is to see the country and make shooting an amusement; but if prodigious slaughter be the leading feature, more dogs of course will be requisite. During our excursion, I repeatedly met with game in sufficient plenty to have enabled me to kill ten brace in a few hours—some sportsmen, who visit these parts, kill from forty to eighty brace per day! But our object was to see a country of which we had heard so much, and which, in a sporting point of view, at least as relates to shooting, is perhaps superior to any in the world.

I am no fisher; and therefore not able to speak practically on a subject which I do not understand; but, from the quantity of rivers and lakes which intersect the Highlands, as well as the general report, I have no doubt, they are equally remarkable for abundance, as I know them to be for innumerable quantities of grouse. In almost every valley, there is a stream, a river, or a lake, the whole uncommonly well stocked, and in particular with the very finest salmon and trout. We found the meanest cottage we entered well supplied with fish; and I very frequently had to lament my unconquerable aversion to one of the greatest delicacies of the table. My friend F—— did not labour under such a disadvantage, and he uniformly and loudly praised the dishes which were placed before him. But on one occasion during our journey, do I recollect him turning up his nose at some salmon; to the best of my recollection, this circumstance occurred at the Black Bull, Glasgow.

But to return.—The mail coach which has been already noticed, passed through Tain on its way to Inverness; and though the direct distance from these two places is not very great, yet as

it has to go round the farthestmost point of the Firth of Cromarty, the road is thus lengthened to upwards of seventy miles. To cross the Firth therefore would have lessened the distance more than one half, but I felt no way inclined for more trips by sea; the Brilliant steam packet was still fresh in my recollection, and will not very soon be effaced from my memory. At the very contemplation of a sail across the Firth of Cromarty, the dirty, though good natured cook, the knowing look of the cunning old captain, as well as the rapid glance of sharp nose, the money taker, all rose once more in imagination before me, and determined me at once to give the preference to the two-horse mail, though it almost encircled the Firth, to the short trip across the water. Sea voyages, I am inclined to think, do not agree with my constitution; and, though, during my abode in the Brilliant I was never sick, yet I am no way anxious to try another.

At half past six o'clock, the coach drove up to the George and Dragon, where it stopped for half an hour, and we prepared to depart. My principal anxiety was respecting my pointers. They were two most faithful and most obedient servants; one of them is the best\* pointer I ever saw; and she possesses other qualities,

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\* A common jeering remark among sportsmen is, that "*there is but one good dog, and every man has him*;" this trite observation is remarkably applicable in regard to pointers. But by way of illustration, it may be justly observed, that the quality of a pointer must essentially depend, in the first place, on the manner in which he is bred, and in the next, as to the mode in which he is trained or broken. Gamekeepers, in general, are very ignorant in both these respects, in the latter particularly—(See the *Shooter's Companion*). Colonel Thornton's dog, Dash, was said to be the best pointer ever seen in this kingdom. He had a close cross of the fox hound, it seems, from his size (a heavy fox hound I have little doubt) out of a light high bred pointer bitch. This dog was sold to the late Sir Richard Seymour for one hundred and twenty pounds' worth of Champagne and Burgundy, which had been bought at the French Ambassador's sale, a hogshead of claret, an elegant gun, and a pointer; with a stipulation that if any accident befel the dog that might render him unfit for hunting, he was to be returned to the Colonel at the price of fifty guineas. The extraordinary style of Dash's ranging upon the moors, and his superior manner of finding when hunting inclosures for partridges, shewed an instinct almost incredible, added to his steadiness in backing other dogs, rendered him, it is said, a phenomenon. He had the misfortune, we are told, of breaking his leg, and was returned to Colonel Thornton, who paid the fifty guineas, according to agreement, and considered him in that state, a great acquisition as a stallion.

I should think the manner in which Dash was bred very likely to produce good pointers; and I should further suppose, that by breeding from Dash and a strong well-flewed pointer bitch, pointers equally good, if not better, might have been produced. Colonel Thornton has been frequently accused of *drawing the long bow*; but, whatever might have been this gentleman's failings, few will be disposed to dispute that he produced sporting dogs, equal at least, if not superior, to any in the kingdom, nay, to any in the world. Dash may be regarded as one instance; of fox hounds, his Merkin, Madcap, and Lounger, deserve particular notice: Merkin challenged to run any hound of her year five miles over Newmarket for 10,000 guineas, giving two hundred and twenty yards. Merkin had

which render her highly interesting: she knows all my ducks, poultry, and pigs, and will not suffer any strange poultry, &c. to come upon my premises. She forbids the approach of a beggar with signs too unequivocal to be mistaken; nor will she suffer a mean-looking or suspicious person to touch my children.\*

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run a trial of four miles, and the time in which she performed it was seven minutes and half a second. Madcap, at two years old, challenged all England for 500 guineas. Lounger, brother to Madcap, did the same at four years old: the challenge was accepted and a bet made of 200 guineas, to run Mr. Meynell's Pillager; the parties were also allowed by Colonel Thornton to start any other of Mr. Meynell's hounds, and Lounger was to beat both; but, upon Lounger being seen at Tattersall's, by many of the first sportsmen, his bone and form were thought to be so superior, that the match was declined, and the Colonel received the forfeit of a pair of golden couples.

It has happened (I think unfortunately for hunting) to have been the rage for the last twenty years, to breed hounds as fleet as possible; and a huntsman, at the latter end of the last season, triumphantly remarked to me, that several of his hounds would run four miles in less time than a greyhound! Such speed, however, is incompatible with the very nature of true and genuine hunting—no hound can carry a scent regularly at such a rate; and the generality of these swift dogs, if the atmosphere happen to be harsh, and the scent consequently bad, cannot hunt at all: even with the scent breast high, they are very apt indeed to overrun it, and would very seldom, under any circumstances, reach the chase, unless they received more assistance perhaps from the huntsman than is consistent with the genuine laws of the chase. I have seen but few very swift hounds that possessed good noses. On the contrary, slow hunting dogs are almost uniformly far superior in this respect; and though the latter may not run so fast for a burst, yet by coming to a check much less frequently, they will perhaps kill more foxes and hares. In regard to the former, I am aware, that if hounds are too slow to press him;—if he is able to regulate his own pace, they will not reach him very soon: but this extreme I would avoid equally with the other. The hounds, to suit my taste (that is, fox hounds) should be as well formed, as powerful, and as active as possible; but I would have the broadest largest heads I could possibly place upon their shoulders: the narrow head and sharp nose, I would by all means avoid for reasons previously given in vol. 1. Under every view of the case, I feel a perfect conviction, that, however fleet a hound may be, he cannot be excellent, unless his head is large and capacious. Thus, I am far from thinking that mere speed should be regarded as the criterion of excellence in a hound; and though Merkin, Madcap, and Lounger might be the swiftest foxhounds in the world, they could not, in my estimation, be regarded as capital dogs, if they had not the requisite olfactory organs, and for this purpose, a large and capacious head is indispensable.

In respect to the sporting dogs of Colonel Thornton, it may be further observed, that his greyhounds were of a very superior kind—his celebrated dog, Major, brother to the still more celebrated Snowball, was thought to be the swiftest dog in the world: he was regarded as a shade or two more fleet than Snowball; but, taken for all in all, Snowball was allowed to be the best and most perfect greyhound ever produced.

\* The above is not a solitary instance. A few years back I was in possession of a young pointer dog that was still more remarkable in these respects. He evinced extraordinary sagacity at a very early period; and at the age of seven months manifested the most determined hostility to all beggars or ragged persons; at the same time, he discovered a more than ordinary degree of affection for my children as well as for their mother. The dog grew large and powerful, and when he was about twelve months old, he began to accompany my daughter (six years

Dogs are very sagacious and very affectionate: there are few persons that are not partial to these animals; and whenever I meet with an individual of a different description, or a dog hater, I honestly confess, whatever the man may be, this very circumstance lowers him considerably in my estimation.

For the last two stages, the coach was driven by a drunken Welshman, the only Welshman I met with in the Highlands of Scotland, and almost the only instance of drunkenness that I witnessed. Had not the road been excellent, we must have been overturned. The driver could not sit steadily on the box, nor yet keep his eyes open; and we were frequently on the point of going into the ditch. In vain my friend F——, who sat beside him, requested he might take the reins—the Welshman's uniform answer was "Got's plud, I have driven for two years!" We reached Inverness at half past two o'clock in the morning, after an unpleasant journey, and took up our quarters at the Caledonian Inn.

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old) to school, which was distant perhaps six hundred yards. After practising this for some weeks, he attended her from school also. Regularly a few minutes before twelve o'clock, the dog was seen to take his station in front of the seminary, and patiently wait till the door opened—he then selected his charge from the rest of the children, and guarded her home with the most scrupulous fidelity. At five o'clock in the afternoon, he repeated the operation, and thus continued to attend the child to and from school. In going and returning, he never left her many yards, whenever he perceived the approach of a person, if meanly dressed in particular, he immediately walked close by her side, and would suffer none to touch her.—The dog knew every living creature about the premises, and he would suffer no intruders. A strange duck being once placed in the yard, he regarded it for a short time very intently; when he sprung at, and would have killed it, had he not been prevented. I drove the duck in question to the kitchen door along with the rest, and fed it there. The dog stood by me—I pointed the duck out to him, speaking to him at the same time, in an angry tone—he never more attempted to molest it. I have known him to hold suspicious persons (who happened to come about the premises) by the skirts, though without doing them further injury, till their cries have brought some of the family to their assistance. He would allow strangers to place any thing upon the premises, but he would not suffer them to take the identical articles away; and though, during the day, he evinced friendship and good nature towards several neighbours, yet, on the approach of night, he would not suffer even these to enter or leave the house, except by the front door. On one occasion, when a dirty-looking though inoffensive, old man happened to approach my youngest child and its mother nearer than pleased him, he flew upon the old fellow, got him down, and bit him severely before he could be taken away—in fact, he displayed most extraordinary sagacity on many occasions; and it was completely intuitive.



## CHAPTER X.

*Inverness.—The River Ness, and its Vicinity.—Highland Superstitions.—The Cock of the Wood.—The Black Cock.—The Partridge and the Pheasant.—Loch Ness.—The Highland Watcher.—The Falls of Fyers.*

Inverness is considered as the capital of the Highlands; it is beautifully situated on the banks of the river Ness, and is said to contain something more than eight thousand inhabitants. The houses are generally well built of grey stone, which indeed is the case in most of the towns in Scotland; yet the peculiar dingy colour of the stone gives to the houses a dark, dirty appearance. The river does not appear very deep opposite the town, but by means of the Murray Firth, ships of four hundred tons burthen can approach within little more than a mile of Inverness, while smaller vessels can come up to the quay, which, though small, appears sufficiently capacious for the commerce of the place. The imports are chiefly groceries, haberdashery, hardware, &c.

The principal manufacture of Inverness, at least for exportation, is sacking. Salmon is also exported in considerable quantities, and that caught in the Ness is reputed to be superior to that of any other river in flavour. Herrings are also taken in the Murray Firth, as well as some other fish.

The opulence of Inverness, it is said, has sometimes made it the object of plunder to the Lords of the Isles, and their dependants.

We were much amused in walking along the banks of the Ness, at witnessing the operation of the washerwomen, many of whom were busily occupied. They walk a few yards into the river, when placing the washing tub in the water, they step into it, and perform the same operation with their feet, as English women are seen to do with their hands. They appeared to be washing clothes principally; one, however, I observed, that was cleaning potatoes in a similar way. This custom is prevalent throughout Scotland, but I did not in any place through which I passed, see so much of it, or see it in such perfection as at Inverness; which was unquestionably owing to the superior convenience which the Ness offered for the purpose.

On the north of the town, a place was pointed out to us as the remains of Oliver Cromwell's Fort; while on the south side, on an eminence, stood Fort George, taken and blown up by the

Highlanders in 1746. The fort had been an ancient castle, where, as we are told, Duncan was murdered by Macbeth; but this is a disputed point, as other authorities lay the scene near Elgin. These, though ruins, were highly interesting from their associations with history: they were picturesque also, for

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“Time  
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,  
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,  
Was only terrible.”

The neighbourhood of Inverness is highly beautiful. “Every thing is done for Inverness (says Macculloch) that can be effected by wood and by cultivation; the characters of which have altogether a richness, a variety, and a freedom, which we miss round Edinburgh. The mountains are finer, more various, and more near. Each outlet is different from the other, and each is beautiful; whether we proceed towards Fort George or towards Moy, or enter the valley of the Ness, or skirt the shores of the Beauley Firth; while a short and commodious ferry wafts us to the lovely country opposite, rich with woods and country seats and cultivation. Inverness has been strangely under-rated. To compare the country again with Edinburgh, since it is the nearest comparison that can be made, there is an air of careless wealth of surface about it, a profusion of rurality, as the grandiloquous phrase it, which is strongly contrasted with the dry and cold economy of Edinburgh, where the trees that are seen only serve to remind us of the millions that are wanting, and where every field and road is deformed by a stone wall, as if it were a land of thieves and law, as if the bones of a country were appearing through its meagre surface. It is also the boast of Inverness to unite two opposed qualities, and each in the greatest perfection; the characters of a rich open lowland country with those of the wildest alpine scenery; both also being close at hand, and, in many places, intermixed; while to all this is added a series of maritime landscape not often equalled.

“The singular hill, Tom-na-heurich, and the hill of Craig Phadric, add much variety to the valley of the Ness, which is now a noble river, broad, clear, and strong: nor do the extensive sweeps of fir wood produce here that arid effect which so commonly attends them; contrasted and supported as they are by green meadows, by woods of other form, and by the variety of the surface. Tom-na-heurich, not ill compared to a vessel with its keel uppermost, is, or rather was, a reputed haunt of fairies; and it is plainly a relic of the ancient alluvium, the remainder of which has been carried forward to the sea; and of the original depth of which, in this part, it is a standing measure and testimony. Tom-

na-heurich is the reputed burial place of the poet, Thomas of Erildoune, the rhymer; though by what means this happened it would be difficult to say. It is in itself the tumulus that covers his body; his barrow: and it is assuredly a most respectable one, as the armies which fought at Hara Law might all lie under it and find room withal. But this is not all. About three hundred years ago, there arrived at Inverness two itinerant fiddlers, who gave public notice of their profession, and were shortly hired by a venerable old gentleman with a long beard. By him they were conducted in the night to a palace, of whose previous existence they knew nothing, and the name of which they could not divine. They found there an assembly of august personages, to whose dancing they played all night, and by whom they were well entertained. In the morning, being dismissed, they were surprised to find, that it was not a palace they were leaving, but the side of a hill. They walked, of course, back into the town, where they were surprised to find, in so short a period, extraordinary changes: houses in ruins, faces which they did not recognize, and other marks of antiquity and decay. In vain they looked round for their former acquaintances; till, at last, an old man recollected that they must be the same persons whom his grandfather had entertained a hundred years before. They attended him to the church, it being Sunday, when, behold! at the very first word which the clergyman uttered, they fell dead!"

The situation of Inverness is the most beautiful of any town I met with in Scotland; the scenery is highly interesting, yet it presents a very different character to an English landscape, but is not on that account the less interesting to an Englishman. In the direction of Barnsley, the scenery is not only beautiful but luxuriant; it has not the dreary wildness, which so frequently occurs in the Highlands, and which gives a chilling sameness to many of the views. In the direction of Loch Broom, Loch Ewe, Loch Carron, and Loch Duich, they partake very much of this character; while towards Bealey or Beaulie, the road from Inverness to which runs along the border of Loch Deaulie, the appearance is highly romantic and beautiful.

Towards the west, the mountains of Ross-shire are seen in almost fantastic variety; in the valleys are numerous plantations of fir; where, I understand, the Capercailze or Wood Grouse has been lately introduced. This bird, the largest of the grouse tribe, though formerly well known in Scotland, had been extinct for ages; and as some gentlemen in this neighbourhood were desirous of its re-introduction, eggs were procured from the more northern parts of Europe for the purpose, which produced young. Some time must elapse before these fine birds become abundant. The Wood Grouse, called also the Cock of the Wood, is a clumsy bird, and very easily shot by the poacher in the night, as he, like the phea-

sant, roosts in trees. The male weighs from twelve to fourteen pounds; and, when in the act of courting, spreads his tail like a turkey cock; and, it would appear, like him, has no particular attachment. According to naturalists, the cock of the wood is fond of a mountainous and woody situation. In winter, he resides in the darkest and inmost parts of the woods; in summer he ventures down from his retreats, to commit depredations on the farmer's corn. The delicacy of his flesh, in some measure, sets a high price upon his head; and as he is greatly sought after, so he continues, when he comes down from the hills, always upon his guard. Upon these occasions, he is seldom surprised; and those who would take him, must venture to find him in his native retreats.

The cock of the wood, when in the forest (say they) attaches himself principally to the oak and the pine tree; the cones of the latter serving for his food, and the thick boughs for a habitation. He even makes a choice of what cones he shall feed upon; for he sometimes will strip one tree bare, before he will deign to touch the cones of another. He feeds also upon ants' eggs, which seem a high delicacy to all birds of the poultry kind; cranberries are often likewise found in his crop; and his gizzard, like that of domestic fowls, contains a quantity of gravel, for the purpose of assisting his powers of digestion.

At the earliest return of spring (they continue) this bird begins to feel the genial influence. During the month of March, the approaches of courtship are continued, and do not desist till the trees have all their leaves, and the forest is in full bloom. During this whole season, the cock of the wood is seen at sun rise and setting extremely active, upon one of the largest branches of the pine tree. With his tail raised and expanded like a fan, and the wings drooping, he is seen walking backward and forward, his neck stretched out, his head swollen and red, and making a thousand ridiculous postures: his cry, upon that occasion, is a kind of loud explosion, which is instantly followed by a noise like the whetting of a scythe, which ceases and commences alternately for about an hour, and is then terminated by the same loud explosion.

During the time this singular cry continues, the bird seems intirely deaf and insensible to every danger; whatever noise may be made near him, or even though fired at, he still continues his call; and "*this is the time that sportsmen take to shoot him.*" Upon all other occasions, he is the most timorous and watchful bird in nature; but now he seems intirely absorbed by his instincts; and seldom leaves the place where he first begins to feel the accesses of desire. This extraordinary cry, which is accompanied by a clapping of the wings, is no sooner finished, than the female, hearing it, replies, approaches, and places herself under the tree, from whence the cock descends to impregnate her.



It is evident the above description has been taken from hearsay, which, on many subjects, and on natural history in particular, is always extremely suspicious; and though it is tolerably correct, in its leading features, yet that circumstance may be almost regarded as the mere effect of chance; but there is one very gross mis-statement, which will be instantly detected by every sportsman, viz. where the writer speaks of shooting the bird in the breeding season. I have no doubt the cock of the wood is easily approachable on such occasions, but to shoot him in his love season as it might be called, would be considered by sportsmen as worse than sacrilege.

The female is about one third less than the male, and entirely unlike him in plumage; so much so indeed, that she may easily be mistaken for a bird of another species, by those unacquainted with the subject. She generally lays six or seven eggs, the size of those of the domestic hen, the colour of which is a dingy white, marked with yellow. She forms her nest on the ground, generally in some well sheltered place, and is said to hatch them without the company of the cock. When she is obliged, during the time of incubation, to leave her eggs, in search of food, she covers them very carefully and very artfully, with moss or dry leaves, or both, so that it is very difficult to discover them.\* On this occasion, she will suffer persons to approach her nest, and even to touch her, particularly when the eggs are near hatching; but this circumstance is common to all the grouse tribe, as well as to pheasants and partridges.

In the course of a few hours after the young are hatched, they are seen to run with the same agility after the mother, as the young of partridges. The hen leads them to places where insects are to be found, and in this manner they continue till they gain more strength, and are able to feed on mountain berries, the tops of the heath, the cones of the pine tree, &c.

It is said these birds have no faithful attachment, that they do not pair, like the partridge; but that, like the stag, the male that is able to overcome all his rivals, appropriates to himself all the females in the district. "The young brood follow the mother for about a month or two (say naturalists): at the end of which the young males entirely forsake her, and keep in great harmony

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\* It is the same with partridges. The partridge will generally cover up her eggs very artfully during the period of laying, particularly if she be apprehensive of danger; and in this she is actuated not merely from her fear of human beings, but from her dread of other enemies still more dangerous. The carrion crow, the rook, the magpie, and the raven, will destroy the eggs of the partridge, whenever they can find them. In the Highlands of Scotland, the Royston crow is highly injurious to grouse precisely in the same way. In the year 1824, I discovered the nest of a partridge near my residence—in process of time it contained eighteen eggs, the whole of which were destroyed by rooks.

together till the beginning of spring. At this time, they begin for the first time to feel the genial access; and then adieu to all their former friendship! They begin to consider each other as rivals; and the rage of concupiscence quite extinguishes the spirit of society. They fight each other like game cocks; and at that time, are so inattentive to their own safety, that it often happens that two or three of them are killed at a shot. It is probable that, in these contests, the bird which comes off victorious, takes possession of the female seraglio, as it is certain they have no faithful attachments."

The black cock is similar in its manners, particularly in regard to fighting. In spring, black cocks may be seen, in places where they are plentiful, contending desperately with each other. They erect the feathers of the neck, like game cocks, and combat much in the same manner: these contests frequently continue till the combatants are covered with blood, and they are thus occasionally so much exhausted as to be rendered incapable of flying. In consequence, the disabled birds are sometimes picked up by the shepherds. These birds, like wood grouse, are supposed not to pair; yet, when a brood of young black grouse is met with, an old cock is generally to be seen in the immediate vicinity. In shooting, the hen is spared, the cock alone is sought after; and may it not be in consequence of the scarcity of males that a promiscuous intercourse ensues which, in some degree, alters the very nature, or at least the habits, of the bird?—As to their fighting, all male birds will fight, though perhaps not so fiercely, and even cock partridges, in general so timid, combat each other, with the most determined hostility, particularly in spring, though they are well known to pair, and to attend the young with much more than ordinary attention.

Pheasants too, who are equally accused of promiscuous intercourse, and of having no faithful attachments, are placed precisely in the same situation as black game. The cocks are sought after, the hens are spared; and the consequence is, that, from a paucity of males, many pheasant eggs become addled. It frequently happens that a young cock and a young hen stray to a considerable distance from the preserve and breed; the cock remains in the neighbourhood, not only during incubation, but may be generally found in company with the young till they are dispersed, or killed. The birds thus produced will be found larger; that is, they will be found to contain a greater number of individuals than those which are bred in the midst of the preserves, where the females far exceed the males in number. Those who are anxious to possess abundance of pheasants, would do well to kill the old hens and to be more sparing of the cocks. All old hens, those of four or five years, for instance, should, if possible, never be spared, for reasons which have been already given. Scotland, however,

generally speaking, is not calculated for pheasants; in some parts of the Lowlands, pheasants may be met with; but as the country is not suited to the habits of the bird, they are never likely to become numerous.

We left Inverness at four o'clock in the morning with the intention of visiting the Falls of Fyers; and, after walking about six or seven miles, found ourselves on the borders of Loch Ness, the appearance of which to an Englishman is highly interesting, an engraving of which will be given in our next, though the scenery is not remarkable for picturesque beauty. The sides of the mountains which form the banks of the lake are, for the most part, destitute of verdure and trees: they appear indeed barren and naked, and have altogether a black and dreary appearance. We walked for a considerable distance by the side of Loch Ness, which, we were informed, was very deep, that in some places the bottom was not found at 600 fathoms; and that the water was never frozen even in the severest weather. There was no game on the immediate banks of the lake, and we therefore rambled to some distance from it: and yet were a considerable time before my dogs came to a point. At length we perceived that we were in the neighbourhood of game, from the droppings of the birds, and one of my pointers set as steadily as possible—three grouse rose before her, two of which I brought down, one with either barrel. The report of my gun, I suppose, gave notice of me to the persons appointed to preserve the game; for it was not long before a man came up; and though the English which he attempted to speak was not remarkably intelligible; yet we very soon understood that he wished us to desist from shooting. This was the first time we had met with any interruption; and as we wished to give no offence, we proceeded onward in the direction which the man pointed out; but my dogs coming to another point, before we had walked any great distance, I killed another brace of grouse, which produced some Gaelic spluttering from our new acquaintance, who was not able to vent his displeasure in English. Yet, from his several times uttering the word Fraser, we concluded that to be the name of the proprietor or the laird, and we had no particular wish to give offence to either him or his watchers. The man continued to follow, and we to proceed:—I asked him how far he intended to accompany us; but he did not understand the question. We had walked for an hour at least, without being able to rid ourselves of his company which was not exactly agreeable, and which we had not solicited. Nor indeed were we worth the man's attention; we wished to kill a little game as we passed through the country, but we were by no means anxious of making any great havock amongst it. Ultimately, we met with a sportsman, accompanied by two fine looking setters, from whom we learned that this part of the Highlands was strictly preserved; and who very politely offered

to accompany us to a spot, where we might enjoy an hour's diversion without interruption. Some little conversation in Gaelic took place between the sportsman and the Highlander, and in a short time the latter disappeared as suddenly as he had presented himself. As we proceeded, the young sportsman, a well behaved young man from Inverness, gave us to understand that the whole of this part of the Highlands was always preserved; but that being acquainted with the Highlander who was understood to guard the district where he was leading us, we might there enjoy a little diversion without interruption. We at length arrived at a glen, the end of which opened upon an extensive plain, covered with heath and surrounded by lofty mountains. I coupled my pointers, and kept them behind me, in order to witness the performance of the young man's setters; and animals more lewd or more unsteady I never beheld: they run riot most effectually, nor did it appear likely that we should get a shot over them: game was not plentiful; but I requested the gentleman to take up his dogs, and allow mine to range. I knew my pointers were well acquainted with their business, and that I run no risk of incurring disgrace by their exertions. I have already mentioned, that grouse were not very abundant here; in fact, it was what sportsmen would call a very indifferent moor. With some trouble I succeeded in killing two brace and a half; which I presented to our new acquaintance: he being a very indifferent shot: although he fired six or seven times, I did not perceive that he touched a feather; he insisted that feathers flew on one of these occasions; and although neither I nor my friend F——, noticed this proof of his dexterity, I nevertheless, willingly assented to a position which I knew to be perfectly harmless, and which would have the effect of making a very bad shot upon tolerable terms with himself.

It is well known amongst experienced sportsmen, that a bad shooter seldom, if ever, is in possession of a good dog. Pointers and setters very soon become as much attached to the diversion as their master, if not more, and if those who take them out very rarely kill a bird, the dogs are apt to become uneasy. If the pointer has been well and thoroughly trained, he will persevere for some time, and continue steady; but his patience becomes exhausted from never seeing a bird fall; he ultimately proves unsteady; he will run in, and try to catch what his master is unable to shoot. I had, a few years ago, a pointer bitch, which I had shot over for five successive seasons: and if I happened to miss several shots in succession, she would whine, and manifest the most unequivocal symptoms of disappointment:—I lent the same bitch to a gentleman who proved to be a very indifferent shot—he missed a great number of shots in succession, and she refused to hunt any longer. Vexed at his own awkwardness, and exasperated against the bitch, he very foolishly beat her severely, and



the animal was never afterwards like what she had been before, even with me—in fact, this circumstance ruined her. She was a high bred pointer, tender rather than otherwise, and possessed an excellent temper; she took to setting as soon as she was taken out, and was one of those animals that could not endure severe correction.

I have been induced to make the above remarks from the circumstance of the unsteadiness of the gentleman's setters, and his own bad shooting; the former might possibly have been the consequence of the latter. Setters indeed are more apt to become unruly under such circumstances than pointers; and are not nearly as well calculated for indifferent shots or young sportsmen.

Our new acquaintance was well pleased—he found himself in possession of two brace and a half of fine grouse; he was willing to suppose that he had hit one bird, though it flew away; and therefore, with a cheerful countenance, he requested that we would sit down and partake of his whiskey, as well as of some cold meat and bread with which he was abundantly provided. The day was far advanced, and by the time we had finished our repast, I and my friend F—— had abandoned all idea of visiting the Falls of Fyers, particularly as we found ourselves much nearer to Fort Augustus, where we understood comfortable accommodations could be obtained. In a short time, we again found ourselves on the borders of Loch Ness—the gentleman and his setters got into a vessel which happened to be passing up, and we directed our steps towards Fort Augustus.

*(To be continued.)*

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*To the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet.*

SIR,

Being a subscriber to your valuable and pleasing Cabinet, will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for addressing you. I am told that you intend to take some cognizance of the Liverpool harriers. I was sorry, and disappointed to perceive you so soon missing from the Black Bull fixture, on Thursday, Feb. 28;—Puss was found near Aintree Mill, a little before three o'clock, and was killed at a quarter before five, upon Linacre Marsh, having run through seven townships: I cannot name them, not being conversant with that part of the country, though I was one that enjoyed the run. The country was very heavy from the previous great fall of rain. Many considerable jumps were taken; two worth recording, viz. some

timber from off the North road, and the Sephton brook. The first was cleared handsomely by Mr. P. Bretherton, on a chesnut gelding; and he was followed only by a Mr. Pearson. The brook was very full and level with its banks—the latter gentleman, Mr. Pearson rode at it manfully, and cleared it in good style, upon a meagre looking brown horse; but not one followed him; the jump was better than five yards of water. He Mr. Pearson, rode boldly through the run, as he always does, and he had the satisfaction of taking up "poor puss," I may say alive. The following gentlemen were well up, Mr. Brown. Mr. T. O'Neil, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Alexander, a stranger, and Abraham.

While I am upon the subject of the Liverpool harriers, I will just observe

that I think it a pity to see them so badly attended by *subscribers*. On Saturday last, only *two members* made their appearance at the kennel fixture. They had most excellent sport in Childwall and Roby. On Monday, Ditton was the fixture, and expectation was on tiptoe by Abraham for a field day; but, lo! eleven o'clock came, and not one subscriber's face shone to enliven the day. Mr. Gerard, and the son of a very wealthy man, (not a subscriber) proceeded to work—they found, and had a most brilliant run of one hour

and a half—most of it racing pace, and were beaten in consequence of pussy gaining the manor of Hale. The hounds were called off. Mr. Gerard went home, and the stranger's sport was marred. Abraham was left with a long face to take home his hounds.

Thus, Mr. Editor, was fretted away a most beautiful scenting day, by the Liverpool hunt, at the close of the season.

VERITAS.

Saturday, 16th March, 1833.

### The GILLAROO TROUT

Is generally from twelve to eighteen, but increases so high as thirty pounds weight; these fish are esteemed for their fine flavour, which is supposed to exceed that of any other trout: their make is similar to the common, except being thicker in proportion to their length, and of a redder hue both before and after being dressed. The gillaroo is found in some of the rivers in Ireland, is remarkable for having a gizzard resembling that of a large fowl or turkey; it is usual to dress the gizzards alone, which are considered as very favourite morsels.

The celebrated John Hunter made this curious fish an object of his attention, and an extract from his observations upon it may not improperly here find a place: he states, that "one of the digestive organs of this trout being so very extraordinary as to have given name to it, is to be looked upon as its distinguishing characteristic: to throw some light upon the question, whether its resemblance to a gizzard be such as to render the appellation proper, it is expedient to state some general facts. Food of animals may be divided into two kinds; what does require mastication to facilitate digestion, and what does not: all animal food is of this latter kind; but grain, and many other substances which serve for aliment, require a previous grinding or trituration; and therefore animals which live on such food are provided with organs for that purpose. Such birds as live upon food, to digest which trituration is indispen-

sible, have the power of masticating and digesting united in one part, the gizzard, which is for that end peculiarly constructed. In granivorous birds, therefore, a single organ answers both for the teeth and stomach of granivorous quadrupeds, (who have two powers distinct from each other, to masticate and digest their food; the first being executed by teeth of a particular form, which serve as so many grindstones, for reducing their food to powder, before it is conveyed into the stomach for digestion) and consequently the gizzard alone of birds will point out the food of the species as clearly as the teeth and stomach together do in those animals in which the two offices of mastication and digestion are not joined together in the same part.

As it appears then to be the difference of the stomachs only that fits birds for their different kinds of food, it is evident that every gradation of stomach must be found among them, from the true gizzard, which is one extreme, to the mere membranous stomach, which is the other; since the food of the various species is from the hardest grain to the softest animal matter. The two extremes above-mentioned are easily defined, but they run so into each other, that the end of one and beginning of the other are quite imperceptible; similar gradations are observed in the food, the kinds suited to the two extremes, mixing together in different proportions, adapted to the intermediate states of the stomach.

A true gizzard is composed of two

strong muscles placed opposite, and acting upon each other, as two broad grindstones. These muscles are united at their sides by a middle tendon, into which the muscular fibres are inserted, and which forms the narrow anterior and posterior sides of the flat quadrangular cavity, wherein the grinding is performed: the upper end of this cavity is filled up by the termination of the œsophagus, and the beginning of the intestine; the lower end consists of a thin muscular bag, connecting the edges of the two muscles together. The two flat lateral sides of the grinding cavity are lined with a bony substance, similar to a hard and thick cuticle.

The two large muscles may be considered as a pair of jaws, whose teeth are taken in occasionally, being small rough stones or pebbles which the animal swallows: and from the feeling on the tongue it can distinguish such of them as are proper from those that are smooth, or otherwise unfit for the purpose, which last it instantly drops out of its mouth. There are other animals which masticate their food in their stomach, but their teeth are by nature placed there: crabs and lobsters are thus formed. Some birds with gizzards have also a craw or crop, which serves as a reservoir and for softening the grain: but, as all of them have not this organ, it is foreign to our present purpose.

The gradation from the gizzard to the stomach is made by the muscular sides becoming weaker and weaker, and the food keeps pace with this change, varying gradually from vegetable to animal; and we find that in granivorous animals of all sorts there is an apparatus for masticating their food, although of various kinds and differently placed." After describing the manner of carnivorous quadrupeds and birds taking and digesting their food, Mr. H. thus proceeds:—"Of all the fish I have seen, the mullet is the clearest instance of the structure of its stomach approaching to that of birds; its strong muscular stomach being evidently adapted, like the gizzard of birds, to the two offices of mastication and digestion. The stomach of the gillaroo trout holds the second place; but still neither of these stomachs

can be justly ranked as gizzards, since they want some of the most essential characters; viz. a power and motion fitted for grinding, and the horny cuticle. The stomach of the gillaroo trout is, however, more circumscribed than that of most fish, and endued with sufficient strength to break the covering of small shell fish, which will most probably be best done by having more than one in the stomach at a time, and also by taking large and smooth stones into it, which will answer the purpose of breaking, but not so well as that of grinding; nor can this fish's stomach possess scarcely any power of grinding, as the whole cavity is lined with a fine villous coat, and whose external surface every where appears to be a digestive, and by no means fitted for mastication.

The stomach of the English is exactly of the same species with that of the gillaroo trout, but its coat is not so thick by two-thirds: (the English trout swallows shell-fish, and also pretty large smooth stones, which serve as shell breakers;) how far this difference in thickness of the stomach avails to make a distinct species, or barely a variety of the same, is only to be determined by experiment, which might be tried by putting some gillaroo trout, male and female, into water in which there are no trout, and observing if they continue unaltered.

The œsophagus in the trout is considerably longer and smaller than in any other classes of fish. The intestines are similar to those of the salmon, hering, sprat, &c. the pancreas is appendiculated (this name to the pancreas Mr. H. has adopted from its appearance). The teeth shew them to be a fish of prey. So far, therefore, (concludes Mr. Hunter) as warranted by analogy, we must not consider the stomach of this fish as a gizzard, but as a true stomach."

Respecting the gillaroo trout, Mr. Pennant has the following remarks:—"The stomachs of the common trouts are uncommonly thick and muscular; they feed on the shell-fish of lakes and rivers, as well as on small fish; they likewise take into their stomachs gravel or small stones, to assist in comminuting the testaceous parts of their food. The trouts of certain lakes in Ireland, as



those of the county of Galway, and some others, are remarkable for the great thickness of their stomachs, which, from some resemblance to the organs of digestion in birds, have been called gizzards: the Irish name the species that has them, gillaroo trouts, and their stomachs are sometimes served up to table, under the former appellation. It does not appear to me (continues Mr. P.) that the extraordinary strength of stomach in the Irish fish should give any suspicion, that it is a distinct species: the nature of the waters might increase the thickness; or the superior quantity of shell-fish, which may more frequently

call for the use of its comminuting powers than those of our trouts, might occasion this difference. I had an opportunity of comparing the stomach of a great gillaroo trout with a large one from the Uxbridge river; the last, if I recollect, was smaller, and out of season, and its stomach (notwithstanding it was very thick) was much inferior in strength to that of the former; but on the whole (says Mr. P.) there was not the least specific difference between the two subjects." From the foregoing investigations the gillaroo does not seem to constitute a new species of trout.

## HORSEMANSHIP.

*(Continued from vol. 1, page 424.)*

will operate as a gentle purge, but will not take the horse off his feed. I have heard it remarked that carrots cause an excess of perspiration; but I never found this to be the case: and I have no doubt, that when this has happened, carrots have been too plentifully given to the horse.

Old hay is said to be better than new hay, and so it is: but this is one of those general expressions that requires qualification. Hay is got in during the months of June and July: it sweats and settles: by the month of December, it has gone through every process of fermentation, and has acquired its greatest possible perfection. When it is twelve months old, it has suffered very little deterioration; but, after this, its nutritive qualities evaporate more rapidly than they did prior to this period, and it will ultimately become as destitute of nutriment as straw. I have frequently heard it recommended to shake the dust and *seeds* out of the hay before it is given to the horse: to shake the dust out is perfectly correct, but the seeds may be regarded as the corn of the hay. Strictly speaking, however, the hay ought to contain no dust. The hay given to a hunter should be such as has been well got in; it should be of the best quality, it will therefore contain no dust, and will not require shaking.

Somewhat similar remarks may be applied to oats; the general opinion being that they should not be given to the horse till they have acquired considerable age. If oats are well housed in the month of August, or the beginning of September, they will be fit to thrash in two months afterwards; and after having been out of the straw a few weeks are quite as good, or perhaps better, than at a later period. The oats have, at such a time, completed, or gone through, their sweatings, and can never be better.



In regard to hay, the fact is very striking : it continues to lose weight after it has become six months old ; and as this evaporation consists entirely of the juice or nutritious quality of the hay, it must become worse precisely in proportion to the extent of the said evaporation. Similar reasoning may be applied to oats, but not to the same extent.

When beans are given to a horse I would have them broken ; but I would not have the oats crushed. I tried the experiment, and it appeared to me to render the horses dull rather than otherwise ; the oats in this form, were certainly not preferable to oats given whole. Oats, I am aware, are very often voided whole ; but it does not thence follow that the horse has derived no benefit from them. If the oats appear whole, the essence has been extracted, and, if a strict examination were to take place, it would most likely be found, that, if they had not been absolutely macerated, they had been bruised.

A hunter should be well fed the night preceding his going out with the hounds ; but he should not receive a full allowance the next morning. If the groom visits the stable at an early period of the morning, the horse may receive a regular feed of corn (no hay) particularly if he have to travel from six to ten miles to the place of meeting. If the corn be given to the horse at six o'clock in the morning, as a fox is seldom found before eleven (and frequently not so early) a considerable time will elapse between the horse's feeding, and the commencement of his work. Water should be sparingly given on the morning of hunting :—a few swallows will be sufficient.

I have already observed, that in the management of the stable, the groom ought to be able to attend to a number of little ailments of the horse for which a veterinary surgeon is generally employed. If a horse be troubled with corns, the groom should take care that, in shoeing, all pressure upon the corn is taken away ; otherwise the horse will continue in pain, perhaps be lame, nor can the corn be eradicated while any pressure remains upon it. But by proper shoeing and paring, the corn will in time disappear.

If a symptom of thrush or frush appear, ill consequences are easily prevented by timely attention. In this disease there will be a degree of inflammation of the sensitive frog, occasioned either by contracted heels, the want of cleanliness, or bad shoeing. The presence of thrush may be ascertained by a tenderness felt when pressing the frog, which is also accompanied with a discharge of matter. The part should be well washed, and dressed with the following ointment :

Take of vitriol zinc,  
Armenian bole,  
Alum, of each, in powder, one ounce,  
Tar sufficient to form an ointment. Mix.

This should be applied on lint or tow : it should be placed in the cleft of the frog, and renewed occasionally. On the first appearance of thrush, it may be frequently cured by simply dipping tow or lint in tar, and applying it to the sore.

Splents are hard excrescences which grow on the shank bone, and present various shapes and sizes; and to which young horses are very liable. Few horses put out splents after they have attained the age of seven, unless produced from accident or a violent blow. Splents often disappear without any means being adopted for their removal.—A splent that arises in the middle of the shank bone is not dangerous; but when splents present themselves on the back part of this bone, when they grow large and press against the back sinew, they produce lameness.

When splents first appear, they should be bathed with vinegar, by which they will be sometimes removed. Various remedies, however, are prescribed for them. Some lay on a pitch plaster with a little sublimate or arsenic. Others apply oil of vitriol; others again, tincture of cantharides: all of which have at times succeeded; but all these caustic applications are apt to leave a mark or scar. A mild blister is perhaps to be preferred. Some rub the splent with a round stick or the handle of a hammer, and then anoint it with oil of origanum. When it becomes necessary to bore the splent, &c. (which will seldom be requisite if timely and proper attention be paid to it) I should call in a veterinary surgeon.

Splents in the middle of the shank bone, as they neither produce lameness, nor inconvenience to the horse, I should never attempt to meddle with.

Curbs are callous enlargements, situate at the lower junction of the bones at the hind part of the hock, and are produced by blows, kicks, sudden turns or twists, riding too hard up hill, &c. &c. They produce stiffness in the first instance, and ultimately lameness. They may generally be removed by blistering on their first appearance; but if they do not disappear by twice blistering, the firing iron must be applied, an instrument which should never be placed in the hand of a groom, but always used by a veterinary surgeon.

The capped hock or capulet is a swelling which takes place on the points of the hocks, and is sometimes seen on the point of the elbow of the fore legs. It is an enlargement frequently very difficult to reduce; and is brought on by a blow, strain, &c. I have known blistering used frequently for capped hocks, but seldom with much benefit. The method I recommend is, the moment they are perceived by the groom, to employ a veterinary surgeon.—I am not aware that the horse will sustain injury if these enlargements are allowed to remain; but, if they are large, they present an unsightly appearance.

A wind gall is a puffy tumour seated on both sides the back sinew of the horse, above the fetlock on the fore legs, but more frequently on the hind legs; but they very rarely cause much pain. They sometimes arise from constitutional weakness, but more frequently from strains, hard riding, or ill usage. If these swellings appear to cause no impediment to the action of the horse, I would not meddle with them; on the contrary, if they produced stiffness, so as to cause a horse to stumble, call in the assistance of a veterinary surgeon. I have repeatedly applied blisters to them, which, however, failed in removing them.

*Broken knees* are considered as highly disgraceful to the horse. To the hackney, they are justly so—at least either to the horse or his rider; but a hunter is liable to break his knees from a number of unforeseen incidents, for which the horse ought not to be blamed. When this accident happens to be slight, the application of neat's foot oil, or indeed any animal oil, two or three times a day, rubbing the hair straight the way it should lie, will effect a cure. As animal fat nourishes and supports the hair of the creature, so animal fat or animal oil will re-produce hair either on the knees or other parts, better than any other application. Vegetable oils are not to be recommended for this purpose.—I know, from many experiments, that neat's foot oil, or sheep's foot oil, or fresh hog's lard will reproduce hair on the horse far superior to all other remedies which have fallen under my notice; but the fat or oil of a horse would probably answer the purpose better:—in this case, it would be applying the very same unction by which, according to the laws of nature, the hair of the horse is nourished and supported.

When the knees are severely cut or bruised, they should be washed clean with warm water, and a poultice applied, morning and evening, for several days, when the inflammation will have subsided, and they may be dressed with a solution of blue or white vitriol. But if the wound does not heal, a veterinary surgeon should be employed. However, as soon as the wound begins to mend, the oil should be applied, on account of its healing quality as well as its efficacy in the re-production of hair. I have never met with a veterinary surgeon that was aware of the effect of the oil till I drew his attention to the subject, and explained the nature of it.

Crib biting and wind sucking. Of Yare's anti-crib-biter, I think nothing: it is merely a muzzle, which hinders the horse from seizing the manger with his teeth, but does not prevent him from sucking his wind; and indeed, whenever the said muzzle is removed, the horse goes to work again at the manger as eagerly as ever. Crib biting is very unpleasant, to say the least of it; and if I had a crib biter, otherwise a favourite, I would place him in a loose box without either manger, rack, or any thing upon which



he could fix his teeth. His hay could be placed upon the floor ; and his corn given him in a smooth tin box edged round with sheep skin, and made to draw out of the wall. I do not admire the plan so commonly practised of buckling a strap round the neck of a crib biter.

Broken wind is brought on by violent exertion during the time that the stomach is loaded, particularly with water. It is also produced by bad hay, and other causes. A cure is out of the question.

Roaring, whistling, and piping are incurable ; and although various tricks are resorted to by the lower grade of horse dealers, such as the administration of bacon fat or something similar, it may prevent the roaring for a short period, but nothing more.—I have seen many good hunters most unequivocal roarers. One of the best hunters I ever rode emitted a whistling when put into a gallop, for the first score yards, when the noise ceased. No horse had better wind.

A slight cold may generally be removed by a warm mash or two given at night ; but when it is violent, and attended with inflammation, the horse should be bled ; a veterinary surgeon should be employed.

Grooms should be capable of bleeding, a knowledge of which may be easily acquired from observing the performance of the operation several times.

Administering a ball is an operation at which some grooms are expert ; while others manage the business in a very clumsy manner. It is difficult to give some horses a ball from their determined opposition. A horse, like a child, uniformly testifies an aversion to physic ; and I have met with some, particularly Irish horses, where much care and dexterity were required to get the ball down their throats. A few years since, I had a little Irish horse, which was very expert in the use of his fore feet, and on this account, giving him a ball became a rather dangerous business. On one occasion, happening to call at Rothwell house, on the road between Loughbro' and Leicester, I wished to give the horse a ball. I told the ostler that this was difficult :—the man, however, took the ball from my hand, turned the horse round, and popped the ball down the horse's gullet in a few seconds. He made no preparation, and the horse might be said to have swallowed the ball without being aware of it. This was as it should be. Whenever preparation is made, the horse prepares to resist ; and, on this account, I object to the use of the twitch and the balling iron. It would appear that the twitch is an instrument much used on the other side St. George's channel, as I have never met with an Irish horse who had not a great dislike to having his nose touched. Irish sportsmen ride hard and unsparingly, and I am inclined



to think their grooms are harsh and severe in their stable discipline and management.

A notion of trimming, like a knowledge of bleeding, will be much sooner and much better acquired from a little practical observation, than from a volume of written description. Docking I should not choose to perform myself, though it is not a difficult operation. When performed by grooms, I have known lock jaw to follow. The only difficulty in docking is to hit the joint, or as near the joint as possible. Mr. Scarisbrick, of Scarisbrick Hall, Lancashire, uses the docking knife with uncommon dexterity; but he does not cauterize the wound for the purpose of stopping the bleeding:—the blood will seldom, if ever, flow to a dangerous extent. If it becomes necessary to stop it, this gentleman applies a little flour. Searing a wound with hot iron must produce some degree of inflammation.

Having pointed out those disorders and ailments of the horse, wherein I conceive the groom may very well act the part of the veterinarian, I wish it to be impressed on the mind of the former, that, whenever he is in doubt, to call in the assistance of a *skilful veterinary surgeon*, if there should happen to be one within *forty miles*!—I will conclude the present article with a few desultory observations:

When *confirmed grease* appears in the heels of a horse, a more powerful medicine must be administered than nitre balls. In this case, I should give the horse two drams of calomel in the evening, and the next morning a common purge.

When horses are eating their corn after a day's hunting, when of course their stomachs are completely empty, they may be sometimes observed to cease feeding, turn their heads back, and look at their flanks, and even lie down for a short period. These symptoms are generally supposed to be indications of the gripes; and the animal is treated accordingly. They are produced by worms: the latter being as hungry as the horse, begin to feed; and by moving about in the body of the horse, make him sick. Having already described the remedy for worms, we refer the reader to page 418, Vol. I.

Horses, particularly those highly fed, are subject to inflammatory fevers, which may be known from the fiery appearance of the horse's eyes and countenance, but of which, however, the state of the pulse forms a better criterion. The pulse of a horse may be felt in the temporal artery, or just behind the elbow of the fore leg (the left fore leg is perhaps preferable). The pulse of a horse in good health will be found to beat about forty times in one minute; and consequently when the animal is labouring under inflammation, an opinion may be formed of the violence or otherwise by the rate of the pulsation. In a high state of fever, the pulse will reach as

step ; followed by the administration of three ounces of nitre made into a ball, with plenty of water gruel afterwards, with which the horse must be drenched, if necessary. He may require bleeding several times, according to the violence of the fever, and the nitre given every day.

Malt will be found very nourishing to a horse which has been much reduced by illness, but has become convalescent. The malt should be steamed for half an hour, by pouring hot water upon it, and covering it with a cloth.

Costiveness is sometimes mistaken for the gripes: in which case, the horse frequently endeavours to stale, but is unable, and evidently labouring under considerable pain. In this case, the intestines, containing the dung, being overloaded, press upon the bladder and prevent the horse from staling. Back-raking will give him relief.

Gripes in the horse may arise from various causes, but principally proceeds from two: from the horse being chilled with cold water, &c. and from inflammation of the bowels. In the first case, a bottle of Daffy's Elixir may be given with the best effect: it should be mixed in a pint of warm ale, into which a little grated ginger has been introduced. When gripes is caused by inflammation, the animal should be back-raked, sweet oil given inwardly, and every four hours one ounce of common purging salts. Bleeding will also be found very beneficial.

A horse is seldom lamed in the shoulder, except from a violent blow or a fall, &c. To ascertain this, trot the horse, and if he be lame in the shoulder, the muscles are affected so as to prevent his stepping out so far with that leg, as he will with the other. When the lameness is seated below, he will extend the lame leg as far as the other; but, on the foot reaching the ground, the lameness will be perceptible.

In bruises, sprains, &c. the following lotion will be found very beneficial:—take

Spirit of wine eight ounces; dissolve one ounce of camphor in it, add one ounce of oil of turpentine, one ounce of spirit of sal ammoniac, oil of origanum half an ounce, and one large table spoonful of laudanum.

It should be well rubbed in with the hand for ten minutes or more, three times a day.

*(To be continued.)*

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The TURF.

PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES.—Friday, March 22d, 1833.

STEWARDS.—G. OSBALDESTON, Esq. J. E. SPALDING, Esq. AND  
W. RUSSELL, Esq.

"The *Legs* are at their dirty work again."—The morning was ushered in by suspicious, dark and threatening clouds, as if the heavens were expressing their marked and angry disapprobation upon the preliminary operations of a pre-concerted plan, which, unfortunately for honest men, unfortunately for the best interests of the turf, succeeded but too well. Snow fell fast, and by the time of starting, the course was so covered with it as scarcely to be discernible; it was four inches deep; and, in consequence, the riding became very dangerous.

The only races which excited much interest were the Northampton Stakes and the Farmer's Cup; and although, at the Warwick races, Swing had proved himself so superior to his opponent Napoleon (*at least if we are to judge from the running, which is a very fallacious criterion in the present state of the turf*;) yet there were symptoms of suspicion manifested by honest bettors that all was not right. The betting was, therefore, even between Napoleon and Swing; the latter for choice: now, how could this happen, had the struggle between these horses at Warwick been fair and honourable, as Swing appeared quite as well at Pytchley races as he did at the Warwick meeting; his trainer thought him so, and lost his money upon him. At starting, Mr. Kent on Napoleon, took a decided lead, which he kept gradually increasing, and beat Swing more than one hundred and fifty yards! Some exclaimed this was not Swing's running; and, compared with the transaction at Warwick, it certainly was not; but we are of opinion, that Napoleon is superior to Swing in every respect. Captain Bouverie rode the Curate, and rode him well, leaving Swing behind him, and coming in second.

Ten started for the Farmer's Cup. Farmer's Boy (rode by Mr. Griffiths)

was the favourite; but with 12st. 5lb. on his back, snow and deep ground, he could not get home, and kept declining each heat. The three first heats were very severely contested between Fitzwilliam and Mr. Pell's ch. c. the first was won by a head; the second by a head; the third a dead heat; when Mr. Griffiths was put upon Fitzwilliam for the fourth heat, which, by very able jockeyship, he won cleverly: at nearly dark, terminated Pytchley Hunt Races.

The meeting was very numerously and very fashionably attended, in defiance of the weather: snow continued to fall from morning till night.

The Steeple Chases were attended by from two to three thousand equestrians. The one in which Mr. Osbaldeston appeared excited a very lively interest, and he was booked nearly against the field. He rode Grimaldi, and was never seen after he reached the first brook. It was won gallantly by the Daring Ranger. The other steeple chase was much better contested: three out of the six came in close together.

The following is an account of the races:

The YEOMANRY PLATE of 50 pounds, given by Lord Southampton, for the Towcester Troop of Yeomanry Cavalry, was won by Vanguard, beating Spinaway, and Free and Easy. Won easy.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovereigns each, for horses not thoroughbred.—Two Miles, gentlemen riders. Winners this year to carry extra, was won by Napoleon le Grand, beating the Curate, and Swing.

OPEN STAKES of 10 Sovereigns each, with 25 Sovereigns added by the Hunt.—If walked over, the 25 Sovereigns not to be added.—Once round and a distance, gentlemen riders, was won by Camillus, beating Peru. Won easy.

A FARMERS' CUP, value 50 Sovereigns.—Once round and a distance. Rode by gentlemen farmers. It was

won by Fitzwilliam, beating Merchant, Mr. S. Pell's ch. c. by Jujube, and Farmer's Boy.

The HACK STAKES of 10 Sovereigns each. The winner to be sold for forty Sovereigns if demanded.—Once round, was won by Cricket, beating the Count, Captain Rock, Whittle, and Mr. Westley's ch. g.—Won easy.

*Saturday, March 23d.*

STEEPLE CHASE of 5 Sovereigns each.—Four Miles. The winner to pay 10 Sovereigns to the second horse.—Six started, won by Don Cosack.

GRAND STEEPLE CHASE of 20 Sovereigns each, 10 ft.—Four Miles, was won by the Daring Ranger, beating Lily, Grimaldi, Moses, Outcast, Monbella, and Clasher.

*Napoleon le Grand again.*—Prior to starting at Warwick, 7 and 8 to 1 were betted on this splendid horse; yet Swing beat him easy. A short time after, these two *cocktails* came in contact at Pytchley Races, where Napoleon beat Swing *hollow*. Soon after (at Bedford) Napoleon is beaten by a third rate (Donnington). At Croxton Park Races, some

days after, Napoleon contrives to win again; running each time, no doubt, *according to order!* Napoleon appears in various handicaps for the ensuing season, in general very favourably weighted; as, for instance, in the Liverpool Trade Cup, at the July meeting (7st. 8lb.) For the Tradesmen's Cup at the Spring meeting, four pounds more were put upon him, and he has forfeited. How strange it appears for a *half-bred* to contend with thorough-breds! It is ridiculous! there never was an instance of a *genuine half-bred* contending successfully against thorough-bred horses! It is impossible! And yet, it would excite no surprise in my mind, if Napoleon should during the ensuing season, beat some of the best thorough-breds in the kingdom! How was this very superior horse bred? he acknowledges Blacklock for his sire: but, how was his dam bred? I don't know. Who is the owner of Napoleon le Grand? Does he belong to an individual, or to a party? The latter, I presume. Who are they? Aye! "*there's the rub!*" He will be a dangerous horse to bet upon or against, except to the select few who are in the secret.

### BEDFORD SPRING RACES.—Thursday, March 28, 1833.

STEWARD.—HOLLINGWORTH MAGNIAC, Esq.

This meeting was but thinly attended: the races, however, were very honestly contested, though the running was by no means of the first order; indeed, with the exception of the Handicap Race, there was not any thing like a severe struggle. But the handicap brought the horses well together; which, after an excellent race, was won by Brunswick (rode by Mr. Griffiths) by a head. The ordinary (at the Swan Inn) was well attended: Mr. Whitbread (who acted as Steward, in the

absence of Mr. Magniac) in the chair; supported on his right by Mr. Littledale, on his left by Mr. Berkeley. The dinner, dessert, and wines excellent: every article was served up in Mr. Higgins' usual superior style. Mr. Street and others treated the company with some good singing, and the evening was spent in the utmost hilarity. The Fancy Ball on the following evening was splendidly and numerously attended.

### CROXTON PARK RACES.—Wednesday, April 3, 1833.

STEWARDS.—EARL OF WILTON, LORD FORESTER, AND SIR HARRY GOODRICKE, Bt.

This is always a very splendid meeting; and attended by more noblemen, perhaps, than any other in the kingdom.

The Coplow Stakes uniformly create a very lively interest; nor have I the least doubt that more money is sported



on this race than upon any other similar contest in the kingdom.

Before starting, the betting was 6 to 5 against Napoleon, 5 to 1 against Brother to Dunton, 6 to 1 against Hippona, 6 to 1 against Gazelle, and 8 to 1 against any other. Napoleon was ridden by Mr. Kent, Hippona by Lord Wilton, Brother to Dunton by Mr. White, Gazelle by Mr. Griffiths, Bilbury by the Squire, Tommy Tickle by Mr. Peyton, and Mantrap by Mr. Weatherby.

Napoleon took the lead at a good pace, closely followed by Hippona, Gazelle, and Brother to Dunton. After proceeding thus for three quarters of a mile, Bilbury went up to Napoleon, and continued head and head with him at a runaway pace for the next three quarters of a mile, which was very bad judgment on the part of Kent (and he an old jock too) to allow so much forced running, particularly when it is considered his giving a year away, and the tenacious and heavy state of the ground. Bilbury could maintain the struggle no longer, when up came Donnington, pulling very hard, and very injudiciously went alongside Bilbury, who continued to decline, though the Squire kept his inside place to the turn, and thus Donnington was forced considerably out; when Gazelle and Hippona appeared, and they sported their money well round, and near enough to Napo-

leon—about the third of a mile from home: when the weight (12st. 5lb.) and deep ground stopped Gazelle; and in fact, Hippona also: neither of them could continue their advantage: while the rider of Donnington (Mr. Burton) to make up his lost ground, before he reached the distance chair, was about to commence whipping, when Lord Wilton (a much better judge) perceiving that Donnington could win, said, "*Pull him, Sir!*" which Mr. Burton did; and that, and that only, won Donnington the race. Tommy Tickle brought up the rear; he appears to have lost his running, unless a fresh rider makes the difference. The pace was very severe throughout. The Corinthians won their money upon this race.

None of the other races excited much interest, excepting the match between Meltonian, and Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Filho. The latter was backed at 3 to 1; but, to the astonishment of all, Meltonian won quite easy.

A main of cocks was fought at Melton, between Sir H. Goodricke and Mr. Walker, which was won by the former. Some of the ingoes were fought in the evening, when many of the hunt attended in their dress suits (scarlet and blue) which presented a very gay appearance, and they sported their money freely.

### *NEWMARKET RACES.—Monday, April 8, 1833.*

The Craven meeting commenced on Monday, April 8th, before a company not less brilliant than the one of last year, which was more numerous than all that had gone before it. The bill of fare contained 42 stakes and matches, the value of which comes up to the sum of twenty thousand pounds! We shall sketch the principal events:—

THE CRAVEN STAKES were won by Camarine.

As Priam was last year, so was Sir Mark this, all "the rage," it being 8 and 10 to 1 upon him; and the odds (by Juniper) were rightly laid, for the *flat* was by four lengths—a canter! Previous to this there was a false start, in which Camarine and the following

ran the whole distance:—Rubini (who came in second), Malibran (3d), Brother to Chapman (4th), Theban, Volage, Drover, and a two year old Filho colt of Mr. T. Wood's. Camarine *then* did the trick by a length. My Lady Charlotte and the far-famed Fang not having had the honour of performing, a fresh race was the judge's decree—all the others drawn. The game of the mare was such, however, that *now* any odds went a begging.

THE RIDDLESWORTH STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. 17 subs. was decided over the Abington mile, by Lucius beating Anglesea, the Silvertail colt, Blank, and Joanna. In the ring the odds were 2 to 1 against Anglesea; 3 to 1 against

Joanna; 5 to 1 against Lucius; and 6 to 1 against Silvertail.

Blank (a "dead letter" in the ring) made the game, leading to the bushes at a tolerable *bat*, here, however, he proved a *decided blank*. At this point Anglesea went to the head, and continued with the lead till 100 yards from home: then Robinson challenged, shook off the "buff jacket," and finally picked up for my Lord Jersey "The Nineteenth Riddlesworth Stakes."

**MATCHES.**—My Lord Litchfield's Mount Eagle received from Ishmael 150 sovs.

Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus received from Elvaston 100 sovs.

Lord Litchfield again received with his f out of Portrait's dam from Cymbal 100 the forfeit.

**THE DESSERT STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, closed the first day's performances; it came off "across the flat" thus:—Weeper 1: c by Wrangler, out of Miss Stephenson 2; Brother to Blythe 3; and Ketchup was good enough for the figure of 4. The odds 6 to 4 against Weeper; 6 to 4 against Blythe. A triumph for Weeper, winning cleverly by a length.

**TUESDAY.**—Upon the heath this day were, His Grace the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Marquis and Marchioness of Tavistock, the Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham, the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, Earl and Countess of Wilton, Earls of Lichfield, Jersey, Verulam, Uxbridge, Mountcharles, March, Oxford, Stradbroke, Lords Lowther, R. Grosvenor, John Fitzroy, W. Paulet, G. H. Bentinck, Villiers, Grimston, the Honourable Colonel and Mrs. Anson, General Grosvenor, B. Craven, Captain Rons, C. S. and Lady Emmeline Wortley, Sir M. Wood, Sir L. Glyn, Colonels Peel, Udny, Standen, Chaplin, Messrs. Greville, Stanleys, Houldsworth, Irby, Walker, C. Wilson, Payne, Stonehewer, Cookes, M. P., Thornhill, Batsen, &c. &c. &c. and "The Squire."

Mr. Hunter's Forester "walked over" for a SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each. Six paid.

SWEEPSTAKES of 150 sovs. each, over

the Rowley mile, was won by Mr. Houldsworth's Despot, by Sultan, beating a Shoveler filly, and the Marinella colt. Three preferred forfeiting. Six to 4 upon "green and gold," who did the trick by half a length.

**MATCH.**—Lord Orford's Clearwell made rather a *woful* example of Weeper. The T. Y. C. The odds were on the late *primâ donna* for the Oaks, say 6 to 4.

**THE OATLANDS**, of 50 sovs. each, &c. &c. was won by Rouncival (Nat), against Trustee.

Beiram, Mouse, Argent, Hokee Po-kee, Lady Fly, and poor Consol disappointed lots of friends by being "done brown," not even getting places in such company as little Nat, upon a bit of *Marroufat*. Mouse was at 7 to 2; Trustee at 4 to 1; Consol at 5 to 1; Hokee Po-kee at 4 to 1; Beiram at 6 to 1; and 100 to 8 *against* the "Six-mile-bottom" nag, dubbed Rouncival. So much for the finished judgment of the members of the *knowing* club. The judge decided a "length." Lots of bank paper will change hands by this "turn-up."

**WEDNESDAY.**—**THE COLUMN STAKES**, of 50 sovs. each, h ft, 15 subscribers, the R. M. course, was brought to a *finale* by Revelry beating Dirce and Mr. Stonehewer's c by Tarrare.

Five others figured, for fun, we presume, being "no where." The others dropped the "forfeit." The race was won by half a length.

**THE ANSON DINNER STAKES**, of 200 sovs. each, across the flat, came off in favour of my Lord Exeter's c by Sultan, out of Emiliana (entered in General Yates's name), who *cut* away with the stakes in a canter. Lord Lichfield's f by Sligo, out of Miniature, was his only company.

A **HANDICAP** closed the day's sports, by no means an interesting one to the "Derby books." It was decided, over the ditch mile, by Malibran beating Lady Charlotte and the Emperor.

**THURSDAY.**—**The Forfeit Class** of the Oatlands, of 10 sovs. D. I.—13 subscribers, was won by Dinal, against Oxygen.

Chifney weighed for Emancipation, and went to the stables to saddle—the

ring was formed, and a good deal of business done at even on Emancipation, 2 to 1 agst Oxygen, and 5 to 2 agst Dinah; nor was it known that Emancipation would not start till the race had actually commenced! The odds were then in favour of Oxygen. There was some confusion, and not a little grumbling. A fine race, and won by a neck. The winner is a Yorkshire bred mare of feeble pretensions.

THE CLARET STAKES, of 200 sovs. each, h ft; D. I. The second horse to save his stake—8 subs.—was won by Trustee, beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave.

Betting—Even on Trustee, 3 to 1 agst Beiram, 5 to 1 agst Margrave, 7 to 2 agst Minster.

The Claret was remarkable for the beauty of the race: the running was chiefly made by Beiram at a good pace, till just past the Duke's Stand, where Robinson, on Minster, who was then lying second, drew upon him, Chifney, upon Trustee, lurching close at their heels; at the ropes the three were together, and here Chifney obtained a slight advantage over his opponents, maintained it, and won by a short neck, but not without a pretty liberal use of the spur. Margrave was amiss before the race, and was only started *pro forma*. Beiram was not beaten half a length.

FRIDAY.—Nothing occurred worth notice.

### UNPARALLELED STEEPLE CHASE,

*Over Six Miles of the Warwick Country, between Mr. Osbaldeston's Grey Gelding, Grimaldi, and Col. Charrettie's Grey Gelding, Napoleon, for £1000.*

SIR,

I shall endeavour to describe to you, for your sporting paper, the history of one of the most finished performances, in the way of steeple-chasing, that I ever yet witnessed—and over the most brilliant and saucy country that could possibly be presented to the eye of a sportsman—a country replete with every description of fence—very tastefully watered with most magnificent brooks—one of which, at all events, I believe, impracticable to any horse that ever wore a bridle—but certainly, so formidable to face, that nothing but a right good man would have looked at it.

Before I enter on the detail of this steeple chase, I must hasten to express my unqualified admiration both of the men and of the horses.

Grimaldi's speed was too evident, to admit of Napoleon's having a chance, unless by superior fencing. That the latter is as formidable in the one as the other is in pace, is beyond the possibility of a doubt. Mr. Osbaldeston was quite awake to this, and, like a skilful general, judiciously availed himself of it; for he waited the whole way upon Napoleon, and could only, at the end, come in a clear length in front, always keeping

his horse within himself, and capable of going by Napoleon at will, though the audacious manner in which Napoleon took his fences, rendered the speed of Grimaldi necessary to compete with his opponent.

I consider the riding of Captain Beecher, in this match, to have been, without any exception, the most masterly performance ever exhibited in this country; and the gallantry displayed by this gentleman in charging the river, knowing, as he did, that he must be buried for a time with his horse, stands without a parallel.

Napoleon and he were out of sight for several seconds, and, of course, both completely under water. They both rose and got to the bank; the Captain, half-drowned to appearance, mounted in a trice, and was at work again in a very few seconds.

The circumstance of the gentlemen, who were *hearing the lead*, to sound the shore for Mr. Osbaldeston as he came up to take the river, prevents me from sounding the Squire's praise so loudly as I might otherwise do. For, although no man could come more nobly to the charge—no modern or ancient Nimrod force his horse with more determined

resolution into the stream, I consider that his friends have torn the laurel from his brow, by standing at a particular spot, on the opposite bank, to show him the point of attack.

I beg leave, Mr. Editor, to submit to your consideration whether the proceeding of sounding the river for Mr. Osbaldeston, although very Christian-like, was not excessively uncharitable. Of course I do not mean to be personal to Mr. Dick Christian. The country was selected by the umpires—T. Crommelin, Esq. for Colonel Charretie, and Mr. Kench for Mr. Osbaldeston. The start took place precisely at one o'clock, in a field near Berlingbury-wharf, and the winning-post was a red flag near to Dunchurch windmill. The line was nearly a semi-circle, at the commencement, from the wharf to Gibraltar-farm—which they were to leave on their left hand—thence to the village of Broadwell, across the brook, close to Hardwick-bridge—thence to Bratt's-farm, where they had to jump the river Lem. When the horses came to Broadwell, the last four miles were straight—the windmill being a conspicuous point throughout.

The conditions of the match were—That the riders might pass on either side of the white flags, which were placed in the direct line; but that Gibraltar-farm, where a red flag was placed, should be passed on their left. That at each of the two brooks two blue flags would be planted, between which they were to be taken.

Captain Beecher's horse fell at the first fence, but he quickly recovered his seat, and took his line to the left, while Mr. Osbaldeston went away to the right. About three quarters of a mile from home they were close together, and on crossing the high road, Mr. Osbaldeston went away to the left to avoid a double fence, which was in the line. Napoleon cleared this fence very cleverly, as he did every thing in the race, with the exception of the first. Grimaldi refused several times, one near Gibraltar-farm, when Mr. Osbaldeston was leading (a double fence) and with his chest knocked down the rail; Napoleon cleared it in his stroke. On coming out of the orchard, near to Broadwell, Mr. Osbaldeston

had the lead, and maintained it; but his horse refusing a low stile, and afterwards some hurdles, allowed the Captain to get away.

The superior speed of Grimaldi enabled him quickly to recover his lost ground, and both horses cleared the fence together into the field, where the first brook was to be taken. Here, Mr. Osbaldeston, instead of passing between the flags, left them both on his right hand. Napoleon topped the whole in very grand style, for, independent of the brook, there was a hedge on the opposite side. At the place where Mr. Osbaldeston took the brook, a large gap was observed, and it was a matter of surprise to every one, why Mr. Osbaldeston should make this his point, and distinctly leave both flags on his right (in defiance of the conditions of the match), when there was plenty of room between the flags for fifty horses to pass abreast of one another. In about half a mile the river Lem crossed their line, where the majority of the spectators placed themselves.

To the infinite amusement of all assembled, both horses jumped into the middle of the stream, and for a few seconds were invisible. Captain Beecher was the first remounted, though the last in, and the advantage he gained was considerable. He rode gallantly to maintain it, taking his fences without at all deviating from his line; but the superior speed of Grimaldi, and the easy line he took, close to the road side, avoiding three or four very heavy fences, enabled him to win the race a clear length.

Napoleon proved himself, throughout the contest, the better fencer; but the very superior speed of Grimaldi always gave him the opportunity of recovering his ground. Much discussion took place at the conclusion of the race, in consequence of Mr. Osbaldeston's Umpire asserting that Captain Beecher had also passed on the wrong side of the blue flag. But this assertion was unsupported by evidence. Whereas the Referee, Mr. Henry Robins, on returning to the brook, quickly established the fact, and stated it to both umpires publicly, that Captain Beecher had taken the brook conformably to the conditions



of the match, and that Mr. Osbaldeston had gone on the wrong side of the flag. The number of fences in the six miles was forty-four; the first brook was the thirtieth, and the River Lem the thirty-eighth. The whole distance was performed in twenty-one minutes. I can not conclude my letter without observing, that it was a most unwarrantable act on the part of Mr. Kench (Mr. Osbaldeston's Umpire), after the statement of the Referee, to prevent Captain Beecher from going to scale, unless Mr. Osbaldeston were permitted to do the same; because no ground of complaint existed against Captain Beecher, whereas it had been indisputably proved that Mr. Osbaldeston was distanced. It was finally agreed that it should be a drawn battle, and that each should take back his stakes, and all bets on the match declared void.

STEEPLE CHASE AT OLNEY.—A steeple chase took place at Olney on Thursday morning, April 11th, for 50 Sovereigns, given by the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, added to which was a sweepstakes of £2 each. At the start, nine horses were entered; although there was not much betting, Mr. Bol-

ton's was the favourite. Amongst the numerous groups of sportsmen were the Marquis of Abercorne, Mr. Magniac, the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, Mr. Loraine Smith, P. Brook, Esq. and numerous others. The thing was exceedingly well arranged by J. W. Talbot, Esq. and T. Hall, Esq.: the former selected the ground, and a more beautiful line of country could not have been chosen—the distance, four miles, was all grass, except one small ploughed field. At one o'clock, all being in readiness, they started from Herdmead Green, and were to end in the beautiful meadows adjacent to the new bridge at Olney. The race was won by Mr. W. Price's br. h. by Filho da Futa, beating Magic, Ringtail, and Mr. Moxery's b. h. The following started, but were not placed: Pigeon, Mr. Brook's b. h., the Keeper, the Miller, and Mr. Herring's ch. h. Mr. Herring rode the winner throughout with great spirit and judgment, and landed over both brooks safely without a fall. Mr. Price's horse won from his amazing strength and power, and will prove a dangerous customer to those who attempt to follow him for a day through.

### HOW is THIS?

In our number for February (page 231, vol. 1,) appeared a review of that delectable dish of hodge podge, which was published under the indefinite and suspicious title, "*Wild Sports of the West*;" since which, we have observed "*The Field Book*;" or, *Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom*, by the Author of *Wild Sports of the West*," announced for publication, by *puffing advertisements* in every form, and in every direction. In the Manchester Guardian of the 13th of April, the following specimen of the perfection of the puffing system appeared:—

"The author of "*Wild Sports of the West*," has at last produced his promised *Field Book*, and added another leaf to his sporting laurels. Much was expected from one who could lead his readers, with such admirable skill, over all the wild and soul-stirring scenes presented to the Highland wanderer, and that has been, in the present instance, amply realized. The *Field Book*, com-

piled with the elegance of a scholar, and judgment of a sportsman, offers a rich fund of amusement and information to those who take delight in "*sylvan exercise*." The illustrations are beautifully executed; the plan ingenious; the arrangement happy; and in typography and embellishment it may be safely pronounced a perfect gem!"

As we profess to read every publication relative to *Field Sports*, we immediately applied for a copy of this astounding production; when, lo! and behold! "*this ingenious plan! this happy arrangement!! this perfect gem!!!*" had not made its appearance! it was not ready for publication! As soon as this most precious "*perfect gem!*" shall make its appearance, we will devote a few hours to a very careful perusal of it, and will not fail to give our opinion upon the "*ingenuity of the plan! the happiness of its arrangement! its gem-like perfection!*" and all its amazing etceteras!

THE  
SPORTSMAN'S CABINET,  
AND  
*Town and Country Magazine.*

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VOL. II.

JUNE, 1833.

No. 8.

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*Summary of the Season, with Illustrative Observations.*

JUNE 1.—On the close of the hunting season, the proceedings of the Turf were presented to the notice of the Sportsman; and although many glittering prizes appear in the lists, which cannot be otherwise than highly attractive to the owners of horses, it is probable the course will be more thinly attended than usual, owing to the political Demon of Discord exciting distrust and spreading alarm from one end of the kingdom to the other.

The spring of the present year was very late; and even when so far advanced as the latter end of April and the beginning of May, vegetation was much restrained, and found great difficulty in forcing its way through a very chilling and boisterous atmosphere.—Yet the weather was very favourable for the labours of the husbandman, the spring seeds were well got in, wheat uniformly looks well, the grass crops are highly promising; the same remark will apply to the fruit trees; and, on the whole, an abundant year may be confidently anticipated.

That harbinger of summer, the swallow, did not arrive so early as usual in this country. It was not till the 22nd of April that I observed the chimney swallow: three days later I saw the house martin: the feeble note of the cuckoo saluted my ear on the 29th of the same month; the crake of the landrail I heard on the following day.

The hopes of the shooter depend on the weather during this and the preceding month. Showers might frequently take place (and heavy showers too) without much injury to incubation; but when rain continues to fall so that the ground upon which the nest of the partridge or pheasant is formed becomes saturated, the mischief becomes extensive. From the closeness and oily nature of the feathers of birds in a state of unlimited freedom, rain makes very little impression on them; and therefore, unless the rain continues to fall so as to chill the eggs from beneath the nest, the feathers of the sitting bird will seldom fail to afford sufficient protection above. Should a flood occur, during the period of incubation, or before the young are able to take wing, total destruction of

course ensues on the lower grounds, and the weaker leverets suffer also. In a wet season, pheasants sustain less injury than partridges, as these birds frequently form their nests in the stronger covers, where they are less exposed to the injurious influence of it. However, generally speaking, wet weather may be considered detrimental to the nestling, the incubation, and the young of birds. Grouse suffer less from wet weather than either pheasants or partridges; and those who are acquainted with the grouse mountains and the habits of these birds, will easily perceive the reason of this greater security. Grouse generally form their nests on the dry sides of the hills, rather elevated from the ground, and protected above and around by the evergreen heather.

Partridges and pheasants suffer from early mowing, particularly the former; and indeed leverets frequently suffer in this way, when they happen to be very young. Many leverets were produced at a very early period of the present season: in the middle of the month of April, I saw one which had been accidentally killed, that weighed upwards of three pounds. But, of all the animals which afford diversion to the British sportsman, the fox adopts the most secure method of bringing forth and rearing its young. These animals will frequently stray to some distance from their main earths for this purpose, but uniformly select places which promise the utmost security. The dog fox, during the season of courtship, would appear to roam about and stray to considerable distances; yet I have known instances where cubs have been laid up at some distance from their strong holds, and where the dam has been killed: yet the sire attended to the wants of the rising progeny, and ultimately led them away. Of course these cases must have happened where the cubs had attained that age so as to be enabled to dispense with their mother's milk: though, I am of opinion, that cubs are not plentifully supplied with the fluid just mentioned: carnivorous animals in general supply this nutritious beverage but scantily; and make up the deficiency with an abundance of more substantial food. Cubs are very pretty and very playful: it is very amusing to see them gambol at the mouth of their hole on the approach of dusk.

Rook shooting is in season from the middle to the latter end of May; but it may be enjoyed in the early part of June, as the hatching of these birds was later than usual.

Few of the wild web footed tribes made their appearance during last winter; nor indeed did I observe a single flock of geese till the 29th of April, when one, consisting of many individuals, was observed in the meadows near my residence early in the morning. On attempting to approach them, they rose with their usual clamour: they rose to a very considerable altitude, when they directed their course horizontally, and went away with great speed down the wind. One of them appeared to have sustained some

injury : it laboured very hard to attain the requisite height ; which, however, it did accomplish, and afterwards seemed to move through the air as easily as its companions. They flew due north.

### *A Day with the Shropshire—Close of the Season.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet, &c.*

SIR,

On Saturday, March 13, the Shropshire hounds met at the Citadel, Hawkstone, (being the last day of the season) the residence of Mrs. Hill, mother of Sir Rowland, who, with his lady, and the Rev. Mr. Hill, his brother, reside with her, till Hawkstone Hall (which is undergoing a thorough repair, and which will also receive considerable additions) is ready for their reception.

As a prelude to the pursuit of the fox, the sports of the day commenced with a race :—a colt of Sir Rowland Hill's, 4 years old, and a mare belonging to Mr. Justice, aged : about one mile :—equal weight. The former rode by Captain Philip Hall, the Baronet's brother ; the latter by Mr. Clay. The mare had no chance. The Captain is evidently "a bit of a jock : " this was not the first race in which he has appeared as a rider : on a former occasion, his girth broke, going up a hill, about half way from home, when he had sufficient presence of mind to seize the mane, and thus contrived to maintain his position and win the race ! The colt he rode on the present occasion is intended to run for the Coulport Vase at Shrewsbury Races : he is a neat little nag.

*The Hounds.*—The field assembled to witness the close of the season was not quite so numerous as might have been expected ; amongst the company, however, were Lord Hill (who appeared in a plain blue surtout, looked well in health, and was remarkably cheerful) Sir Robert Hill, his brother ; Sir Rowland and his two brothers, Captain Philip and the Rev. John Hill (a very amiable man and a good Christian) ; Mr. Smith Owen, Mr. H. Justice, of Sandford Hall, Captain Warren, &c.

&c. The hounds soon found ; and, contrary to expectation (I consider this a bad fixture, on account of the numerous covers, rocks, and fastnesses, to which foxes will, naturally enough, cling as long as possible) renard went away, pointing for the pleasant little town of Wem ; when he turned to the right, and after running a few miles, he manifested a strong inclination to regain his old quarters, which there is little doubt he effected ; as, after a run, at a pretty hunting pace, for forty minutes, the hounds picked a very cool scent up to the Citadel, where he was given up, and the field were consoled, for the loss of the fox, by the well known hospitality of Hawkstone.

After an excellent lunch, dispensed with affable and unsparing generosity, the hounds tried for another fox, and drew the elevated rocks which almost surround the Park, presenting an animated and very interesting picture as they threaded these hanging covers for nearly a mile : during which a little emulative rivalry was shewn in getting over some hurdles, which Captain P. Hill was the first to clear, on a very superior hunter, called Treacle. The hounds descended from the altitude of this rocky region in active silence ; but found a mangy fox on the other side, and ran up to him immediately.

Soon found a third fox, which ran a ring for about twenty minutes, and was lost. The day was far spent, and the season was brought to a close between four and five o'clock.

— The country hunted by Sir R. Puleston passed this very day to the Shropshire, to which it will form such an addition as to enable these hounds to go out six days each week.

SCARLET.



**SUPPOSED HYDROPHOBIA.***To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

In one of my morning walks lately, from my cottage to a village at the distance of a few miles, I observed on the road a more than ordinary collection of people, and on a nearer approach, saw an *unfortunate dog turning round*, a circumstance common enough with these animals when afflicted with fits. Amongst the group was the fat blacksmith of the village, conspicuous from his bulk, as well as his complexion. He was surrounded by a number of boys, half a dozen women, and several village swains, one of whom was in advance of the group several yards with a gun in his hand, levelled at the object of his alarm. The gun missed fire several times, and the delay thus occasioned allowed sufficient time for my near approach. In vain, however, I expostulated—in vain I informed them that the dog was not mad, but afflicted with fits—in vain I appealed to the fat blacksmith himself—the gun was fired; and the animal howled most piteously:—I now intreated Vulcan to put an end to the poor animal's misery; and at

length one of the young men crushed the dog's head with a large stone!

This dog was not mad, Mr. Editor: hydrophobia was altogether out of the question. It was merely afflicted with fits, which most likely arose from an immense collection of small worms in the stomach and intestines, as I found, on inquiry; that the dog was about twelve months old, an age when they are often thus affected.

I am perfectly aware of the horrible effects of hydrophobia from painful observation; and I am also ready to agree that the villagers erred on the right side: yet I could not forbear shuddering at the barbarous manner in which the poor animal was put to death, perfectly convinced that the suspicion of hydrophobia arose from the most profound ignorance. At the same time, I am a strenuous advocate for extreme caution, and at the very slightest approach of any disorder, would earnestly recommend, that the dog should be well secured, as well as carefully watched, and every attention paid to him.

Yours, &amp;c.

A SPORTSMAN.

**THE COCK PARTRIDGE.***To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

As I consider your amusing and instructive Magazine an excellent medium for the extensive diffusion of interesting particulars relative to field sports, I beg leave to relate an occurrence which appears to me rather extraordinary, and which I have no doubt will seem equally so to many of your readers:—On the 6th of last October, I went out with a couple of pointers, and after beating several fields my dogs came to a point, and up sprung six birds. Two fell at the first fire, and with the other barrel I brought down a third. But, on picking them up, I was much surprised to find they were all old birds, and every one cocks. It was in the early part of the day when this circumstance occurred: the covey consisted of six, three of which I had killed,

and three of course still remained. I marked, with particular attention, the flight of the three remaining birds, and succeeded in killing another of them, which also proved to be a cock! The other two escaped altogether; but I am inclined to think that they were cocks also (and old cocks too, as the four which I had killed were old birds) as when they were on the wing, they all appeared large birds of an equal size.

I had certainly heard of such a circumstance as the congregation of the male partridges from a supposed deficiency of females, but I had paid little attention to the report, and this was the first time (though an old sportsman) that I had met with more than one old cock partridge in a covey. Mr. White relates that a friend of his, who was fond of netting partridges, told him, that he

has frequently taken small coveys of partridges, consisting of cock birds only, which he pleasantly and not inaptly termed old bachelors, and from what I have related above, added to the account of Mr. White, it might appear that a congregation of old bachelors is not altogether so uncommon as might be imagined; for as an assemblage of these old birds is not so easily approached as the regular families, so such occurrences might very easily escape the observation of shooters, as seldom more than one would be killed at the same rise.

Yet, although the partridge is so very common amongst us, still it would appear that its nature and propensities are but imperfectly understood, that it has been inaccurately described, and perhaps many interesting particulars have, up to this very moment, continued altogether unnoticed. The fact is, that assertions are hastily, though very positively, made, and handed from one to another till they are received as orthodox. According to Ray, there are one third more male partridges hatched than females; but, in all probability, he has been betrayed into such a supposition from hastily concluding that all partridges which display the chesnut co-

loured crescent on the breast are males, but this is not the case, as occasionally the female will exhibit something of this sort also; I can see no reason in nature (who, however capricious she may superficially appear, will be found, on examination, very nicely balanced in all her works) for such a superfluous preponderance of the masculine gender. Further, it is generally supposed, that the old cocks, on the approach of spring, will drive the young off the ground; that the old cocks might drive off the young ones of his own sex, appears probable enough; but it is the old hen who first commences the fray; she begins by attacking the young cocks with the utmost animosity, nor does she cease her hostility, till she has driven all the young birds from the ground which she has chosen to appropriate to herself and her mate. If we are to believe what the author of the Rural Sports has asserted (whose expensive work, by the bye, is replete with old wives' tales, and such like stuff) the "Duke of Kingston always had the partridges netted upon his manors so soon as paired, and *destroyed all the cocks!*" Such assertion needs no comment!

A CONSTANT READER.

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ON THE HEDGE HOG —During three seasons I had a black setter dog, which was remarkably fond of discovering and pointing hedge-hogs in their winter retreat. By this means I had many opportunities of examining those singular animals, and of ascertaining whether or not they lay up food for winter. It is an opinion as old as Pliny; but though I have examined many dozens of their hybernacula, I have never been able to discover any of their boards. It appears to me from a consideration of the very curious, I may even say, intricate, manner in which they are inclosed in their

globe of withered grass and moss, that they intend it for their dormitory till spring, and can therefore have no occasion for any store of provisions. The hedge-hog feeds on vegetables, slugs, beetles, eggs, &c. The knowledge of the last fact, and the havoc they therefore commit among the game, will, I fear, cause many a keen sportsman to destroy this poor animal as an enemy. The hedge-hog was in great request among the Romans, who eagerly hunted it for its spiny skin, which they converted into clothes brushes. Pliny details the method of catching and killing it.

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ATTACK OF SPARROWS ON A MOUSE. —In the summer of 1831, one of the residents of the Temple turned a mouse loose in the open grand space, and the little intruder had no sooner made his appearance, than he was simultaneously attacked by the sparrows, which com-

menced so deadly an attack on him that he ran in all directions, endeavouring to escape their fury, and leaped up in the air in great agony, in vain, for the persecution abated not until the little sufferer ceased to exist.

**THE CORMORANT, &c.***To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

As Falconry has become almost, if not altogether, extinct in this country, so likewise has "Time's defacing finger" nearly erased from the recollection other diversions, which were formerly held in the greatest estimation; and, amongst the rest, the amusement of fishing with the cormorant. It is well known, that these birds are the most expert fishers in the world; and, in former periods, the surprising powers with which the cormorant is endowed, were converted by art to the pleasure and profit of man.

The cormorant is to be met with in almost every climate, and is common enough on the shores of this country, particularly in the northern parts of the kingdom: it is from thirty-two inches to three feet four or five in length, and four feet to five feet six inches in breadth, and varies in its weight from four to seven pounds. The bill, from the tip to the corners of the mouth, is about five inches, the upper mandible hooked and sharp; the under mandible is compressed and covered about the gape of the mouth, with a naked yellowish skin, extended under the chin and throat, where it hangs loose, and forms a kind of pouch, which is capable of wide distension, and enables the bird to swallow prey apparently too large to be admitted into its gullet: the crown of the head and neck are black; at the back part of the head, the feathers are longer than the rest, and form a short crest: in some the throat is white, with a kind of stripe passing upwards behind the eyes; in some the cheeks and throat are mixed with brown and white, and in others the head and neck are streaked with scratches of white. The middle of the belly is white, with a patch of the same colour over each thigh; all the under parts, however, together with the back and rump, are commonly of a glossy blue black, with green reflections; the shoulders, scapulars, and wing coverts, are of an orange brown, tinged and glossed with green, and each feather is bordered with a shining blueish black; the secondary quills are nearly

of the same colour; the coverts and the primaries are dusky. The tail consists of fourteen stiff dark feathers, which look as if discoloured by being dipped in mud or dirty water; the legs are thick, strong, and black, about two inches and a half long, and the outer toe is more than four inches in length.

Cormorants seem possessed of energies by no means of an ordinary kind: they are of a stern sullen character, with a penetrating eye and a vigorous body: the whole deportment shews the circumspect plunderer and the insatiate glutton, rendered lazy only when the stomach is gorged to repletion, and then puffing forth its fetid fumes through the croakings of their hollow voice. Yet Mr. Gilpin says the cormorant is not without beauty:—"his eager, steady, determined flight, his plunging into the waters, as if conscious of guilt, his bustle on being alarmed, shaking the moisture from his feathers and dashing about till he gets fairly disengaged, are all amusing circumstances in his history." But he is a merciless villain, supposed to be furnished with a greater variety of predatory arts than any bird which seeks its food in the water. On the retiring of the tide, the cormorant wings its ardent flight, with outstretched arms, along the shores of the deserted river, all the channels and currents of which he is better acquainted with than the mariner is with his chart. Here he commits infinite depredation; or, if he finds his prey not sufficiently plentiful in the shallows, he is at no loss in deep water; he dives to the bottom and visits the eel in his retirement, of all others his favourite food. In vain the fowler eyes him from the shore, and takes his stand behind a bush. The cormorant, quicker sighted, knows his danger, and parries it with a glance of his eye: if the bird choose not to trust his pinions, in a moment he is under water, rises again in some distant part, instantly sinks a second time, and eludes the possibility of taking aim; if, indeed, a random shot should reach him, unless it carry a weight of metal, his sides are so well cased, and his muscular frame so robust, that he escapes with little or no



injury. If the weather suit, the cormorant fishes dextrously at sea; when he has filled himself, he retires to the ledge of some projecting rock, where he listens to the surges below in dozing contemplation, till hunger again awakes his powers of rapine.

When a number of pelicans and cormorants happen to meet together, they are said to adopt the following singular method of taking fish:—They spread into a large circle at some distance from land; and the pelicans flap with their extensive wings on the surface, while the cormorants dive beneath: hence the fish contained within the circle are driven before them towards the land; and, as the circle lessens by the birds coming closer together, the fish, at last, are brought into a small compass, when their pursuers find no difficulty in devouring as many as they think proper. In this exercise they are frequently attended by various species of gulls, which likewise obtain a share of the spoil.

According to Willoughby, the cormorant was trained in this country for the purpose of catching fish. The birds were kept with great care in the house; and, when taken out for fishing, a leather thong was put round their neck, to prevent them from swallowing the fish which they caught. They were hooded after the manner of falcons till they reached the river, when the hoods were taken off, and the birds dived under and pursued the fish beneath:—when they have caught, they rise to the surface, and swallow the fish till each bird has swallowed five or six; their keepers then call them to the fist, to which they readily fly, and one after another throw up all their booty, a little bruised with a nip given with their bills. When they have done fishing, the thong is loosed from the neck of the birds, and for their reward they receive part of the fish they have caught."

Whitlock tells us that he had a cast of cormorants trained like hawks, which would come to hand. He took much pleasure in them, and relates that the best he had was one presented to him by Mr. Wood, master of the cormorants to Charles I.

Buffon states that cormorants are educated to fishing as men rear up spa-

niels or hawks, and that one man can manage a hundred of them. The fisherman carries them into a lake perched on the gunnel of his boat, where they continue tranquil, and wait his orders with patience. When arrived at the proper place, at the first signal each flies a different way, in order to fulfil the task assigned it. "It is pleasant, on this occasion, to behold with what sagacity they portion out the lake or water where they are upon duty. They hunt about, plunge, and rise to the surface, until they have seized their prey, carrying it invariably to their master: should it be too large for one, they give each other mutual assistance, and, by fastening on the head and tail, carry it to the boat together. The boatman stretches out one of his long oars, on which they perch, and being delivered of their burthen, again fly off to pursue their sport. When fatigued, the fisherman lets them rest for a while, but they are never fed until their work is over. In this manner they supply a very plentiful table with fish, but without the ring round their throat, they would satiate themselves, and discontinue their exertions the moment their bellies were filled, education alone being inadequate to reclaim their natural gluttony." This, however, is a mistake, if we are to believe Sir George Stourton, who, in his account of the English Embassy to China, particularly notices the trained cormorants which were seen on the route, and round the necks of which no leather thong or other ligature appeared. "The Embassy (says Sir George) had not proceeded far on the southern branch of the imperial canal, when they arrived in the vicinity of a place where the Leut-ze, or fishing bird of China is bred and instructed in the art and practice of supplying his owner with fish in great abundance. On a large lake, close to this part of the canal, and to the eastward of it, are thousands of small boats and rafts, built intirely for this species of fishing. On each boat or raft are ten or a dozen birds, which, at a signal from the owner, plunge into the water; and it is astonishing to see the enormous size of fish with which they return grasped within their bills. They appear to be so well trained, that it did



not require either ring or cord about their throats to prevent them from swallowing any portion of their prey, except what the master pleased to return them for encouragement and food. The boat used by these fishermen is of a remarkably light make, and is often carried to the lake, together with the fishing birds, by the men who are then to be supported by it.

It would have been much more satisfactory, if those who have written on the subject had given us a description of the manner of training the cormorant.

Cormorants frequently assemble in flocks on the summits and inaccessible parts of the rock, which overhang and are surrounded by the sea, upon which the female makes her nest of the withered sea tang, weeds, sticks, and grasses which are cast on shore by the waves. She lays four or more greenish white eggs, of the size of a goose, but of a longer shape. In some parts these birds build in trees; on the borders of the river Don, and the lakes of Russia adjoining, this is the case: they place five or six nests, composed of sticks and roots, together on the same tree. Wil- longby mentions their building in Norfolk upon trees along with the herons, and that abundance of nests were to be seen upon the high trees near Seven-buys, in Holland. In Greenland, where it is said cormorants remain throughout the year, the jugular pouch is used by the natives as a bladder to float their smaller kinds of fishing darts after they are thrown; their skins, which are very tough, are made into garments; and their flesh is eaten, but the eggs are too fetid even for the relish of a Greenland- er.

On lakes, cormorants make terrible havoc: such is the keenness of their sight, that, from the greatest height, they drop down upon the object of pursuit, dive after it with the rapidity of a dart, and seize it with almost unerring certainty; then, emerging with a fish across the bill, with a kind of twirl, throw it up into the air, and, dextrously catching it head foremost, swallow it whole.

These birds generally rest on the ledge of some projecting rock on the sea shore, sitting more erect than most other birds, propped up, as it were, by the stiff feathers of the tail; and in places where they have not experienced the fatal effects of the gun, have been known (however wary at other times) to sit and receive repeated shots, without offering to remove out of the danger. Dr. Heysham says, that, about the year 1759, a cormorant perched upon the castle of Carlisle, and soon afterwards removed to the Cathedral, where it was fired at upwards of twenty times without effect:—at length a person got upon the roof of the Cathedral, and succeeded in bringing it down. A flock of fifteen or twenty cormorants, perched, at the dusk of evening, in a tree on the banks of the river Esk, near Netherby, the seat of Sir James Graham. A person who observed them, fired at random in the dark six or seven times, without either killing any, or frightening them away: surprised at this, he returned again at daylight, and succeeded in killing one, when the rest took to flight. At other times, while they are in a dozing or stupified state, from the effects of over gorging, they may be easily taken by throwing nets over them, or by putting a noose round their necks, which they avoid no further than by slipping the head from side to side as long as they can. Their digestion, however, is remarkably quick, promoted perhaps by the infinite number of small worms that fill their intestines. In the year 1793, one of them was observed sitting upon the vane of St. Martin's steeple, Ludgate Hill, London, where it was shot in the presence of a great number of persons.

Their smell, when living, is as rank and disgusting as that of the vulture; and, as if they were themselves conscious of this circumstance, they may be frequently seen on the rocks of the sea coast, with extended wings, purifying themselves, as it were, from their horrible fetor.

Yours, &c.  
S. T.

*Observations upon what has appeared through the Medium of the Press upon Field Sports.*

*"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

I was much pleased to observe, in your last number, a few critical remarks on the literary caterers for sportsmen, and for those who are partial to the perusal of such subjects; but, at the same time, I regretted that you did not extend your critical pen more discursively, or beyond the circle of the present contemptible quacks who periodically pour their trash into the market, and demand the price of genuine articles for the counterfeit goods which they surreptitiously impose upon the public. Of all subjects or sciences, upon which the pen and the printing press have been employed, none has displayed so few genuine writers, none has been so misrepresented, so miserably mangled, by ignorant impostors, by scribblers professing to give instruction upon subjects of which they were most profoundly ignorant!

If we take a peep at the works which appeared on field sports during the last and the preceding century, we shall find that they were put together by persons who had acquired no practical knowledge of the matter; similar, in fact, to the host of scribblers on the same subject who have given their ridiculous nonsense to the world for the last fifty years. Of the truth of these remarks, the ponderous volume under the name of Osbaldeston is a striking proof: several other writers of this old school might be mentioned, were it necessary, whose rigmarole was precisely upon a par with the bulk of the trash of the present day. But, as my object is not this kind of semi-antiquarian research, I shall, without further exordium, come to the more modern school of field-sport authorship, and begin with Somervile; whose poems are more remarkable for a correct practical knowledge of the various ramifications of the chase, than for the beauty of their composition. Somervile was a genuine sportsman; but, since his time, falconry and the pursuit of the otter (which he so correctly describes) have become almost

extinct, fox hunting has assumed another character; so that the chase, in the aggregate, may be said to present a very different aspect. Somervile was no impostor; he possessed a practical knowledge of the subjects upon which he professed to teach.

Beckford's *Letters on Hunting* may still be regarded as an excellent text book; they were evidently written by a man possessing a playful fancy, a cultivated mind, and a correct knowledge of the chase.

So far it is as it should be. Books were written by men who understood the subject, and science was therefore neither insulted nor outraged by sinister ignorance and base cupidity.

If we except the periodical farrago which appeared under the title of the "*Sporting Magazine*," nothing perhaps worth notice was ushered into the world from the publication of Beckford's *Letters* till the appearance of the "*Rural Sports*," by the Rev. W. Daniel.—These bulky tomes were pompously put forth; and I have no doubt they answered the object of the publisher and the writer. The arrangement of the work is loose and slovenly, arising, apparently as much from ignorance, as from an indolent disposition; and the same remark will equally apply to its execution from beginning to end. It is merely an ill arranged and an ill selected compilation, in which the least pretensions to genius, talent, or originality, never becomes apparent: the only part of the work from which a person of common sense can derive the least gratification, is the anecdotes, some of which, though old acquaintances, are not altogether devoid of interest. As far as relates to field sports, the compiler of the work in question possessed no more practical knowledge than what he derived from a little indolent shooting in the inclosures. The supplementary volume to the "*Rural Sports*" is a specimen of book making with a vengeance—it is a gross imposition!

The appearance and success of the *Rural Sports* set that literary Proteus,

Mr. John Lawrence, upon the *qui vive*; he busily and bustlingly commenced huddling together an ill digested conglomeration of worse than nothingness, which made its appearance under the title of the "Sportsman's Cabinet, by William Henry Scott," in two large quarto volumes; containing, to say the least on the subject, the most unqualifiedly ignorant mass of rubbish that was ever presented to an insulted public. This work, which was puffingly announced as a scientific circle of field sports, is too contemptible for criticism: it contains not a single redeeming feature: the compiler of this ridiculous rhodomontade never acquired a single iota of knowledge of the subjects upon which the work professes to treat:—he had never enjoyed the negative qualification of a "little indolent shooting in the inclosures." Yet, in defiance of the most genuine and unqualified stupidity, this multifarious writer, some time after, produced what he called "British Field Sports," in a large octavo volume. This and the preceding work may be justly regarded, not as imperishable monuments of sterling or stupendous genius, but as literary mementos of the grossest ignorance, and the most unblushing cupidity!

Mr. John Lawrence has published several *desultory* volumes, wherein, amongst a variety of matter destitute of mind, this learned Theban reasons loquaciously upon horses, pigs, and poultry. Further, speaking of the setter, in one of his *very valuable* publications, he remarks, that, in turnips, setters are not so pleasant as the pointer, on account of their "*sudden drop!*" a striking proof, were countless others wanting, that this gentleman never enjoyed the diversion of a "*little indolent shooting in the inclosures,*" and yet professes to give instructions upon it; nor does he stop here: he affects to lay down the law upon every department of our field sports—by inspiration, I suppose, or some kind of intuitive mental capacity—as nothing of the kind was ever practised or even witnessed by him! This same redoubtable writer was, for years, the brilliant and dispensing luminary of the *Sporting Magazine*! as was observed in your last number.

Mr. Thornhill figured as an author of the present age: he produced a quarto volume under the title of the "Shooting Directory." This gentleman was a good shot; but labouring under the disadvantage of a very slender education, and possessing very inadequate powers of description, his book was uninteresting; it has consequently been consigned to oblivion.

The most successful book on shooting was the "Shooter's Guide, by B. Thomas:" a duodecimo volume; and though its composition savoured of the midnight lamp, it was nevertheless the production of a well practised hand. It went through ten or twelve editions.

Next in the list may be placed blustering or rather blunderbuss "Instructions for Young Sportsmen," by Lieut. Colonel Hawker. As far as relates to shore shooting, the book contains very eligible directions concerning "mud pattens," "stanching guns," "*shoving punts*" through the mud and ooze, &c. &c. but not a sentence which can interest the genuine sportsman. The gallant Colonel seems to have imbibed some strange notions: speaking of the comparative merits of the flint and percussion guns, he admits, that the shot is driven with *more rapidity* from the percussion than from the flint lock gun, and yet positively asserts that it strikes the object with *less force*! I should very much wish to know in what manner the gallant Colonel reconciles such an outrageous paradox! This is not the only heterogenous matter which his "Instructions" contain. He insists much upon the *rotundity* of the shot, completely ignorant, it would appear, of the fact, that however round the shot may be when placed in the barrel, it leaves the muzzle of the piece in a very altered form: in its struggles up the barrel, it becomes not only angular, but may be said indeed to be forced into almost every fantastic form. When the Colonel talks about employing *charges of cavalry in partridge shooting*, it must excite a derisive smile from the true sportsman; and, indeed, generally speaking, the Colonel's "Instructions" should have been addressed rather to the *poacher*, than to the sportsman and the gentleman.



The celebrated Colonel Thornton appeared in the republic of letters. His "Sporting Tour in the Highlands of Scotland," as also his "Sporting Tour through France," may be read with some degree of interest. Colonel Thornton was a sportsman; and the publication of these volumes afforded him an opportunity for the descriptive exhibition of almost puerile vanity and egregious egotism, frequently, it must be acknowledged, at the expense of truth.

General Hanger (Lord Coleraine) should not be forgotten in this list of the *military writers upon field sports*. The General's "Advice to Sportsmen" contains some original notions, which, had they been clothed in a decent garb, would have insured them a more extensive perusal; but they are expressed not only in bad English, but in vulgar language, even to a disgusting extent!

As I do not profess that my notice of the writers on field sports should be accurately arranged as to date, I will place the *military* together. Colonel Cooke, some years ago, appeared as the author of a handsomely printed volume on "Fox Hunting and the Management of Fox Hounds." The work sheds no lustre on the subject; but as it appeared under particular circumstances, I shall forbear further remark upon it.

A variety of publications have made their appearance within the last twenty years, on the subject of shooting, with fictitious names, some professing to be the production of *Gamekeepers*; evidently tricks of trade, and deservedly consigned to contempt or oblivion.

Dobson's "Kunopedia," however, claims an exception: yet, although it is evidently the production of a sportsman and a scholar, it is so ill arranged, and its details so confused, inconclusive, and unsatisfactory, that it experienced a very limited sale only, and is forgotten.

On Coursing, several publications have, not long ago, made their appearance; which, however, are very meagrely huddled together. The "Courser's Companion," by Thacker, of Derby, is entitled to a trifling notice, as the production of a man, who has witnessed this highly interesting diversion; but who appears utterly destitute of the capacity of studying it philosophically; nor in-

deed does the author seem to possess a sufficient knowledge of his native language to enable him to express his trifling, crude, and ill-digested ideas with either force or grammatical accuracy.

Of your own "Shooter's Companion," "Hunting Directory," "Sportsman's Cyclopedia," &c. Mr. Editor, I cannot, in this communication, say a single word, much less write a commentary. But, as my object is to shew the gross literary impositions which have been practised upon the genuine sporting world, I shall proceed impartially and fearlessly in my progress. And, although in your last number, there appeared some strictures upon your contemporaries, I must touch upon the same subject, in a trifling degree, for the more free, the more forcible, and the more lucid illustration of it.

You mentioned the "Annals of Sporting," which became defunct some years ago; the unfortunate editor of that periodical has been consigned to the silence of the tomb: the matter therefore shall rest: my observations shall be presented in a "more tangible shape," to use your expression. The object I have in view is to inquire how far writers like those who figure in the present periodicals, or rather in the Old and New Sporting Magazines, are calculated to give instructions, to elucidate, or even to report correctly, field sports and subjects intimately connected with them. If I shew that the conduct of the publications just mentioned is under the guidance of men whose situations in, and habits of, life have never afforded them an opportunity of acquiring a practical acquaintance with the subjects which they profess to elucidate, I shall, at least, prove to true sportsmen how egregiously they have been duped—how grossly insulted; that, in fact, they have thoughtlessly been supporting a system of insult to their own generous understandings, and paying a sterling price for the most rotten and contemptible rubbish.

Some time ago, a friend of mine happened to overhear a conversation with the editor of the elder publication; and he gravely remarked, that the Magazine had been established by a person who was never on horseback, who never



fired a gun; who was utterly unacquainted with every branch of field sports: that, in fact, a knowledge of these subjects was in no wise indispensable, or even necessary, for the conduct of the said periodical! Now, however paradoxical this expression may appear, the existence of the publication in question for a long series of years, incontestably proves its truth!

The contributors to the Old Sporting Magazine appear under false colours, without a single exception. "*Dashwood*" professes to have kept a *pack of hounds*, and takes especial care to remind the reader of this *amazing incidental* circumstance, on every possible occasion:—why does not candour prompt him to say, that this said *pack of hounds* amounted to a *few couple of second or third rate harriers, hunted on foot*? Writing, as *Dashwood* does, principally from hearsay, what he states is seldom entitled to notice; indeed, he is compelled occasionally to admit his erroneous statements, and to hark back. "*Gilbert Forester*" is the signature used to mystify the excogitations of a semi London Attorney, whose legally learned disquisitions on the sports of the field speak for themselves—if not like the Delphic Oracles, at least in terms too plain not to manifest the *profound knowledge*, the *interminable research*, of this *doubly clever and very extraordinary writer*!

The "*Quartogenarian*" must be regarded as one of the host of Goliaths who form the invulnerable, the *dense and heavy*, phalanx of the Old Sporting Magazine. This amazingly-gifted periodical puffer appears something like the author of that gross imposition, yclept "*Wild Sports of the West*"; and, if so, the delectable review of that doubly delectable composition, which appeared in the Old Mag. is very satisfactorily explained. I shall read his forthcoming "*Field Book*"—*if I possibly can*; and perhaps give you, Mr. Editor, my opinion of it. I hate imposition in every form; and my object, in the present paper, is to expose the juggling system of contemptible pretenders; which, I trust, ere long, will be completely scouted, and the fair field of science left to the cultivation of more able and much honester workmen.

"*Wild Boy*," "*Will Careless*," &c. &c. are utterly unworthy of individual dissection, since my prefatory observations are precisely applicable in all these cases.

I now come to the "*New Sporting Magazine*," which I expected, when I saw it announced, would be something like what it ought to be: but how grievously was I disappointed! It is more contemptible, if possible, than the miserable counterfeit it was intended to supersede! The editor *deemed himself* a host, and calculated on the assistance of Mr. Apperley,\* who figured in the Old Magazine, for some years, as the celebrated mighty hunter, Nimrod. This gentleman is a pretty, but not a powerful, writer: hunting was the only branch of field sports of which he had acquired the least knowledge; but he never could ride to hounds: he was never seen to go well over a country even in his youth: he was always what a friend of mine calls *Nervous*. When he hunted in the neighbourhood of Ludlow, many years ago, how often has he asked the writer (a boy) to mount his horse for him for the first half hour, if the animal happened to be a little gay, even though good naturedly so. He understands nothing of hunting in a philosophical point of view; but possesses tolerably good judgment respecting the horse.

Upon Mr. Apperley's assistance, the conceited editor of the New Sporting Magazine calculated much; but the calculation was based upon false premises, and proved erroneous. As Mr. Apperley's secession from the Old Magazine, and his wish to become the "*mighty hunter*" of the New, and the circumstances attending this doubly involved transaction, were made notoriously public by the parties interested, as the business was pertinaciously, if not impudently, thus placed before the eyes of the world through the medium of the press, those concerned must not think

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\* As this gentleman chose to make his name known through the medium of the press, as well as his literary and some less creditable transactions, they are become, either separately, or in the aggregate, fair subjects of public remark and public discussion.

themselves aggrieved, if I say a few words upon the subject in this place. No unbiassed mind can read both sides of the question without feeling a perfect conviction that Mr. Apperley has committed himself. After drawing to the tune of fifteen hundred pounds per annum for his services from Mr. Pittman, he petitions the sporting world for pecuniary assistance. With unparalleled generosity, sportsmen subscribe and forward to him nearly two thousand pounds! Yet he precipitately becomes an "exile," with, amongst other things, a debt owing to the widow of his late generous employer of nearly a thousand pounds! I will be as brief as possible. After these transactions, to say nothing of a collateral circumstance or two, the list of donations in the New Sporting Magazine, accompanied with a supplication for an extension of this already very extensive eleemosinary bequest, appeared with a very ill grace, and was uniformly scouted. This gentleman acquired fame from reviving the antiquated subject of Stable Management against the Grass System, as regards summering the hunter. He shone still more eminently as the retailer of anecdote. He was at home with his "feet under the mahogany;" and his reports from the dinner table, and the cheerful board, were pressed into his service, and made to supply the place of genuine information from the field. As a writer on the sports of the field, Mr. Apperley is completely worn out.

What has become of "*Nim South*," the self-denominated "Book man," the self-appointed successor to the mighty hunter in the Old Magazine, and who, from being denied an "*equal moiety*" in that rapid concern, ventured upon the hazardous task of raising a rival publication, under his own "*incomparable*" guidance. The plan was well conceived; the first number of the New Sporting Magazine made its appearance at the very moment, when the Old Magazine was more contemptible, if possible, than it is at present; and had the New Magazine manifested common sense, and a trifling knowledge of field

sports, it would have been acceptable to the weary readers of its aged and very infirm opponent. Even under the circumstances of substituting the drivellings of inflated self conceit for sober reason, egregious egotism for wit and fancy, it continues, like its elder acquaintance, a striking proof of unblushing ignorance usurping the place of genius and talent!

"*Sylvanus Swanquill*," once contributor to the Old, now appears in the New Magazine. The effusions which appear with this mystical symbol attached to them, must have been found amongst the papers of the unfortunate Segrin; or else they must be his emanations transmitted from the shades: as a proof of which, they are completely incomprehensible to beings of this world; they are far beyond the limits of human conception!

Of the minor contributors, who appear and disappear, and are not conspicuous at any time, we have nothing to remark. Of the correspondence from hunting countries (like Dashwood's letter bag) we know not how better to characterize it than by the vulgar, but expressive, term, *Humbug*.

If fishing be considered as one of the branches of field sports, it may be justly asserted that there is no clever publication on the subject. Walton's Angler, though much spoken of, amounts to nothing. The same remark will, in fact, apply to whatever has been written on the subject. A lucid, well written publication on fishing would be very acceptable.

I should have extended these observations to the made-up trash which has appeared on Horsemanship, had not some very correct strictures already appeared in the earlier numbers of the Sportsman's Cabinet. Yet I may probably retouch the subject in a future communication, as well as extend my remarks to those who have attempted the delineation of field sports with their pencil, their brush, or their burine.

R. REILLOC.

Worcester, May 7, 1833.

**THE VOCIFEROUS EAGLE.***(Translated from the French of Le Vaillant.)*

This is, beyond all question, of the most beautiful species of the eagles, being remarkable for the fineness of its plumage, the elegance of its form, and its large size, which is equal to that of the osprey. It is also remarkable for the whiteness of the fore part of the body and of the tail, and also for the mixture of reddish brown and black, which contrasts so well with the rest. The feathers of the head, the scapularies, and the tail, are also white, with brown on the sides, while those of the breast display several longitudinal spots of a blackish brown colour: the rest of the plumage being of a nut-brown, dashed (*flambé*) with black. The smaller wing coverts are of a pale rust colour; the scapularies near them are mixed with black, and show very prettily under the white of the upper ones. The wing feathers are black, and are here and there finely marbled with red and white on their exterior plumelets. The lower part of the back, and the upper tail coverts, are black, with a mixture of dull white. Between the beak and the eye, the skin is nearly naked, being only covered by a few hairs; its colour is yellowish, as also are the base of the bill, the shanks and feet. The iris is reddish brown; the feathers of the thigh descend half an inch over the shank in front; the claws and the beak are horn blue; the craw, which is slightly perceptible, is covered by long curly down. The tail is slightly rounded; that is, the outer quills are the shortest, while the others are successively longer as far as the two middle ones, which are the longest of all, and of equal length.

The female has much less black in her plumage, the white less pure, and the reddish colour less deep. She is larger than the male.

The wings, when folded, reach to the extremity of the tail, and when extended, measure nearly eight feet across.

The vociferous eagle, in those parts which subsequently become white, is, when young, of an ashy-grey colour. His tail is then entirely of this colour, but becomes white with age. At the second moulting, there is an equal por-

tion of white and grey; some of the tail feathers are then absolutely white, others brownish grey, and some partake of both these colours. It is not till the third year, that the birds assume their elegant plumage.

The vociferous eagle is found on the sea coasts, and, for the most part, at the mouths of the large rivers, on the eastern and western shores of Africa. Wherever I have been, I never met with it in the inland countries, except on the banks of the Orange, or Large River, which is plentifully stocked with fish, this forming its principal food. It chiefly frequents those places which are visited by the tide, and the rivers of Africa being generally only torrents which descend from the mountains, it is easy to conceive that fish must be as scarce in them as it is abundant on the coast, and at the mouths of rivers.

The vociferous eagle, like the osprey or baldbuzzard, darts with great velocity from a height in the air, upon the fish which it perceives. I have often had an opportunity of seeing this eagle precipitate himself with much noise on the surface of the water, immerge his whole body, and rise up, holding a large fish in his talons. Perched on rocks, or piles of uprooted trees, which have been washed down by the floods, he devours his prey; here he makes his regular and permanent establishment for fishing. That he habitually feeds upon his fish in the same places, is not difficult to perceive, by the masses of fish heads and bones which are there met with. Among these remains I have noticed the bones of gazelles, which proves that he makes them his prey likewise. He disdains, it would appear, to make war on birds; for I never found any remains of them in the heaps which I have just mentioned; but I have often distinguished those of a species of lizard, which is very common in several rivers of Africa.

I have taken the name of the vociferous eagle from the habit which these eagles have of uttering loud and frequent cries, in different tones, and of answering each other from a very great distance, when perched upon rocks which



border on the sea, or upon the trunk of a tree, lying on the sand bank of a river. While carrying on this sort of conversation, they make extraordinary motions with the neck and head, showing that it causes them very great exertion. These cries always discover them; but it is, notwithstanding, very difficult to get near enough to shoot them. In order to do this, I was obliged to have a hole dug, and covered over with a mat, over which I directed some earth to be strewed; and in this ambuscade I passed three whole days, close to the trunk of a tree, upon which a pair of these eagles used generally to come and devour their prey. They deserted the spot as long as the earth which was placed over me had a fresh appearance, and different from that which is dried by the heat of the sun. At the expiration of the third day, I shot the female, and as may be seen in the history of my travels, it nearly cost me my life to go and seek her on the other side of the Queur-Boom on which she had fallen. I resolved to pass the river during the high tide water, and was not able to swim over it; and but for the stratagem which I adopted, I should probably have quitted Africa without enjoying the pleasure of possessing a bird of such rare beauty. The male, in search of his female, was killed near the camp, as he was devouring the remains of a buffalo, which I had directed to be thrown there for the purpose of attracting carnivorous birds.

[The original narrative of this interesting exploit, runs thus.] "The wish to procure a specimen of this eagle, more than once put my patience to the proof, and had like to have cost me very dear. Every day, I saw the bird hovering over my camp, but at such a distance, that it could not be reached by a ball. I made a person always keep watch, and never lose sight of it, and I constantly observed his motions. Having one day crossed the Queur Boom, while walking along the bank opposite to that on which my camp stood, I perceived a number of fragments of large fishes, and the bones and remains of small antelopes, strewed on the ground, near the rotten trunk of an old tree. I immediately concluded that this must be the place where two of these eagles had

established their fishery, or at least their ordinary haunt, and it was not long before I saw them soaring round in the air, at a great height. Without loss of time I concealed myself in a thick bush; but this stratagem was not executed with sufficient alertness to deceive the piercing eyes of the eagles. They doubtless observed me, for they did not descend. Next day, and for several days successively, I returned to my station; at break of day, I posted myself in the thicket, but all my vigilance was ineffectual. This business was very laborious, because to go and return I was obliged to pass the river twice; and at these times it was necessary to wait the ebbing of the tide.

"Tired out at last, as I wasted my time without being able to succeed, I took two Hottentots with me, and crossing the river in the middle of the night, conducted them to a spot near the trunk of an old tree, where I made them dig a hole three feet wide and four deep. When it was made, I placed myself in it; and having ordered them to cover the hole over my head with a few sticks, a piece of a mat, and some earth, I reserved only a small opening, sufficiently large for me to put my fowling piece through it, and to see the old trunk. I then desired my people to return to the camp. Day approached, but the cruel birds did not make their appearance. The earth seeming to be newly thrown up, had no doubt rendered them suspicious; and this was a circumstance of which I had not before thought. At the close of the night, I came forth from my hole, and went to pass a few hours at my camp, after which I went and inttered myself as before. I continued this expedient for two days successively, with much patience; and during that interval, the sun had dried the earth, and made it all of one colour. About the middle of the third day of my anxious watch, I observed the female soaring above the tree, upon which she soon alighted, with a very large fish in her claws. I instantly discharged my piece, and had the pleasure of seeing her flap her wings and fall; but before I could disengage myself from my mat, and the earth which covered me, she so far recovered her strength as to fly a little;



and, brushing the surface of the water, reached the other side, where she expired.

"The joy that I felt on finding myself in possession of this bird was so great, that, without observing that the tide was up, I threw myself into the water with my fowling-piece on my shoulder, and I was not sensible of my imprudence till, in the middle of the river, I found myself up to the chin. To add to my misfortune, I was alone, and entirely unacquainted with the art of swimming. Had I attempted to return, the rapidity of the current would have undoubtedly thrown me down. Without knowing what was to become of me, I pursued my way, as it were, mechanically; and I had the good fortune to reach the opposite bank: an inch more would have infallibly drowned me. I rushed upon the eagle; and the pleasure of securing my prey, soon effaced every remembrance of fear and danger. I was, however, obliged to pull off all my clothes, and to spread them out to dry; in the mean time I amused myself in examining my prize; and when my clothes were perfectly dry, I returned without any danger to my habitation. When I arrived, I was told that several of my people were gone in pursuit of a buffalo, which they had met with; and, towards evening, I saw them return loaded with the limbs of the animal, which they had cut up on the spot. Next morning very early, I did not neglect to send in search of the fragments, which they had left to attract birds of prey. This method procured me the male eagle; which differed from the female in nothing but the general distinction of carnivorous birds—that of being a third smaller."

The vociferous eagle is very suspicious, and difficult to be approached; as the sportsman is in view, it mounts on the wing, and removes to a considerable distance. It ascends to a prodigious height in the air; its flight has a peculiar grace, during which the male frequently utters sounds that may be rendered by *Ca-hou-cou-cou*.

The syllables, pronounced with slowness, the second sung some tones higher than the first, and the remaining two successively in a lower tone, will imitate

very perfectly this bird's call note of pleasure. It must be remarked, that the vociferous eagle never indulges in these call notes or song, but when he is sailing through the air; and then not when he is hovering, but when he accompanies his flight with a singular movement of the wings, as if with a sort of complaisance, turning them underneath his body, until they nearly touch. There may be observed, in this movement, which accompanies his voice during flight, an analogy with the preceding remarks on that which accompanies his cry, when he is perched, and which, in my opinion, shews the necessity of increased effort in this bird, whose voice is extraordinary and exceedingly remarkable; inasmuch as it is very sonorous, and contains a certain harmony, which is pleasing, and flatters the ear, without any mixture of that disagreeable, piercing, shrill, and plaintive tone, which is peculiar to the generality of birds of prey.

The male and female do not separate, but with the best understanding share whatever either takes in fishing or hunting. They construct their eyry on the tops of trees, or among rocks: it is made precisely in the same manner as the griffard's, except that it is furnished on the inside with soft materials, such as feathers, wool, and the like, upon which two or three eggs, of a perfect whiteness, and of a form resembling the turkey's, but larger, are deposited.

The colonists of the Cape of Good Hope, call this bird the great fisher (*groote-vis-vanger*), or white fisher (*witte-vis-vanger*).

I heard the vociferous eagle but once in the vicinity of False Bay; so that this bird appears very seldom in the neighbourhood of the Cape. About sixty or eighty leagues from this, I began to see it commonly, but the place in which it is in the greatest abundance, is Lagoa Bay. It seems, also, that the vociferous eagle is found in Nigritia; for we may say the same of it as Gaby relates of an eagle, which he mentions under the name of Nonotte: "It has (he says) the colour of a Carmelite's habit, with his white scapulary."—*F. N. Mag.*

# THE TURF.

BATH SPRING RACES.—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1833.

STEWARDS.—MAJOR PRESTON and S. WORRALL, Esq.

Bath races are not more remarkable for respectability than for the spirited manner in which they are conducted. On the present occasion, the higher orders of society did not appear in their usual numbers; but of betting men there was an abundance; many of whom were from London and Newmarket. The cold and stormy weather which occurred at this period was the means of thinning the company on the Race Ground; and the rain which had fallen rendered the road (three miles of which is a steep hill) to the course very dirty; the course was consequently deep and heavy; so much so indeed, that some of the horses could scarcely run in; nor is the course formed in the best manner possible: the turnings are bad, and one side of it twisted in and out, with much newly-made ground, which was as heavy as possible. Yet, in spite of all this, the racing was very satisfactory.

The Stand is new and admirably adapted for the purpose; the same remark will apply to the Weighing Room; nor could any thing be superior to the manner in which the races were conducted. The Clerk, Mr. Margerum, is very active and very obliging; S. Worrall, Esq. the attending Steward, understands the business well, and, highly to his credit, was infinitely more active than any gentleman I ever saw similarly circumstanced: the races, therefore, went off with the most perfect order and regularity.

The most interesting races were the Lansdown Stakes and the Silver Cup: the betting on the former was 3 to 1 agst Malibran; 3½ to 1 agst Luzbo-  
rough; and 7 and 8 to 1 agst the win-

ner. They all got off very well together, Indulgence leading for about half way; however, at the distance chair, Funny came out, and won cleverly by three lengths.

In the first heat for the Cup, The Major made strong running, closely followed by Reform, Blue Ruin, and two or three others; the winner (with Mr. Griffiths on her back) behind. In this way they continued until about half a mile from home, when Dandina crept in front, and at the distance came out and won easy. In starting for the second heat, Swing took the lead, at a pace which (the state of the course considered) it was not likely he could maintain; and before the horses had run half way, the Colonel (on Swing) went to work with the persuaders, a proof that all was over with him: Dandina, who had waited very judiciously, soon appeared in front, and cantered in! Swing cut a poor figure, in consequence of injudicious jockeyship. Before starting, the betting was 5 to 2 agst Swing; 3 to 1 agst Reform; 7 to 1 agst any other: Dandina never mentioned. After the first heat, 5 and 6 to 4 on her.

There was nothing further worthy of notice, if we except the following:—

THE YORK STAKES, a forced handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; won by Dictator, beating Don Juan, and four others. A good race.

THE SCRUB STAKES, of 5 sovs. each, for horses of all denominations; won by The Dwarf, against Barney Bodkin, Pretender, Don Juan, and Harold. The first heat contested, the second a dead heat, the two last won easy.

## CHESTER RACES.—May 6th.

SIR JOHN HANMER, BART. M. P. & THOMAS LEIGH, ESQ. STEWARDS.

The weather, which had been harsh, cold, and severe for the three first days of the month of May, on the 4th became warm and beautiful, a smiling prelude for Chester Races. It was, in

truth, a lovely, tempting day; I therefore booked myself for the ancient city, in the convenient vehicle under the guidance of steady old Herbert. On reaching Chester, I found plenty of

horses (upwards of seventy) but the town by no means crowded with people. The Race List presented a more meagre aspect than usual; and, amongst the *knowing ones*, the following "*running horses*" seemed to be the favourite:—(I will take the list in regular succession.) For the Grosvenor Stakes, Ludlow; the Produce Stakes, Lord Westminster's br. c. The Controller; and Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Waxy Pope; the Tradesman's Cup, Her Highness and Pickpocket, the latter for choice; the Maiden Plate, Lord Derby's br. f. Wagtail: these and two matches made up the bill of fare for Monday.

*Tuesday, May 7.*—For his Majesty's Plate, Pickpocket; for the Free Handicap, Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Kitty Fisher; for the Sixty Guineas, Sir G. Pigot's b. c. Grand Falconer.

*Wednesday, May 8.*—The Dee Stakes, Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Jack Favcet; the Stand Cup, Birmingham; the Hunter's Stakes, Mr. W. C. Hobson's b. c. by Bedlamite; the City Plate, Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller.

*Thursday, May 9.*—St. Leger, Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace; the Sweepstakes, Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Magus; the Plate, Mr. Robinson's b. h. Manchester; and Mr. Wheeler's b. h. Giovanni.

*Friday, May 10.*—The Palatine Stakes, Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Battledore; the Cheshire Stakes, Mr. Beardsworth's Independence.

I found mine hostess of the Blossoms (Miss Jane Peacock) as cheerful and good tempered as ever: the Green Dragon did not muster its usual number of trainers; on entering the *Kitchen*, I could scarcely discern its inmates for the dense cloud of tobacco smoke in which they were enveloped: at length I recognised Mr. T. Herbert, whose well fed bulky form filled the chair most admirably; that is, in the genuine English style: there are very few finer specimens of John Bull than Herbert, the younger. In the corner, on my left, I perceived my worthy friend, Mr. John Jackson, who did not for some seconds return my salute, so intently were his orbs of vision fixed upon Charlotte, the waiter, a very clean, and a very pretty lass:—"There is some temptation, and that's the truth on't!" That animated

Calendar of Race Horses, Robert Bower, I was sorry to observe sinking under the severity of an asthmatic affection. I seated myself, and suffered a sort of semi punishment by being compelled to listen to some barbarous glee singing. I retired to my comfortable quarters at the Blossoms at an early hour, intending to visit the Roodee the next morning as soon as the sun shewed his bright beams above the horizon.

Sunday, the 4th of May, was a smiling morning. Nature appeared in her loveliest garb: the notes of the cuckoo echoed full and strong across the Dee; and at a few minutes past six o'clock, the Roodee (the race ground) exhibited nearly fifty race horses taking their exercise, with some hundreds of spectators to witness these interesting preliminary operations. The scene was gay, every face wore a smile:—it was a scene in fact that would have produced hysterics in Sir Andrew Agnew!—In one place might be seen a group of "hard handed men" of Chester, interestingly intent upon the proceedings of the morning, whose seven days' crop of beard, and its dingy accompaniments, clearly shewed that they had not yet undergone their abdominal purification; in another collection, I could easily distinguish that good tempered subject, Mr. Robert Whittle, surrounded by some friends, eagerly discussing the merits of the "*running horses*." Sir George Pigot had stationed himself on the elevated banks of the river for the purpose of seeing his Grand Falconer take his gallop; and beside him stood fat Bloss (Lord Derby's trainer) calmly watching the motions of Wagtail and Speculator. Tommy Lye, George Nelson, Spring, Calloway, and Jones managed each a fiery steed in leading gallops; while George Weldon, Billington, Flintoff, &c. appeared on their hacks directing the movements of their several charges. Horsley, Brunton, and Sam Darling were discussing the qualities of the celebrated Birmingham, as he took his walking exercise at a few yards' distance. *This once splendid horse did not look like himself!* On Wednesday he starts for the Stand Cup:—*Nous verrons.* Has the "Sale of Mr. Beardsworth's stud, then, been a regular humbug?"



said a bystander. "Could Mr. Tattersall lend himself to so crooked a transaction?"

Her Highness took her gallop, and so did Pickpocket: they both looked like winners. There were many very awkward goers: animals that had lost that light, elastic, deer-like action so characteristic of the genuine Arab, an incontrovertible proof that they are too far removed from the original stock. Generally speaking, English racers would derive much benefit from the re-introduction of the true Arabian blood.

On quitting the Roodee, I observed a being, whose countenance was not illuminated by a smile: on the contrary, the mind which exhibited this suspicious and sinister frontispiece seemed absorbed in the profundity of abstruse calculation. Judging from the form and manner of its sable garb, it was of the masculine gender; yet it might have been "made by one of Nature's journeymen:" it imitated humanity so abominably! Its little greenish-grey eyes were much nearer together than is generally seen in the human countenance: they were prone; there appeared a slight quivering of the upper lip, a twinkle of the eye, the hue of the countenance strongly cadaverous; the *tout ensemble* indicated internal agitation or uneasiness. Bless me! thought I, that cannot be Sir Andrew Agnew? No; it was not. I found, upon inquiry, that it was an envious citizen of Chester, who, though "born and bred" within the walls, was the very antipodes of that urbanity, hospitality, and politeness for which the inhabitants of this place are so justly distinguished. This collection of ill-set bones, with their dingy muscular covering, was known by the name of Snap Dragon. He was occasionally numbered as one of the Chester semi-saints; and, under the pretext of piety, would grin with fiend-like exultation whenever he could create uneasiness and misery in the place of his nativity.—So much for Snap Dragon!

The golden purple streaks of the setting sun on Sunday evening, forming a delightful prospect from the mouldering walls of the city, I very willingly accepted as an earnest of fine weather; nor was I deceived, as the splendid

luminary, which I watched the previous evening sink into the shades of night beneath his fading tints of burnished gold, rose the next morning in all his warmth of colouring, his soft and mellow glow! Soon after 8 o'clock, coaches and other vehicles might be heard rattling into Chester, and the streets, which on Sunday were but thinly animated, became thronged with people. Some time afterwards, betting books might be observed in front of the Hotel; and amongst the *knowing ones* conspicuously appeared Crutch Robinson. There was some betting on the Grosvenor stakes: 7 to 4 against Ludlow. This horse, this infamously celebrated Ludlow, is a very large powerful animal, but, when visually dissected, falls off in the hind quarters. I saw him in the stable on Sunday: where he appeared very vicious, as he is also on the course. In the race for the Grosvenor stakes, he made but a poor figure. He was not got off without some trouble: he went away at score—it was a sorry score: he appeared to run as well as he could for about half the distance or three quarters of a mile, when Falconbridge and Caractacus went up to him, when he tailed off: the race was well contested between Falconbridge and Caractacus, and won cleverly by the former, well ridden by Lear.

The Produce Stakes brought four to the post (17 subs.) I thought Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Waxy Pope ought to have won these stakes; and during a great part of the race, he looked like a winner; yet he was beaten by Mr. Turner's b. c. by Figaro, manœuvred by Lye.

Next came on a match (not worth describing) between Lord Grey of Groby's Philosopher and Mr. France's Lauretta; won by the former—a dead slow thing.

Another match came on; and as the note of preparation sounded long and tedious, I ascended the walls, and observing something like a bustle a few yards in advance, I stepped forward, and found Snap Dragon in wordy contention with Filch, Nimming Ned, and the whole *school*: "Be quiet, Snap Dragon (said the worthy Collector) if you drive your *old friends* from the



thimble rig, they will commence picking pockets!

The second match was worse than the first. It was a meagrely miserable contest between Mr. Armitstead's b. g. by Lottery, and Mr. France's b. f. Orphan. The latter was one of the worst of the bads, and was of course very easily beaten.

The Tradesmen's Cup was the next object of contention. The prize was, as usual, exhibited in front of the Grand Stand, presenting the appearance of a superior sort of candlestick. I was glad to find that money instead of plate is to be given in future. Mr. Beardsworth looked longingly at this said candlestick; that is, he made sure of winning it, and remarked that it was scarcely worth 75 pounds, and that 25 pounds ought to be added to it to make up the deficiency: I never saw a more wretched apology for a gold cup.

Much betting took place, Pickpocket continuing from first to last the favourite. Eleven horses came to the post, ten of which were splendid animals, in fine condition, Speculator in particular. I left the stand and proceeded to the Castle Pole to observe the start. Sam Darling, upon Pickpocket, wore a confident smile upon his countenance, awaiting the signal very philosophically. Independence was a little unruly. Lear, on Speculator was resolved to take the lead. After a trifling half false start, off they went in beautiful style, Speculator leading at a tremendous pace. He continued to lead, the rest well together. The pace was killing during the first round; on passing the Castle Pole the second time, the pace was good, Speculator still leading, Miniature, Grand Falconer, and Chester beginning to tail. Fifty yards beyond the Castle Pole, the struggle commenced, Speculator could no longer keep the lead. Pickpocket and Her Highness went in front; the race was beautiful, and won cleverly (half a length) by Pickpocket, Her Highness second (for which she receives 25 sovs.) Speculator third; Mr. Beardsworth's two (Independence and Chester) no where. Speculator was ridden with good judgment by Lear, but the horse could not do it. The race was honestly run, won by the best

horse; and suffered nothing from the mixture of the bad ware of Birmingham.

The Maiden Plate brought six to the post. The first which made his appearance was Mammoth, with a head large enough for his namesake, and altogether what would be called an ugly horse, but shewing some good racing points, nevertheless; such as the low dropping chest, the lofty and long sweep behind. He was jocked by Calloway, and won the first heat cleverly; went for the second, and was beaten by the superior jockeyship of Sam Darling upon Saccharina. The plate was ultimately won by Harry Arthur upon Mr. Bodenham's ch. c. by Young Phantom, after four well contested heats.

Altogether it was a very satisfactory day's diversion. Although the Grand Stand did not present so numerous a display of the loveliest part of the creation as I have witnessed on former occasions, there was no lack of company, amongst which I noticed Lords Blaney, and Delamere, Captains Philip Hill, Oakley, Dunn, and Stanley; Sir T. Stanley, Sir George Pigot, C. Wicksted, Esq. R. Willis, Esq. Major Tomkinson, Mr. Ashley, of Frodsham, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Nanney, &c. &c.

*Tuesday, May 7.*—The bill of fare offered for this day indicated no very great sport. For his Majesty's Plate of 100 sovs. Manchester and Belmont came to the post. Manchester won the plate easy. The distance was three miles:—it suited Manchester—he is stout, but can go no pace. 2 to 1 on Manchester.

The Free Handicap brought three indifferent nags to the post. Kitty Fisher, Catlap, and Decoy. Kitty Fisher the favourite; she won by a neck.

The Gift of the Members for the City (60 guineas) was the third and last contest. Grand Falconer, Parthenon, Hogarth, and Mr. Critchley's b. f. by Lottery, entered the lists—a bad lot. Grand Falconer the favourite, and he won easy at two heats, indifferently rode by Harry Arthur. Thus ended the second day: weather remarkably fine: running miserably bad.

*Wednesday, May 8.*—The morning was dull; the betting men did not

muster numerously. At eleven o'clock, 7 to 4 was offered against Birmingham; and the reports were various as to the state of this horse. Some said he *whistled*; others contradicted this; betting, on the whole, was very flat, dull, and heavy. Very few Corinthians assembled in front of the Hotel.

The weather became fine. At three o'clock, four horses came to the post for the Dee Stakes; which, after a moderate race, were won by the favourite, Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Jack Fancet.

The Stand Cup, or, rather, the *stand candlestick*, was the great object of attraction, inasmuch as it brought before the eyes of the gaping crowd, the best horse of his day, Birmingham; but his day has gone by.—“*Mr. Beardsworth's selling his stud, and retiring from the turf*,” appears to have been *humbug*! What say you, Mr. Tattersall? Is it possible that Highflyer could descend so low?—Birmingham could do nothing. The stand candlestick was won very easily indeed by Pickpocket, the stoutest and the best horse in England.

We shall take an opportunity of entering more fully into this Birmingham business at a future period.

The Hunter's Stakes were won by Mr. Hobson's b. c. by Bedlamite: this said b. c. looks vastly like a thoroughbred thing.

The Annual City Plate of 60 guineas was disputed by Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. Giovanni, and Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, and won at two heats by the former.

In the race for the Dee Stakes, Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. f. sister to Miss Maria, threw her rider (Darling, who sustained no injury) or, I am half inclined to think, she looked like a winner. She goes well, but is bad tempered.

*Thursday, May 8.*—As before stated La Grace was the favourite for the first race this day, and, ridden by Templeman, won without difficulty, beating Mr. Price's The Governor, by Filho, Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Filho, Mr. Timmis's b. c. Newcastle, late Abel, and Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan. La Grace took the lead at starting; Newcastle made play at the turn but was shook

off by La Grace opposite the Castle Pole.

A two-year old Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, brought five to the post. Before starting, betting was even on Victoria: in the early part of the week Lord Derby's colt by Whisker, was the favourite, but he had not a chance with Victoria—the race was won in a canter; Lord Derby's colt second. Prior to starting, the Marquis of Westminster's b. c. by Camel, threw his rider, ran away, jumping the cords which mark the course, and was not caught for a considerable period, though he afterwards ran uncommonly well.

The third and last race of this day was for 70 pounds given by Lord Westminster—heats. Three only out of eleven which were entered, started. It was won by Mr. Namney's br. h. Belmont at three heats, beating Ossian, and Lawrie Todd. The betting was in favour of Ossian at starting. After the second heat 6 to 4 on Belmont.

*Friday, May 10.*—The Palatine Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. 11 subs. brought four to the post, and was won easy by Mr. F. R. Price's Caliban; Lord Westminster's b. c. Bridegroom second. Betting 5 and 6 to 4 on the winner.

This was followed by the race for the Cheshire Stakes, won cleverly by Sir R. W. Bulkeley's Jemima, ridden by Templeman, beating Agitator, Independence, and Eugene Aram. 5 to 4 on Independence; 2 to 1 against Eugene Aram.

Three started for the Roodee Stakes; Mr. J. R. Petre's b. c. The Governor, winning easy, Ratcatcher second, Honeymoon third. 5 to 4 on The Governor.

The last race of the meeting, viz. the Ladies Purse was won by Mr. Beardsworth's Ludlow, at 2 heats, beating Mr. Critchley's b. f. by Lottery, and Mr. B. Taylor's b. c. Hogarth by Vanloo—the latter being drawn after the first heat.

The cocking was won by W. Houghton, Esq.

Thus ended the Chester Meeting. The first days presented a fair assemblage of company. On Thursday, the attendance was thin, and on Friday the

course and stand were almost deserted. Many of the horses had, with their attendants, been removed to Maghull for

the ensuing week, and the appearance of the course was altogether extremely dull.

### *LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING, (Maghull Course.)*

STEWARDS.—SIR R. WILLIAMS BULKELEY, BART. M.P. AND W. MASSEY STANLEY, Esq.

This meeting commenced on Wednesday, the 15th inst. with the Produce Stake of 50 sovs. each, h. f. One mile and a half. It was won by Sir W. Wynn's b. f. by Filho, beating Sir Thomas Stanley's ch. c. by Waxy Pope. The Waxy Pope colt the favourite. At the end of a mile he however gave signs of distress, when the filly went up and challenged, and made a pretty run home, winning cleverly by a length.

The Derby of 20 sovs. each, h. f. with 30 sovs. added for three-year olds, 6 subs. one mile and a distance, was won by The Mole,\* beating Eve, and Despair. The winner as round as an apple, and looked to inexperienced eyes as *fat* as a Mole. Eve had many friends, notwithstanding The Mole had been a two-year old winner. He went away, made all the running, and won as far as he pleased.

The Trade Cup of 100 sovs. with £100 in specie, added to a Handicap Stake of 20 sovs. each, h. f. and only 5 if declared. The second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes—two miles—was won by Mowbray Hill, beating Pickpocket, Vyvyan, Physician, Lady Stafford, and Miniature.—13 paid 10 sovs. and 10 paid 5 sovs. The betting had been very heavy on this race, chiefly on Pickpocket, and Physician, the former being backed at even, and rose to 6 to 4, and 2 to 1 against the Field. On coming to the post, each horse shewed up the length. Darling shook up the spirits of Pickpocket in some gentle canters, and though he came out of his stable as brilliant as a star, we thought after he had cantered he looked rough and uncomfortable. Mowbray was not much noticed, but Physician, and Lady Stafford were look-

ed at again and again,—the mare looked very well indeed, and though beaten now, may yet win a cup in her turn. Weight beat Physician as it would have done Eclipse: he ran the best horse in the race. They got off altogether, and each seemed very anxious for a place, the race for the first quarter of a mile being, we should say, fast; here all pulled to, and seemed to wait for another chance, Pickpocket continuing the lead at a strong pace till within half a mile of home, when Lady Stafford appeared in the front, but fell back, and Mowbray and Physician colared. Pickpocket ran home a good second, though he had given it up a quarter of a mile from the chair.—Mowbray Hill winning cleverly.

The Maiden Plate of 100 sovs. the second to receive 20 sovs. out of the plate, was won at 3 heats by Pestilence, beating Zhorab, Mammoth, Venus, Mr. Critchley's b. f. by Lottery, Sally Barlow, Georgiana, Mr. Painter's br. g. by Smolensko, Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Truant, and Curiosity. The last two heats severely contested, and won by a head only.

*Thursday, May 16.*—The All Aged Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 20 added; once round and a distance. Won by Caractacus, beating The Cardinal, Clarion, Kitty Fisher, and Ludlow. A very fine race, and won by half a neck. 6 to 4 against The Cardinal; 5 to 2 against Clarion; and 4 to 1 against the winner.

The Maghull Stakes, of 25 sovs each, 15 ft. with 50 added for 2 yrs old; 3 quarters of a mile. Won by Victoria, by Camel, beating ch. c. General Chassé, by Actæon, b. c. Cashier, by Banker. Six more started, but were not placed. The Camel filly was the decided favourite, having won the Chester 2 yrs old stake. We, however, liked, and still do like,

\* On a heavy day he may be about the front for the Leger.

the Actæon colt, and think him worth keeping an eye upon: his bold prominent muscle, and fine compact form, pleased us much: and if he continues to grow, will, if we mistake not, be as difficult to conquer as his namesake, the Dutchman. They got off well together at the first start. We never saw so many 2 yr olds keep closer together: the Banker colt swerved very much when the pace was at the top, or he seemed like a winner at one period. The judge placed only two; the rest were beaten two or three lengths.

Next came off the Liverpool Spring St. Leger, of 25 sovs each, with 100 added, for 3 yrs old. One mile and three quarters. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. At the post appeared, Jack Faucet, The Mole, Controller, Battledore filly, Lady Moore Carew, Eve, Lottery filly, Miss Patrick. Jack Faucet was so great a favourite, that little betting took place. At starting, Eve took the lead, and made running all the way, the Mole, Controller, with the others, pretty well up, came over the distance, and within ten lengths of home, the Mole sprung out, and won very cleverly by two lengths.

The Everton Plate, of 100 sovs, the second horse to receive 20 out of the plate. Heats, twice round. Was won easily by Revolution, beating Bullet, Russell, and Craigmillar.

Friday, May 17.—The Kirkdale

Stakes, of 20 sovs each, h ft, with 20 added. Once round and a distance. Won by Mr. Allanson's b f Lady Moore Carew, beating Captain Wattle and Only That. A beautiful race. Lady Moore Carew followed The Captain round the last turn, and took up inside ground, where she had scarcely room to work; but the boy fearlessly brushed along, and contrived to get up and make a dead heat. The last heat was won by a neck only.

The Handicap, of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, was won by Revolution, beating Ossian, and Sarah. Won cleverly.

The Stand Cup, value 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for all ages. Twice round and a distance. This race afforded some betting, but no sport: Physician weighed, but did not start; and consequently the field was reduced to Birdcatcher and Caractacus: won easily by the former.

The Liverpool Stakes, of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 20 added, for horses not thorough bred. Napoleon and a Lottery gelding tried to make a race; but, oh! 'twas like one man riding after another to call him back, but cannot make him hear.

The Ormskirk Plate, of 100 sovs, 20 to the second horse, was won at two heats by Lady Stafford, beating Vyvyan, Pestilence, and Lady Bee. A beautiful race: the first heat not quite a head, the second half a neck.

## The ROYAL STUD at HAMPTON COURT.

The annual sale of yearlings bred at this establishment, took place on Monday, April 29th, at Tattersall's. The following are particulars:—

	Gs.
Bay colt, by Emilius, out of sister to Spermaceti (to Lord Litchfield) - - - - -	150
Chesnut colt, by Langan, out of Delphine, engaged in a stakes of 100 sovs each, York August Meeting, 1835 (Capt. Bulkeley)	155
Brown colt, by Redgauntlet, out of Ada (Mr. Greatorax) - -	60
Bay colt, by Camel, out of the dam of Moses (Mr. Yates) - - -	135

Ch f, by Sultan, out of Rachael, by Whalebone (Mr. Yates) -	230
Ch f, by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow (Lord Orford) -	350
Bay f, by Camel, out of Maria, by Waterloo (Mr. W. Edwards)	175
Bay f, by Reveller, out of Lamia, by Gohanna, engaged in the Craven Meeting, 100, h ft, for fillies, D. M. and in a Produce Stakes at Bath, 50, h ft, 1835 (Lord Uxbridge) - - - -	135
Brown f, by Camel, out of Galatea, by Amadia (Mr. W. Edwards)	70
Bay f, by Waterloo, out of Ambrosio's dam - - - - -	75



Lord Conyngham has sold Minster to Lord Litchfield for six hundred pounds.

The Jockey Club have resolved, that, after the end of the year 1833, horses shall be considered at Newmarket as taking their ages from the 1st of January, instead of the 1st of May.

A Pigeon Club, on a similar plan to those at the Red House, Battersea, is about to be formed at the New Liverpool Race Course, at Aintree. A spacious dove cote has been already provided, and we have not the least doubt, but the undertaking will be successful.

### RACES TO COME.

Ascot . . . . .	June 4	Goodwood . . . . .	July 30
Newton . . . . .	5	York August Meeting . . .	Aug. 6
Buxton . . . . .	12	Worcester . . . . .	6
Bilbury . . . . .	13	Shrewsbury . . . . .	6
Tenbury . . . . .	13	Walsall . . . . .	9
Newcastle . . . . .	17	Wolverhampton . . . . .	12
Bath . . . . .	19	Leeds . . . . .	14
Knighton . . . . .	19	Burton-upon-Trent . . . .	20
Wells . . . . .	25	Leominster . . . . .	21
Ludlow . . . . .	26	Newport Pagnell . . . . .	24
Stockbridge . . . . .	27	Yarmouth . . . . .	27
Liverpool . . . . .	July 2	Warwick . . . . .	Sept. 3
Winchester . . . . .	3	Dorchester . . . . .	4
Newmarket . . . . .	8	Litchfield . . . . .	10
Preston . . . . .	8	Leicester . . . . .	11
Taunton . . . . .	10	Doncaster . . . . .	16
Newcastle (Staffordshire) . . .	16	Heaton Park . . . . .	25
Lancaster . . . . .	16	Lincoln . . . . .	25
Cheltenham . . . . .	16	Newmarket First October . .	30
Stamford . . . . .	17	Newmarket Second Do. . . .	Oct. 14
Kendal . . . . .	23	Newmarket Houghton . . . .	28
Bridgnorth . . . . .	24		

### THE FIELD BOOK.

*By the Author of Wild Sports of the West.*

We gave our opinion of "Wild Sports of the West" in our number for May, and were not a little surprised, when we saw the "Field Book" announced, "by the author of Wild Sports of the West."—We say surprised; that is, we were surprised that a person who had palmed that gross imposition on the public, called "Wild Sports of the West," should, with unblushing effrontery, attempt a second literary fraud, under the title of the "Field Book." In our last number, we briefly noticed the shameful puffing paragraphs, which professed to review this precious "*gem*," before its publication!!! in the present instance, we will not tire our readers with any very lengthened notice of it.

In the preface, we find the following:—"An enthusiastic admirer of rural sports from boyhood, the compiler sought with avidity after any book connected with his *favourite recreations*." Now, we venture to assert, without the fear of contradiction, that the subjects which the "*compiler*" has huddled together never were, nor never could have been, his "*favourite recreations*," since he evinces not one iota of *practical knowledge* of them! Further, as a mere theorist, or garret scribbler, he is completely destitute of the capacity of judicious selection. He seems utterly unconscious, that many of the professed writers on Field Sports were, and are, almost as egregiously ignorant as him-

self of the matters upon which they professed to treat! And, in consequence, his "*perfect gem*!" may be justly regarded as an ignorant collection of absurdity from beginning to end! Nor is this all; on the contrary, the reader of the "*Field Book*" is presented with a *stringy catalogue* which has not the most distant connection with field sports! While the book throughout abounds with syllabic and other omissions and inaccuracies:—as an instance, we select the following (from the countless multitude) as illustrative of our assertions:—"Bacon, s. The flesh (of) a hog salted and dried!" It will be easily perceived, that, without that pretty little word "*of*," it is scarcely intelligible; and even when this particle is inserted, what reference has it to field sports?

As an illustration of the term CHECK in hunting, the compiler of the "*Field Book*" quotes the following from Beckford:—"If there are many scents, and it is quite uncertain which is the hunted fox, he should stop those hounds that are the furthest down the wind, as they can hear the others, and will reach them soonest." This needs no animadversion—its absurdity is too manifest!

In regard to the mere phraseology of field sports, the profound and immeasurable ignorance of the compiler is indubitably manifest in countless instances. He says, "grouse unite in flocks! fly in flocks!" &c. &c.

The "*Field Book*" contains a number of pictorial "*illustrations*" on wood; which, as far as the mere carver or engraver is concerned, might pass; but which, in reference to characteristic truth, are heterogeneous monstrosities! Let any person possessing but a superficial knowledge of the business, look at the representations of the mastiff, the bull dog, the setter, the alpine spaniel, &c. &c. &c. and he will be abundantly convinced that we are more than borne

out in these observations. From the illustrations, as well as from the verbal descriptions, it is evident, the "*compiler of the Field Book*" is absolutely unacquainted with the difference between the foxhound, the harrier, and the beagle; as also between the setter, the spaniel, and the springer; the same remark will equally apply to the various ramifications of the pointer; he is not aware of the difference between the Cuba bloodhound and the English talbot; for the mallard, he gives a representation of the shel-drake; for the duck, a portrait of the drake; for the shoveller we are presented with a monster, while under the head "*MUSCOVY DUCK*," we find an awkward resemblance of the shoveller; for the fallow deer, there is a nondescript; and for the stag, a spotted animal with palmated horns! In the same spirit or style, the *hind* is called the *doe*! and the leading feature of the water spaniel is said to be his web-feet! as if all dogs were not equally web-footed! He is totally unconscious of the difference between the *earth* of a fox and his *kennel*! and yet professes to give instructions on field sports! O shame! where is thy blush?

The "pictorial illustrations," generally speaking, are representations of nothing in nature, accompanied with descriptions equally ignorant, equally absurd, equally monstrous! We have not patience to pursue the subject further; and should the preceding observations appear severe, let any sportsman, any man of common sense, refer to the "*Field Book*," and judge for himself.

Finally, the "*Field Book*" has been ushered into the world by unparalleled puffing in every form; and that the same system will be continued, we have not the least doubt, in order that the bookseller may sustain as little loss as possible by a bad speculation.

## ROARING in HORSES.

We take the liberty of quoting what has been said on the subject by Mr. Percivall, in his scientific, lucid and excellent Lectures:—

"Roaring (this gentleman justly

observes) may be defined to be a peculiar unnatural sound, made in respiration. To one whose ears are familiar to this sound, any attempt to describe it may appear supererogatory; and to

one who is unacquainted with it, no description can convey just notions of all the variations of it that occur in practice. We are not only told of *roarers*, but we hear of *pipers*, *wheezers*, *whistlers*, *high blowers*, and *grunters*; a cant in common use among our horse-dealers and horsemen, of the vulgar meaning of which no professional man should shew ignorance. And though these cases are often confounded in practice, and not seldom, I believe, are despatched without any discriminative investigation at all, still the veterinary surgeon ought to be prepared to encounter these monsters at all points; and therefore I shall venture on an outline of the character of each of them, in relation to the degree and peculiarity of the sound, though I am apprehensive I shall but faintly trace those nice points of distinction, which the appellations themselves appear to demand."

*Pipers*, according to Mr. Percivall, do not belong to the genus of roarers, but may be justly considered as one of the stages of broken wind.

*The Wheezer*, though admitted to be a species of roarer, is not so perhaps in the strict sense of the term, since there is every reason to believe, that the affection that causes the wheezing noise which the animal emits when labouring under this disease, is seated in the lungs. This wheezing differs from the loud sonorous noise made by other roarers, and may be compared to that painful difficulty of breathing which distinguishes the human subject when labouring under that disease called asthma. The wheezer differs also from the roarer, inasmuch as the wheezing is a common attendant upon rest, and consequently may be often heard in the stables; in all cases, it is distinctly audible as soon as the animal is walked or trotted out.

*The Whistler*.—The note of the whistler is too well known to need any lengthened description in this place: it is a sibilation which resembles the noise made by "the northern blast rushing through a crack in the window-shutter." It appears to be produced by a continued rush of air through some narrow pass in the trachea or larynx; it is sel-

dom or never heard, therefore, in a state of quietude, nor is the common practical test of roaring infallible here: when this disease is suspected, the best mode to ascertain it, is to gallop the horse up hill. "One well-marked instance of this variety of roaring (says Mr. Percivall) I have met with in the human subject: a young gentleman, an acquaintance of mine, who had suffered much from a violent attack of *cynanche laryngea*, used to fetch his breath so hard, though with more apparent, than actual labour, in walking fast up hill, and with a noise so in unison with the pipe of the whistler, that, when I first heard him, I turned myself suddenly round, under an apprehension that a horse of this description was approaching at full speed at my heels."

*The High-blower*.—A horse of this description draws his breath hard, under moderate exertion; he makes an unnatural puffing noise at every respiration, which a by-stander would suppose was produced by the nostrils. But there is reason to believe, that, in genuine cases of this kind, the impediment will prove to be in the passages of the head; whence the dilated nostrils, and the sonorous puffs from them, when the animal's breathing is accelerated.

*The Grunter*.—A horse, thus affected, utters deep-seated murmurs, or sounds that may be compared to the grunting of a hog. This noise in the breath is not always generated under ordinary exercise; it is often produced by a sudden respiratory effort, the effect of some unexpected event: a sudden application of the spur, while riding; or an unlooked for lash of the whip, while driving; will often call forth one of these ejaculations. This affection, however, must not be confounded with the occasional grunts of a horse whose bowels are distended with air or food, or whose body is loaded with fat for want of work, nor mistaken for those sounds which proceed from a tight collar: these are only temporary, and often arise under ordinary exercise, whereas, *grunting*, in the sense it is here meant to be understood, is mostly a permanent and irremediable annoyance, and is only produceable with laborious or violent respiration. "In my opinion (says

Mr. Percivall) this is a pulmonary disease—a sequel of inflammation. This species of roaring very often escapes observation.”

The confirmed roarer utters his complaint more clamorously than any of these: he is so vociferous when his respiratory actions are violently exerted, that he unequivocally proclaims, “in loud and insuppressible boations, his distressing malady to all around him.”

For the purpose of producing that sound in the breath, which is the test of roaring, it is necessary, generally speaking, that the animal be excited to make a sudden or forcible respiratory effort. Nor will it be amiss here to observe, that it has been a question of late, whether roaring is an act of inspiration or respiration: some steadily maintain the old position, and say, that it consists in an expiratory effort; while others venture upon new ground, and contend that it is an accompaniment to a violent inspiration. As frequently happens in like disputes, both parties may be in the right, and that the circumstances of the case only require to be examined to prove it: for instance, if the horse is a high-blower; or, in other words, if the impediment to the passage of air is seated in the chambers of the nose, the sonorous puffs we hear are so many expiratory acts; whereas, if the obstruction is in the trachea or bronchiæ, the roaring sounds are sighs or *inspirations*; and when the glottis is narrowed, and sometimes, indeed, when the trachea is, the noise may be produced both by the ingress and egress of air; then, however, it is generally loudest in inspiration. Any instantaneous shock or cause of alarm, hard galloping, especially up hill, and the excitation of coughing, are the common trials to which the animal is subjected to make him roar; indeed, the most ready mode of proceeding is that in vogue with our *copers*; which consists in making a feint to strike the horse upon the body with a stick or whip, and in doing it suddenly and unawares, and with as much earnestness as if you were actually going to knock him down, at the same time that you are holding him fast and short by the head with the left hand. Although these are perhaps the

readiest expedients which can be adopted, yet absolute dependance cannot be placed on them: they are inconclusive; and the only satisfactory test must result from actual and continued corporeal exertion. The practice of putting suspicious horses in harness, and making them draw heavy loads up hill, is, after all, probably the best trial that can be made of their wind. The simple act of coughing is a very indecisive test of roaring; and, now and then, the larynx being in part, or wholly, bony, coughing cannot be excited at all by compression of it; “though this to an experienced tact, the very inflexibility of it is a presumptive proof that the disease is present.”

“In entering upon the *ratio symptomatum* of roaring, (says Mr. Percivall) I may observe that it bears an analogy to croup, both in relation to the proximate cause, and to the parts affected; but we must be on our guard not to carry this comparison too far, or it will lead us into serious pathological error; for, although I may broadly assert, that the proximate cause of roaring is founded in *cynanche trachealis*, the inflammation does not put on that type which makes croup so formidable and dreadful a malady in the human being, nor is it confined to the years of immaturity. When roaring does happen in colts, it generally exists as a mode of termination of strangles: the catarrhal affection that accompanies strangles, now and then continues long after the wound in the throat is closed up, leaves the laryngeal membrane thickened and perhaps ulcerated, and thus lays the foundation of this disease.”

However, not only catarrhal affections, many that are considered as inflammation of the lungs, terminate in roaring; and, in fact, the symptoms of this species of membranous inflammation are not, at all times, so diagnostically marked, as to enable us to steer clear of this error; and what renders *cynanche trachealis* infinitely more obscure and insidious in its attacks and course, is, that, in the majority of cases, the inflammation is of that mild chronic type which is apt to escape the notion of those to whom we must look for the first reports of ill health; and hence it



is that so many roarers are continually met with, in whom nothing is known about the inflammatory action to which they owe their present malady. Hence then, since cynanche trachealis is the common forerunner of roaring, and that upon our knowledge of the one must principally depend our competency to treat the other, it may not be amiss to detail in this place, the symptoms by which its existence is indicated.

In the first place, it may be observed, that, under an acute attack of cynanche, the horse breathes short and quick, but, at first, generally with more pain than embarrassment; he emits sudden and often sonorous puffs from his tense and dilated nostrils, and, at every inspiration, exposes to view, the septum, deeply imbued with its own blood: his pulse is small, hard, and frequent; he has paroxysms of coughing, occasional gurgling or rattling in the throat, and defluxion of pus from the nose; while the lightest pressure upon the larynx, or grasp of the windpipe, very much annoys him, and induces the cough: added to which, he has the other ordinary concomitants of febrile commotion. In some cases, when the inflammation is at its height, spasms of the larynx come on, during the continuance of which, respiration is carried on with so much distress, that the animal is, every now and then, threatened with suffocation; or the breathing may become embarrassed from a thickening of the membrane where it lines the glottis.

Did the disease generally manifest itself in this acute form, it would remove all doubt as to the nature and tendency of the case; but it approaches and creeps on in that insidious way, that the foundation of roaring is absolutely laid before it is discovered that the proximate cause, inflammation, has been present in the air passages; at least, so it is with the generality of cases. Were the animal, from the first, placed under the eye of a skilful practitioner (of which, by the bye, there are very few to be met with) he might perhaps be able to discover symptoms or signs that would excite suspicion of what was going on: such as an unusual protraction of, or a fresh attack very like, a chronic catarrh, accompanied with

soreness about the throat, perhaps some rattling or gurgling noise in it, and a hard cough; disturbance of the respiration and pulse—short wind; little or much purulent defluxion from both nostrils; and an increased susceptibility of the trachea and larynx on compression.

The causes of cynanche will, of course, be such as give rise to catarrhal and pulmonary affections in general; indeed, it often turns out to be an extension or sequel of the former, and may exist as a precursor of the latter. But there is one fact connected with its etiology, which, if kept in view, will frequently throw much light on the nature of the case, and enable us to form in our minds a pretty correct diagnosis; and that is, that a large proportion of these subjects are harness horses—horses whose necks have been rainbowed by the bearing-rein for hours together, whose larynges have been compressed, and trachæ distorted, by this unnatural and constrained position of the head and neck. It may be also remarked here, that simple flexion of the pipe itself, from the forcible and continued incurvation of the nose towards the chest, has been known to produce roaring.

Mr. Goodwin, veterinary surgeon to his majesty, stated to Mr. Percivall, that, during his professional avocations at St. Petersburg, his attention was especially drawn to several horses, who by himself and others had been declared to be roarers, in consequence of their having got rid of their complaint in the manege. These horses, it would seem, therefore, roared from unnatural flexure of the windpipe; and this distortion the Russian system of equitation, which consisted in the continual elevation of the head, and projection of the nose, was well adapted to counteract, and in process of time remove. The inconvenience at first is only temporary; the intervals of relaxation give the parts an opportunity, for a time, of recovering their wonted tone and shape; but repeated and long continued acts of such violence may so enfeeble their elastic powers, that permanent deformity of the larynx or pipe may result, and the malady become irremediable.

Mr. Sewell very justly censures the

practice of buckling neck straps, or throat latches of collars and bridles, tightly : it is obvious, that all this is uncalled for and wanton mischief, not to add cruelty.

Mechanical injury, then, is one of the most frequent causes of roaring ; and it may be either a *proximate* one, or it may be an *exciting* cause, as in the case of *cynanche*. It is said by some, that the practice of making horses cough, by compressing their throattles, is apt to induce roaring.

“ Having thus far (says Mr. Percivall) considered the symptoms and exciting causes of *cynanche*, and examined one of the immediate or proximate causes of roaring itself, let us pass on to particularize, and endeavour to account for the origin of others, which dissection has discovered to us. *Cynanche* may terminate in a variety of modes, and in one or other of these terminations may be said to consist almost all the proximate causes of roaring that remain to be described. The most common effect of inflammation of the air passages, is a thickening of the lining membrane ; which, if it happen in that part of it that lines the chambers of the nose, will give rise to that thickness and pursiveness in the breath in which consists the complaint of the high blower. But the part where this increment offers the most impediment, and consequently creates the greatest inconvenience, is the glottis, the figure of which is very sensibly diminished by the morbid thickness of its lining ; and thus is produced roaring, or confirmed roaring, or, if the opening be much contracted, whistling. Though the calibre of the trachea may be also equally diminished by this interstitial deposit into its membrane, it admits of some doubt in my mind whether this, of itself, can be adduced as a proximate cause of roaring ; but if the same deposition pervades the bronchiæ, it may either be productive of thick wind or of wheezing. In horses in whom this state of parts has existed long—probably several years, the membrane, in consequence of undergoing a gradual organic change, assumes a variety of morbid aspects : it may be found simply thickened, or thickened, opaque, and white ; or thickened and indurated, or

corrugated, or reticulated, or tuberculated, or ulcerated : these last alterations, however, may proceed from another source. We now and then hear of cases, of most of which I am inclined to think that this is the pathology, that become roarers by *metastasis* : Mr. Coward, veterinary surgeon, Royal Artillery, related to me one of a horse of his own, in whom extensive tumefaction, and suppuration of the jugular vein, followed the operation of venesection, which was succeeded by abscess of the parotid gland, and terminated by the disease of the larynx and permanent roaring.

The next morbid appearance met with, in point of frequency, is a band or distinct layer of adhesive matter, which is thrown across, or adheres to, some part of the larynx or windpipe. The situation and disposition of this solid effusion vary much : sometimes a band is simply formed across the passage, or that is joined by another, generally coming from the back parts by which the canal is divided into two or three passages ; at other times the deposition is seated in the cellular interstices between the muscular band and the rings, so as to protrude the former, and thus narrow the main conduit. So that the adventitious substance here has not the disposition, nor does it put on the appearance, of that found in croup. This state of parts is also productive of confirmed roaring.

Tumours of any kind seated within, or in the vicinity of, the air passages, may, by partial obstruction or compression of them, prove to be causes of roaring. What is most commonly met with, is an abscess in the throat that presses more or less upon the epiglottis ; and this occasionally creates very alarming symptoms, and would bring on suffocation and death, were not the operation, termed *bronchotomy*,\* had recourse to.

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\* “ When the animal roars to that degree, that respiration, even in a state of quietude, becomes a painful and laborious duty, or that he is threatened with suffocation, we have recourse to an operation which consists in making an opening into the larynx or trachea, and has been named *bronchotomy*.”

Another, and not a very uncommon cause of roaring, is a wasting, or, in some instances, a total absorption of one or more of the small muscles of the larynx.

A frequent concomitant, and occasionally a cause of roaring in old horses, is ossification, practical or complete, of the larynx: the thyroid cartilages commonly take on this change of structure; the others, however, in the advanced stage, often partake of it. But rarely do we meet with any bony accretion of the rings of the wind pipe: now and then we detect osseous depositions in some of them; but I do not apprehend that any, or but little, inconvenience is thereby occasioned.

Doubtlessly there are other pathological varieties connected with the production of this disease. The chief considerations, however, are, that there must be contraction of the air passage, or partial obstruction in it somewhere; that, according to the degree of narrowness, and the situation of it, *ceteris paribus*, will be the kind and loudness of the sound; and that upon the power of restoring the capacity of the passage must depend the efficiency of our remedies towards removing the evil. With a view of ascertaining the degree of constriction necessary to the production of roaring, and of watching the symptoms of pain or uneasiness evinced by it, I passed a ligature of broad tape around the windpipe of an ass, about one third of the way down the neck. The tape was first drawn with moderate tightness, and the animal roared when made to trot; the pipe was then compressed to about half of its natural calibre, and the animal whistled: in both states the sounds were loudest in *inspiration*. At length, I drew the ligature as tightly as possible; in about a minute afterwards, the animal, after having staggered about much, fell, struggled violently, and, apparently in great agony, expired in a sudden convulsive throw of the body upon one side, about two minutes after he had fallen. I found the membrane of the windpipe reddened and covered with frothy mucus: the passage was *not* completely obliterated: I could still pass a crow's quill through the constricted part of it."

Mr. Coleman has asserted, in his Lectures, that roarers are sound winded horses; and so far as regards the healthy state of their lungs, there is little doubt but this is the true state of the case; yet this amounts to nothing, since it is a fact very well known, that roarers are always more distressed in the chase than sound horses; and that they cannot bear to be pressed up hill. Not only are sound lungs very essential to a full and healthy respiration, but that a clear and unimpeded passage is also absolutely necessary to it; and that, however disproportionately large the calibre of the trachea may seem when contrasted with its narrow entrance, the glottis, a very trifling contraction of the former will create noise enough in the breath to convince us that there is a degree of embarrassment in the performance of respiration.

"Moreover (continues Mr. Percivall) I shall now shew that the lungs themselves may be the *seat* of roaring. Some years ago, a horse was treated by my father (who is the senior veterinary surgeon of the regiment) for violent roaring. The neck was repeatedly blistered; it was also fired, but no relief was given. So painful was it to hear this animal roar, when he was even led out of the stable, that bronchotomy was tried, but without benefit. At length the animal suffered so much from pain and distress in breathing, that, being in that condition useless, and found insusceptible of relief, he was destroyed. There was detected no thickening in the membrane—no disease whatever, in fact, of the larynx or trachea; but the lungs were hepatized throughout their substance, and the smaller divisions of the bronchiæ, in many places, so compressed, that they were hardly pervious. I know that this is not reconcilable with the opinions of the day; and therefore I set the greater value upon it: it is a case also that is admirably calculated to silence the trumpery of those who are continually persuading people that *they* can *cure* roaring horses.

Let us now pass on to the treatment of roaring. Some of my professional contemporaries have contended hard for celebrity with the obstacles that are encountered in this alluring field for experimental research; but they would have spared themselves much labour if



they had (and it is generally the nearest road to a cure, after all) directed their investigations vigilantly, but patiently, to the *cause*, instead of the removal, of the disease. Which of them, I should like to know, can attenuate a thickened and indurated membrane?—or, which of them, by tying up a horse's head, and confining it for a twelvemonth in that position, can remove an organized band that crosses the passage?—in a word, which of them can proceed, *secundum artem*, to cure a disease, of the nature of which he, by his own confession or silence, is either doubtful or ignorant.

When a roarer is brought to us, then, it behoves us to take every means in our power to ascertain the special nature and stage of his disease; to which end, we ought to inquire narrowly into the history of the case, and make ourselves acquainted with every little circumstance connected with it, before we proceed to examine the horse himself; and, in doing this, we must take care to attend to the sound that is uttered. Having formed our diagnosis, the treatment to be pursued will naturally present itself.

If it be a case in which deformity of the windpipe can be felt, and there appears reason to believe that it owes its production to forcible innovation of the neck, the continual elevation of the head, and the confinement of it by side lines, or the frequent biting of the animal, so as to project his nose forward, are means well worthy of trial: we must not forget, however, that the success of this experiment will depend on the duration of the complaint; nor must we overlook any inflammatory action that may be present in the system, which might prohibit such measures.

This, I believe, is but rarely the state of the case, however; almost always, if the affection be recent, have we to combat with inflammation of an acute or chronic kind; the remedies for which, as it often assumes the catarrhal form, I need but recapitulate here. Venesection is generally required in the chronic stage; but, if the cynanche be active, it is imperiously demanded:—the frequent repetition of it too, is an excellent practice. Active purgatives—nauseating and diuretic medicines in the intervals—and blisters along the whole length of

the windpipe, that are kept discharging, are to be resorted to: no rules can be laid down for their judicious use; that must be left to the discrimination of the practitioners. When active depletion is no longer admissible, counter-irritation often proves of great service."

Having quoted the opinions of the ablest writer on the subject of roaring, which has yet appeared before the public, the reader will be thus enabled, I am willing to suppose, to place before his mind's eye as clear a view of the subject as it is possible at present to obtain; and will consequently be enabled to form an opinion for himself, whenever a suspicion of roaring, in any of its forms, is entertained. By this proceeding, I by no means advise that he should attempt to act as his own veterinary surgeon; but be able to guard against the crude and fallacious notions of grooms and other ignorant pretenders. On the slightest suspicion of the approach of such a disease as roaring, I would call in the assistance of a skilful veterinary surgeon (and they are very rarely to be met with, as I have already observed) even if I had to procure him from the distance of one hundred miles.—Veterinary surgery, I consider as yet in its infancy, though there are not wanting pretenders enow to the science: men, calling themselves veterinary surgeons, are numerously dotted all over the country, who profess to have been regularly initiated at the college, but whose gross ignorance of every thing like science cannot fail to become manifest, in the course of five minutes' conversation, to every man of common knowledge and common observation. These men, like attorneys, the moment a case is brought before them, begin to calculate on the best means of swelling up a bill; and in any disease or ailment out of the very commonest way, a man had better destroy his horse at once than place him under the care of such wretchedly illiterate and ignorant pretenders, but, at the same time, such voracious and insatiable cormorants.

As roaring is likely to be produced from low, wet, or marshy ground, and luxuriant pasturage, it may not be amiss here to observe, by way of elucidation, that horses thus summered, will become



gross and fat; and, when taken up, are perhaps injudiciously managed:—their exercise and sweats may be too violent at first, and indeed a variety of causes

may operate, under such circumstances, as well as under many others, to produce this not well understood disease.—*Johnson's Sportsman's Cyclopaedia.*

### *To the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet.*

SIR,

After trotting down to see your Spring Meeting, I popped my head into a very comfortable inn in Dale Street, kept by a very motherly sort of body, whose name I do not exactly recollect; but the sign was, I think, the White Hart, or something like it. It was past my breakfast hour; and as I had ridden a stage, and had seen my horse have a good breakfast and bed at Webster's, I thought I would have breakfast too; and, pleased with the attention of "mine hostess," I thought much of what I had sometimes heard folks in other countries say—"I always find the greatest welcome at an inn;" so I made Mrs. — as hard a bargain as I could, devouring her shrimps and prawns at a most unmerciful rate, and blessing my stars that I could once again feast on these little curly fellows, without counting the pence they cost in a midland county, to say nothing of the nose being now and then offended by one that had been long from sea; but, as it will happen, the more I enjoyed my breakfast, the more I lost the means of enjoyment: so I called for the news. Now for a long congratulatory matter on the approach of the Spring Meeting, thought I! So I hastily passed over the leading political article, anxious to see what was passing in this busy enterprising port of Liverpool; when, lo! a paragraph, headed "Betting on Horse Racing," caught my eye. I read it, I must confess, with feelings of indignation, which contempt contrived to soften down, as the pitiful ignorance of the writer became more and more manifest. To check gambling, taken in its proper sense, is praiseworthy in a public writer as a public servant; whether it be on horse racing, dice, or cards, on stocks, humbug companies, or politics; but to attempt to deprive the public of the usefulness of the most noble sport that a man of spirit can enjoy, by branding all those whose lives, judgment, and talent,

are wholly attendant upon it, and whose integrity is the only mantle they can throw around themselves, whose professional life must, of necessity, be above suspicion, bears rather the seal of ignorant fanaticism, than of moral advocacy. Thus says the profound theologician:—

"In nine cases out of ten, there is too much reason to believe that the issue depends on the interest the jockeys have in it, rather than on the fleetness of the horses. Animals, whose strength and speed are unquestionable, frequently lose races; while those of inferior qualities carry off the prize."

Learned philosopher! I fear he arose with jaundiced eyes, and saw every thing *green*. Poor animals then are not allowed to be troubled with disease, nor must they ever tire, or feel the effects of a clipping race, but must, according to the dictum of this scribbling pedant, be like a clock, always ready to go the same pace and distance day after day.—Admirable logic!

I took then some pains to learn what was the ebb and flow of the racing tide, and to feel if this genius wrote the sentiments of a body of men renowned for adventure and industry. My friend replied by thrusting the racing bill of fare into my hand:—"There (said he) look at that. Why that fellow (he added) actually wrote a full column in praise of racing but t'other day!" Now, is it really so, Mr. Editor? Perhaps he has lost his half crown, or does he let out his columns at so much per inch *superficial*, and so protect the morals of his friends, establish his own reputation, and pocket the winnings into the bargain.

Perhaps you will tell us somewhat about this wholesale slanderer, this plural nondescript; and it will serve for chat over your entertaining magazine, which has found its way to Hedgeford, as it will to every sporting table in *Albion*.

Yours, &c.

BILLY LEAR, JUN.

## ANECDOTES of DOGS.

Lexington, Ky, Dec. 27, 1832.

SIR,

The character of the dog, has, in all ages, formed a favourite topic for the orator and poet, no less than the sportsman. His sagacity, loyalty, courage, and magnanimity, with the meeker qualities of gratitude and humility, have furnished examples from which his proud master might have derived eminent edification. From the faithful dog of Sabinus, who alone, of all his friends, ventured to remain by the mutilated body of his proscribed master, and who, finally, when that dishonoured body was cast into the Tiber, embraced and sank with it—down to the trusty attendant of the poor sweep, in our own age, who died beneath the cart wheel in defending his master's blanket, this fine animal has continued to contribute to the comfort, assistance, and pleasure of man. To occupy a page or two in your Magazine, should worthier matter not be at hand, with some testimony corroborative of the *reflecting* and *distinguishing* powers of this noble brute (does he deserve such a name?) will not, I am certain, be distasteful to you, nor, I should hope, unacceptable to your readers.

As in all other histories, there has, no doubt, in that of the dog been much fabulous matter palmed on the public. The incidents I am about to record, though containing nothing of the wonderful, are certainly interesting, and have the great recommendation of truth:

"Quorum magna pars fui."

TRIM.—An acquaintance presented to Mrs. D. of M——, a young Newfoundland dog, who bore the above name. Owing to the professional engagements of his master, or his disinclination to every thing connected with field sports, Trim had received no training. He led a quiet idle life; nor deer, rabbit, duck, racoon, nor any other flesh or fowl, *feræ naturæ*, were ever disturbed in their haunts by him. He gamboled with the children, black and white; and his excellent temper made him a favourite with all. His strong

points of character were developed by mere accident. Mr. D. had declined the practice of the law for the occupation of a planter; but, in settling his old business, was occasionally absent on distant circuits.

Trim's usual dormitory was a huge cotton basket, well strewed with cotton in the seed, and placed upon the gallery of the dwelling. From this comfortable birth, he was never known to wander during the season of repose. Extremely regular and inert in his habits, he retired early, and left the protection of the premises to Lion, Tiger, Spot, and the host of "curs of high and low degree," infesting every southern quarter.

The first night of the absence of her husband, Mrs. D. heard some noise at her bed-room door, and rose for the purpose of ascertaining the cause. She was surprised, on opening it, to be greeted by Trim, who raised his huge bulk, and wagged his shaggy tail, as a salute to his mistress, and again stretched himself on the floor. She thought it singular that he should have left his snug basket, and chosen the hard boards to rest upon; but paid no further attention to the matter, and retired. The next night she was again startled by something in the entry, and, on going to the door, discovered Mr. Trim preparing himself for his night's rest. This was inexplicable. The next day strict examination was made of his basket, to discover if any thing had occurred to disgust him with it; but all appeared dry, warm, and comfortable. Trim, nevertheless, continued to occupy his new station. On one occasion, about midnight, Mrs. D. requiring a servant, rang the bell, or gave the usual signal for her appearance; and the slave, as customary, came directly to the chamber door. Here she was met by honest Trim, who, with a low growl, rose up, erected his tail and hair, exhibiting such demonstrations of hostility as to alarm and astonish the Ethiopian.

"Fo, God, Tim, you gwine top Dinah! Who gib you con eake, I wunner! high! Poo Tim!"

But Trim was inexorable. Dinah went on: "Dis pooty tory fir true?" Trim showed his teeth.—"Who you grin at, eh! You ugly brack devil! Here, Missy, I no can come in; dis Tim take up all de doar."

And so it was; for when Dinah's mistress reached the door, to inquire into this fracas, there was Trim; his back up—his fiery eyes fixed on Dinah's feet; his otherwise pendulous chaps contracted to rigid and sinewy lines, forming a sable foil to a double row of ivory—sharp, strong, and formidable as a wolf-trap. So soon, however, as he saw his mistress, and understood from circumstances that Dinah was to be admitted, he put on his best humoured looks, and, with one or two gambols that shook the floor, relinquished the contest. Such, however, was the ceremony he established; and, up to the period of his master's return, any servant desirous of entering his mistress's chamber, after usual bed time, was called to a halt by the centinel, and there detained until regularly passed. All the incidents, as detailed, were related to Mr. D. on his reaching home; and feeling some curiosity on the subject, rose during the night, to see how the dog had disposed himself; but Trim deserted his post. He then threw on his cloak, directed his steps to the gallery, and found the late vigilant guard snugly ensconced in his comfortable basket of warm cotton, and all his cares buried in the soundest slumbers. Several subsequent investigations were attended with like results. In fine, while the husband remained at home, Trim, fond of his ease, and relieved from all anxiety, rolled himself in the cotton, and snored soundly; but so soon as his master mounted for a journey, this faithful friend resumed his vigil over the wife, and, without her permit, peril and pain awaited the adventurous foot that approached the sacred chamber.

Is any comment necessary? Or is it not apparent, that this gallant dog, perceiving the comparatively defenceless situation of his mistress, in the absence of her husband, assumed the responsibility of a protector? and that, upon his return, he was aware that such

a duty was no longer necessary? By what name, then, would the moral philosopher distinguish such impulses in an animal totally undisciplined? Instinct, as we are taught to believe, is uniform. It is evinced by the bird in building its nest, or in defending its young. Reason is said to reflect, and from certain premises to deduce certain inferences. Acting upon occasion, it must necessarily be governed by circumstances. It would startle a schoolman to assert that Trim was a *logician*; but it would puzzle him, I imagine, to define, in the incidents detailed, the limit between instinct and ratiocination.

CARLOS.—Most dogs (I mean highly bred dogs)—have an antipathy to persons of shabby appearance: beggars, vagabonds, ill dressed negroes, "*et ia omne genus.*" Carlos, the subject of this notice, was a pointer of the purest blood and high training, and possessed this prejudice in a remarkable degree. On the other hand, like many other worldly-minded animals, he paid great respect to a prepossessing exterior; and a well-dressed visiter was always received by him with respect and good humour: I would have said with *smiles*, if I thought that none but sportsmen would see these anecdotes; for what sportsman has not seen the smile of his noble dog, when he takes down his gun on a fine day in October? or his *frown*, if compelled to remain at home, and see his master depart with more favoured companions, for sports of which, alas! he was not to partake? This is, however, somewhat of a digression; but it is all for the information of cockney readers, and to put them upon their guard, lest they may perchance happen to laugh when they hear an old sportsman talk of his dog's smiles.

But to return to our story. The likes and dislikes, of which we have spoken, are very common; but for a dog to select from a number of individuals, male and female, all alike strangers, a particular lady, to whom to devote himself, from whom he had never received caress or notice, who for a long time supposed that his attendance was merely accidental, and of course never "returned his love," must

be admitted to be a little extraordinary. But so it was.—Among our casual visitors, who were numerous, was a lady, for whom Carlos formed this remarkable attachment; and, for the honour of the dog, it must be stated, that her personal attractions were by no means ordinary. An agreeable face, a fine figure and graceful carriage, certainly distinguished her. She was a favourite from the first visit; and whenever she appeared, her admirer would exhibit his satisfaction and joy by the most extravagant gambols. He received her at the gate, accompanied her to the door, and when she took leave, would watch her until she disappeared. He then began to escort her home, or to accompany her in subsequent visits. He waited patiently in the street till all these were accomplished, and never left her until he saw her safely at home. He, however, could not be persuaded to enter the house; but so soon as she opened the door, he parted from her, with evident reluctance, and returned home.

All these incidents the favoured lady related to me; and stated, moreover, that, until she could not avoid perceiving this singular attachment, she had never even spoken to her admirer, and that with her family (for she was a married lady) Carlos had never made any acquaintance. Indeed, I have already mentioned that he never

entered her house. His usual habits render all this still more extraordinary. He was no wanderer. There were several ladies and children in the house, yet Carlos never put himself to the trouble of accompanying them; and, except to follow his master to the field, until the attachment just detailed, he scarcely ever left home. It is evident that this partiality was not governed by ordinary causes; for this animal almost invariably bestows his warmest affection upon those who feed him, hunt with him, and make a companion and pet of him. The delicate and generous attachment here evinced, could not have been influenced by any of these selfish motives. How, then, is the problem to be solved? I leave it, with the case of Trim, to the philosophers, merely stating facts. In man, such impulses would be called reason, reflection, taste, discrimination. I am satisfied of the truth of the assertion, with which I am about to conclude (I fear) too long a communication, and perhaps a very dull one; which is, that Carlos was a most gallant fellow, and an admirer of female loveliness.

With the best wishes for the success of your Magazine,

I am, very respectfully, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ACTÆON.

—*Amer. Turf Reg.*

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## HORSEMANSHIP.

(Continued from No. 7, page 65.)

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### SHOEING.

Nature never intended that the foot of the horse should be bound with a rim of iron; but as this beautiful quadruped has been taken from his native wilds, reduced to subjection by man, compelled to receive education, and has become, in fact, a semi-domestic; so, it may be remarked, that this change from the state of pristine nature to an artificial system of existence, necessarily introduced artificial accompaniments—hence the horse shoe.

In some countries, where the horse is rendered as domestic as possible (as in Arabia, for instance) shoes are not used; but if these horses were brought to this country, our hard paved roads



would render the shoe indispensable. Therefore, since shoes are absolutely requisite where the roads are hard, the object of consideration is, to ascertain, if possible, that form of shoe best calculated for the purpose, and the most correct mode of applying it to the foot:—no very easy task certainly. Various *alterations* have at times, been made in the form of the shoe, which have been called *improvements* by the inventors, and which have acquired strenuous advocates; whose utmost exertions, however, were unable to support their evanescent pretensions; they have been laid aside for the most part, if not altogether forgotten. Yet, it must be admitted, that if the form of the shoe has experienced no very great or striking alteration of late years, the mode of applying it to the foot is much improved.

Without, therefore, entering into a detailed account of the various alterations of the horse shoe, I shall notice the general principles of shoeing, leaving particular cases to the reflection and good sense of the groom and the shoeing smith.

I would lay it down as a general rule, in applying the shoe, to pare the foot as little as possible, from which, however, deviations must occur:—as, for instance, where the foot is deep and the sole hollow, the crust is generally thick and strong, and will of course allow of more paring than a broad thin foot. But no absolute rule can be laid down, as to how far this paring is to be carried: each foot should be treated according to its degree of strength, weakness, brittleness, &c.

As in the action of the horse, the *frog* was intended by nature to touch the ground, if it be disabled by too much paring from doing this—if it thus be deprived of its natural action—the tendon becomes elongated, lameness perhaps produced, and not unfrequently windgalls.

The *bars* should not be scooped out, as is too commonly the practice among smiths; because, in conjunction with the frog, they are intended to keep open and defend the hinder part of the foot.

Diseases of the feet are frequently caused by improper shoeing, as many of the modern smiths treat all kinds of feet in the same manner, and will frequently remove more from a weak footed horse than nature can re-supply for some months, when lameness can scarcely fail to follow. If a strong footed horse, with a narrow and contracted heel, be placed in the hands of one of these men, under the pretence of giving the horse ease, the bar is scooped out, the frog pared, and the sole drawn as thin as possible:—a kind of treatment calculated to produce lameness, or confirm it if previously contracted.

Generally speaking, the shoe should stand wider at the points of the heel than the foot itself; or, as the foot grows, the heel of the shoe becomes imbedded in the foot of the horse, which will be

likely to break the crust, produce lameness or a corn. The foot should be kept short at the toe; as if left too long, the foot becomes thin and weak, and the heels low, whereby the flexor tendons of the leg are strained; whilst a short toe has a tendency to strengthen the foot, and also to keep the heels open and expansive.

In shoeing a thin footed horse, when the toe is cut short, it is advisable to leave it nearly square, merely rounding off the angles with the rasp. No nails should be driven into the hoof more forward than these angles, even in the strongest feet, nor yet so far in general; and by this method, the nourishment that would proceed to the support of the toe descends to the heels, and tends to keep them open. This, however, applies more to the hinder than to the fore feet, because the horn is always thicker at the toe before than behind; while the quarters are even thicker of horn behind than before, by reason of the wearing of the toe being greater behind than before. The heel of the shoe, on strong and narrow heeled horses should be made straight at the extreme points; the form of the shoe thus assisting in the distension of the heels of the horse.

Horses which turn out their toes are apt to *cut*; and on examination, this will be found to arise from the inside heel being lower than the outside heel, which may be remedied by paring down the outside heel if the foot will allow: however, as the heel will seldom allow this sufficiently, the shoe may be made thicker on the inside of the foot, from the heel to the toe, than it is on the outside, taking care that the inner heel of the shoe does not project too much.

Hitherto the observations on shoeing have been general. I now come to the exception:—*horses must be shod short for hunting*.—If the hunter's fore shoes be not short, he will pull them off with his hind feet in jumping, and perhaps lame himself also. His hind shoes should be rounded or bevelled at the toe, to prevent any seriously ill effect which might otherwise arise from an over-reach.

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#### INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CHOICE AND PURCHASE OF A HORSE.

When a horse is exhibited for sale or placed before a purchaser, the *colour* of the animal first meets the eye of the inquisitor; and although I am well aware of the truth of the old adage, that a *good horse cannot be of a bad colour*, yet I cannot help entertaining the opinion that the colour frequently indicates the quality of the horse's constitution and temperament. I readily admit that there are good horses of all colours; and what I allude to, as indicative of the quality of the horse, is not the peculiar colour, but the manner in which it is defined:—thus, whatever the colour

may be, whether grey, brown, or chesnut, if it be strong and very distinctly marked, I think it indicates a good constitution. If, on the contrary, it be faint, or almost evanescent (if such an expression may be allowed) I have generally found the constitution of the horse to correspond: to be weak, feeble, and liable to disease. And, if we reason upon this subject, the principle or hypothesis will be found perfectly consistent with the acknowledged laws of natural philosophy, and the rules of physiological science:—since the weakness of the colour arises from the corresponding weakness of the constitution of the animal, and may be consequently very justly regarded as an indication of the quality of the horse.

The principal colours of the horse are, the bay, the black, the chesnut, the sorrel, the brown, and the grey.

The *bays* are found of a variety of shades, the most beautiful of which, however, is the bright bay, mane and tail black, and black legs. Dark bays have generally their knees and pasterns black; and there are several sorts of bays that have black legs from the knee downwards. Bay, I consider as one of the best colours.

*Black* I regard as one of the worst colours. It is true, when you meet with a horse of a shining jet black, he looks beautiful; but in general black horses are coarse in their coats, a strong indication of inferiority of blood. There are few, if any black Arabian horses:—I never saw one. We do not often observe a black race horse: and those that occasionally make their appearance seldom distinguish themselves. I have had two black hunters, both Irish horses, and both excellent jumpers; but evidently deficient in blood, and on that account, a capital run distressed them very much: it is a fact, that when you take a *pinch* too much out of an inferior bred horse, he does not come round again half so soon as a thorough bred. Nothing like blood—it will beat every thing else. Some black horses have brown muzzles, and are brown on their flanks: these are called black browns: some are of a light colour near their muzzle, and are called mealy mouthed horses; and of this sort are the pigeon eyed horses, which have a white circle round their eyelids. Those black horses that partake of the brown will be generally found the best.

The true *chesnut* is of one colour without any shade or gradation, while the hair of others will be found of three colours, the root light, the middle dark, and the points of a pale brown. Many chesnut horses have their manes and tails nearly the colour of their bodies. Chesnut horses are of various shades or degrees; some are very beautiful; but I have seldom seen a dark chesnut that pleased me. Some chesnuds have white faces; others have flaxen manes and tails: the latter are any thing rather than pleasing in my sight.

The *sorrel* approaches the chesnut: and differs principally in

this, that the colours of the hair are not so distinctly marked as in the chesnut. The hairs of the sorrel are of several colours intermixed, in which the red or fox colour is predominant. Sorrels have generally much white about their legs, with a large blaze in the face perhaps: some bald all over the face.

*Brown* is a colour by no means so beautiful as either the bay or the chesnut. It also has its degrees or shades, some horses being dark, and others light. Brown horses have generally black manes and tails, and also black joints; but they become gradually lighter towards their bellies and flanks, and many are light about their muzzles. A dark dappled brown is beautiful, but not often seen:—I once possessed a light dappled brown horse; his colour was faint: and he, like all horses whose coats are not strongly marked which have fallen under my notice, possessed a delicate constitution, was a bad feeder, and incapable of enduring fatigue.

The *greys* are very much diversified in colour. The dappled greys are very handsome, and so indeed are the silver greys. The iron greys are reckoned hardy. The light plain grey, and the pigeon coloured grey soon become white: as indeed all greys do in process of time, the dark dappled grey and the iron grey keeping their colour longer than any of the rest. The nutmeg greys are handsome; and the flea bitten greys are not without their admirers. I have had, at various periods, several very good greys. The best hunter I ever rode was a flea bitten grey mare.

The *roans* are a mixture of various colours, wherein the white predominates: they have a general resemblance to each other, and yet are much diversified. Those that have a mixture of the bay or nutmeg colour are the handsomest.

The *strawberry* resembles the roan; and, like the sorrel, is frequently accompanied with white on the face and legs.

The *fallow*, the *dun*, and the *cream colour* have a common resemblance. There are many other colours of the horse produced out of the great diversity that are to be met with, which would require endless description, and after all would amount to nothing.

Black legs are preferred to white; the latter being supposed more subject to disease. A correspondence will generally be found between the face and legs in regard to white: where there happens to be much white on the legs, white will be found to predominate on the face also.

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## THE HORSE CONSIDERED AS TO HIS FORM.

Although as far as regards the elegant quadruped under consideration, the term beauty might be abstractedly applied, yet a



trifling investigation of the subject will clearly shew that its general principles are not only applicable to, but strikingly exemplified in, the form of the horse.

If we compare the horse and the cow, we instantly perceive how much more beautiful the former appears : more graceful and more interesting to the eye, and the mind of the spectator, in consequence, is impressed with more pleasing sensations. Whence does this arise ? From the superiority of the form of the one compared with that of the other. Very true ; but such an answer is very unsatisfactory to an inquiring mind ; and it requires a more tangible, a more specific, and a more conclusive, reason before the subject is placed in a state of satisfactory and unqualified conviction.

Regarding beauty of form, therefore, on broad and general principles, we shall find that any animated or inanimate form or thing presents a pleasing appearance precisely in proportion to its possession of what is understood amongst painters by the appellation of the *line of beauty* : it may be more plainly described as a serpentine line, which may be traced by the eye upon all beautiful animals, and which some of them present in great, if not endless, variety. It will easily be perceived that the form of the horse exhibits the serpentine or gently bending line in considerable variety ; while in the cow it can scarcely be traced ; and therefore the former is justly regarded as more beautiful in form than the latter. If two horses are placed before the spectator, the one presenting an ewe neck, and the other with a well raised crest, can any person hesitate for one moment to pronounce which is the most beautiful ? The ewe neck may be said to form the reverse of the line of beauty, and is less pleasing to contemplate than the other, where the gently bending or serpentine line is obviously and boldly defined. The most beautiful horses exhibit the line in question very prominently and in great variety ; while in the more ordinary form it is much less distinguishable, and in some can scarcely be traced. Hence, therefore, I should denominate this system of reasoning upon forms, *the philosophy of beauty*. The figure of the cow, as well as the figure of many other animals, instead of the true serpentine line, presents its ill defined, as well as blunt or obtuse, angles ; appearances which may be regarded in a similar light to discords in music : they afford an opportunity of judging, and of forming a decided and conclusive opinion : nor could we understand half so well, nor appreciate half so highly, the beauty of fine forms, but for the contrast.

Handsome horses will be found to differ in form, which merely amounts to this, that beauty is not confined, but presents itself in great variety. Horses will be found with a great decline or slope of the shoulder, powerful quarters, so far set in, as scarcely to leave room for the saddle between them : such horses will fre-

quently be found long upon the leg. Others will present a great length of carcase and shorter legs. And, although horses exhibit one general appearance, yet, if we are to descend to minute particulars, the ramifications of form would become infinite. It must be admitted, however, that there is a standard of form, which though presenting trifling variations, is, nevertheless superior to every other; and if I were asked to point out one of the finest figures of a horse (if not the very finest) that ever came before me, I should instance *Lottery*. This horse was bred by Mr. Watt, of Bishop Burton, Yorkshire, and was originally called *Tinker*. His running could never be depended on, owing to his vicious temper, and hence his name was changed to *Lottery*. His powers as a racer, I am of opinion, were superior to those of any other horse which ever appeared on the turf; but, his running was always rendered doubtful, owing to his temper.

*Speed* may be regarded as expressive of *strength*, since all animals remarkable for swiftness of progressive motion are equally so for that tendonous or sinewy development which constitutes the basis of extraordinary force. Nor can it be otherwise; for, if we reason by comparison, great speed can alone be acquired from great strength. Of all animals, there is none which exhibits so striking an exemplification of what has been just stated as the *hare*. This animal is remarkable for great declination of shoulder, for depth of chest, for breadth of loins, for widely-spread, strong quarters, and length of hind leg; a conformation which gives her greater speed than any other quadruped in creation! We must speak by comparison; and when the size of the hare is taken into consideration, she far outstrips all competition. It is true, there may be found greyhounds a trifle fleetier than the hare: but, then, they are twice or three times longer, or more. And if we regard the greyhound, we shall find that he possesses the low-dropping chest and a form similar to the hare, but not in such great and even amazing perfection. The same observations are applicable to the antelope, the deer, and indeed to all swift quadrupeds; and, if we are anxious for speed in the horse, in selecting him, let us not forget the form just described; which it is very evident produces the greatest speed, and the greatest strength also—the hare being the strongest, as well as the swiftest, of all quadrupeds.

A horse intended for hunting should be strong and well bred (if thorough-bred so much the better); his shoulders should be well sloped; his chest low; his arms long and powerful, short from the knee to ground; his carcase or barrel round, deep ribbed, strong loins, and widely spread powerful quarters; low dropping strong thighs: if his sinews or tendons be large, strong and well defined, he can scarcely fail to have sufficient bone.

Such a form, it may justly be said, cannot fail for any purpose; hackneys or roadsters, however, are preferred which exhibit more

of the cob figure, inasmuch, as they are supposed to be capable of enduring more fatigue; but the notion is erroneous; as the form for strength and speed, is completely mechanical, it follows, as a matter of course, that the nicest and the most complete adjustment of the parts cannot fail to produce the strongest, the fleetest, and the most perfect action; and which consequently will continue to operate for the greatest length of time.

In the purchase of a horse an inspection becomes necessary; and if the purchaser does not possess some knowledge of the business, I would strongly advise him to have recourse to the advice of a friend. Considerable practical experience is indispensably necessary before a good judgment can be given of a horse. Horse dealing in the hands of many unprincipled vagabonds, in various parts of the country, is a regularly organized system of swindling and robbery.

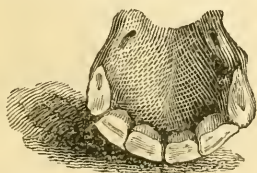
In preference to having the horse brought out of the stable, in the first instance, I would examine him in the stall. Let the groom stand at his head. Look at or into his eyes. If the pupil be considerably distended, and on coming to the light contracts and looks clear, so that you can see into it, or your own shadow reflected, the sight is good.\* Pass your hands down his fore legs by which you will ascertain if there be any splents upon them, or puffiness or windgalls about the lower part of them, and that the back tendon is strong and well defined, allowing you to feel your thumb and finger between it and the bone. Take up his foot to see that it is well formed, the heels open, and the wall thick, strong and upright. Cast your eye down his back, by which you will be enabled to observe his loins; then let him be brought out. Stop him as he is about to leave the stable, just as his head is protruded so that the light falls into the eyes: you will thus observe if the pupil contracts, as also if the eye is clear and transparent. When the horse is completely out of the stable, let the groom hold him quite still, that you may have a deliberate view or survey of his form:—that you may see if his head be handsome and well set on—that is not boring out, but dropping handsomely from the end of his neck. You will also observe the form of his neck and withers; that the former is well formed and comes handsomely from the body; the latter well raised. His carcase round; his chest

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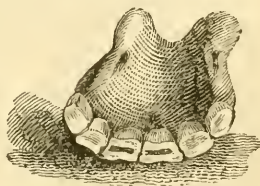
\* There is a disease of the eyes called *gutta serena*, which causes blindness, yet the eyes look clear. In fact, when the horse is afflicted with *gutta serena*, his eyes assume a clear glassy appearance; the pupil being much dilated, without the power of contraction. This may deceive an indifferent judge, or an inexperienced person; but on a close and judicious inspection, this clearness will be found a vacant stare, in which the eye seems immovable; and it is probable that in some of these cases, the animal is not totally blind, though quite incapable of distinguishing objects. Cases of trifling cataract are not easily perceived unless by an old practitioner.

deep and broad ; his arms powerful and long ; leg short from the knee ; knees not broken ; fetlock not too much bent. Observe his quarters ; wide spreading ; thighs muscular and low ; fillets broad ; his hocks free from capulet (capped hock) curbs, or blemish ; his hind legs free from spavins, windgalls, or other diseases or blemishes, clear and free from gumminess. Then see him move or go. If his action be quick, distinct, and good, mount him, ride him a mile or two ; and if you become satisfied that the horse will answer your purpose, purchase him if the price happen to suit. Riding him a mile or two will enable you to ascertain if he be afflicted with piping, whistling, roaring, broken wind, &c.

I have yet said nothing respecting his age. I prefer purchasing a horse seven or eight years old to one younger, unless I know in what manner he has been treated from early life. If he has been subjected to severe labour or harsh treatment or both, he is thus rendered much more susceptible of disease ; and although a horse may exhibit every appearance of soundness at four or five years old, if he has been used in the manner just mentioned—if he has been unreasonably and unnaturally strained by exertion at so early a period, the ill effects of such treatment will be very likely to shew themselves in splents, in curbs, in spavins, founder, roaring, broken wind, &c. And on this account the greater part of the Irish horses are to be regarded with suspicion :—few of them are without blemish. If, on the contrary, a horse has been well and kindly treated from early life, he may be purchased at the age of four or five without any extraordinary risk. When, however, a horse has reached eight years old, free from any serious disease or blemish, he is less liable to splents, curbs, spavins, roaring, &c. than he was before he had attained maturity ; he will also have acquired a knowledge of his business. The age of a horse may be ascertained by the appearance of his teeth until he reaches his sixth or seventh year, and those who practise it will be able to form a satisfactory opinion for some years afterwards. As the horse becomes old, his teeth increase in length ; and various tricks are played to alter their appearance to suit the sinister views of designing horse dealers, none of which, however, can deceive a well experienced eye. For those unacquainted with the mark of the mouth the following cuts will be found useful, and will convey more information to the mind at a single glance, than many pages of description :

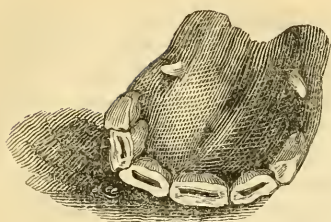


TWO YEARS AND A HALF.

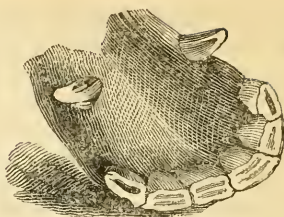


RISING THREE YEARS.

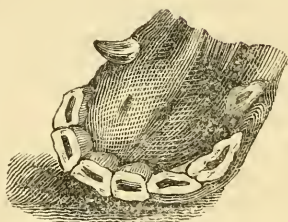




FOUR YEARS.



FIVE YEARS.



SEVEN YEARS.

When a horse becomes very old, it may be ascertained that he is so by his becoming less elastic to the touch, however good his condition may be. Also, if you feel the joints of his tail, a space between each will be plainly perceptible, if the horse be very old; whereas in a young horse, the joints can scarcely be felt; and an opinion may thus be formed of the animal's age according to the closeness or otherwise of these joints or separations.

The hollowness above the eye is no absolute criterion of the age of the horse, as it is found in many horses at an early period of life.

Horse dealers resort to various stratagems for the purpose of furthering their views. If a horse be lame on one foot they will lame the other, in order to prevent the lameness being observed; and by the administration of fat bacon, they can prevent the noise emitted by the roarer for some hours. Figging is a disgusting practice; and, wherever you observe a horse dealer make use of it and keep the animal prancing or in motion by the application of the whip, you may reasonably suspect deception.—Horse dealers of character never resort to such practices; but amongst all the lower grade of this suspicious profession, nothing is more common.

Amongst other tricks resorted to by swindling horse dealers is that of *bishopping*, an operation performed on the mouths of horses, with a view of making them appear young when the natural marks have become obliterated.

The front teeth in young horses meet exactly in a line perpendicularly to each other. As the horse grows older these teeth

assume a more horizontal direction, the upper teeth projecting very considerably over the lower; at the same time the upper corner tooth forms a curve over the lower corner tooth. He therefore forms an artificial cavity in the head of the corner teeth with an engraving tool, and by burning it with a hot iron gives it a black appearance, quite sufficient to deceive an inexperienced person; but which is easily detected by those who understand the business; for, although the dealer may make these marks in the corner teeth, he cannot alter their horizontal direction, nor restore them to that perpendicular approximation so remarkable at an early period of life. Neither can he re-produce the ridges of the roof of the mouth, nor furnish the teeth with their original concavity. But as it suits dealers at times to make an old horse appear young, so, at others, he is anxious to make a young horse appear somewhat older. It is very well known that a horse is more saleable at five years old than at four, and therefore the dealer attempts to produce the mark of an additional year, by drawing the corner teeth before the natural period of their dropping out. The bars of the mouth are also cut, to let the tushes protrude prematurely. But all this is insufficient to deceive the eye of experience, though the cheat may succeed with others; for, although the corner teeth are removed, and the appearance of the tushes accelerated, yet the animal has not attained his fifth year till the corner teeth, both of the upper and lower jaw, are complete, and the marks of the middle teeth begin to fill up. The tushes also should rise considerably above the jaw.

It is difficult to ascertain the precise age of crib biters, and horses whose teeth are extremely hard: the former lose the marks of their teeth before the usual period, the latter retain them long after seven years. In examining a horse's mouth, it is advisable to observe both sides of it, as a considerable difference frequently occurs from the mastication of the food being performed on one side of the mouth only; in which case, the teeth on that side will have made the greater progress in alteration.

As a horse becomes old, grey hairs appear on the forehead, and the lower part of the mouth, the lips present a lean and shrivelled appearance, the lower lip hanging considerably below the upper lip. The ears also drop laterally.

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## BRIDLES, SADDLES, &c.

The principal part of the bridle which demands notice in this place is the bit, which varies in form, but which only forms two complete divisions, which are generally designated the snaffle and the curb. Bits have at various times undergone alterations, and

hence have received the appellations of the Pelham bit, the Pembroke bit, the Weymouth bit, the Hard and Sharp, the Portsmouth, the Chifney, the Cannon, &c.

Strictly speaking, there are but two kinds of bits; yet, such is their construction, that mildness or severity may be produced in their operation. The mildest is the colt's bit, which is made large and smooth in that part which compresses the lip against the bars: the larger the mouth piece of the bit, the milder its operation; and the colt's bit is rendered still milder by the centre of the mouth piece being united with a ring, by which the pressure becomes less severe. There is usually to a colt's bit a flat triangular piece of iron fixed to the ring, and three or four drops suspended from it, for the purpose of stimulating the tongue to move, by which means the mouth is kept cool and refreshed; and if the mouth is suffered to become dry and hot, numbness and insensibility ensue. The cheeks to this bit, and indeed to all snaffles should be six inches long; and the eye (to which the head stalls are reins are affixed) sufficiently large to admit of strong reins working freely.

The common plain snaffle, the mouth piece of which is generally about the thickness of one's finger is so well known as scarcely to require a description. Some variation in the power of this bit may be produced by the length and thinness of the mouth piece, which renders it sharper; when thick and short it is mild. A twisted snaffle is more severe than a smooth snaffle; and the deeper and thinner the twist, the sharper the operation becomes.

The bridoon is a snaffle without the cheek piece, and is only used with another bit, where cheek pieces would be an incumbrance. The bit should be placed in the horse's mouth, so as not to wrinkle the corners, or otherwise cause pain to the animal: it cannot be placed too low as long as the horse cannot get it over his tushes.

What strictly speaking is called the bit may be thus divided, the mouth piece, curb, curb hook, chain, cheeks, and branches. The mouth piece is the part which is placed in the mouth of the horse, the length of which is usually about five inches and round, the ends of which should rest on the bars of the mouth, and the middle form a cavity in which the tongue may be easy. The cheeks are the parts above the mouth piece on each side the jaw; the branches are the lower parts, upon which the power of the bit mainly depends, its power increasing according to the length of them. The curb chain is constructed so as to lie smooth and flat under the jaw.

The bridge of the mouth piece, I would not recommend to be high; as, if so, the horse must be rendered uncomfortable. The Portsmouth bits were invented for the purpose of forcing the horse's jaws open, by which it was supposed a runaway horse was more easily held.

The bit and bridoon are generally used together, and form what may be called the double bridle.

The *saddle*.—This instrument may be considered as convenient to the horse as it is to his rider: it enables the latter to carry his burden with ease and comfort to himself, while it renders the seat of the former secure, easy, and pleasant.

The fitting of the saddle contributes greatly to the ease both of the horse and his rider; and for a saddle to fit well, the bearing should be equal that it is intended it should touch; and the closer it comes down, so that neither the weight of the rider, nor the settling of the pannel, can bring it to injure the withers or chine, the better.

Cruppers have, generally speaking, been laid aside, and very properly so, except in breaking, where they are necessary: breast plates are rendered necessary in hunting, as well as on the course. Deep chested horses, in high condition, require breast plates, particularly in climbing hills.

The *stirrup*.—Having repeatedly noticed the stirrup in the course of the work, I shall merely remark, in this place, that the spring or drop stirrup renders it impossible for the foot to be entangled in it in case of a fall, is equally pleasant for general use, and therefore preferable.

The *martingale* is used for the purpose of preventing the horse from carrying his head too high. The head of the horse may be pulled down by means of the martingale; but, take it off, and the horse throws his head up immediately. To be of any use in this respect, the horse must be constantly ridden on it; and should he trip or stumble, if the rider attempt to assist him, as in ordinary cases, he can scarcely fail to throw him down, since he thus deprives the animal of the power of recovering himself.—In hunting, I consider the use of the martingale as pregnant with danger. If a horse be deprived of the free and natural use of his head, he cannot go through heavy ground without extraordinary distress, nor can he take his jumps with ease and freedom.

A lady's saddle should be fitted to the horse with the greatest exactness possible, as the manner in which a female sits on horseback cannot fail to give the saddle an inclination to the near side, and the horse must consequently suffer if there be not a correspondence in the saddle. The pommel should come down as close to the withers as possible so as not to touch when pressed by the weight of the rider: and ladies' saddles, when properly made and properly fitted to the horse will not require cruppers; but the girths should be crossed from the hind part of the saddle to the front, by which the saddle will be kept more steady: or a strap from the hind part of the saddle to the fore girth on the off side, may prevent the saddle from twisting to the near side.



## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

I have repeatedly observed, during the course of the preceding pages, that the horse is the most elegant quadruped in nature; with equal truth, it may be further remarked, that he is the most useful also: and although infinitely inferior to the dog in point of sagacity, yet, like that animal, he possesses the extraordinary faculty of finding his way home through a thousand intricate turnings and windings. Ride a horse a hundred miles from home, on a road which he has never seen before, and he will not fail to find his road home, without a single mistake, if allowed to obey the dictates of his own sagacity. Some years ago, I rode from Bowes in Yorkshire to the village of Weardale in Durham, the distance about thirty miles, and a considerable part of the way across moorlands, where the road or path was very ill-defined; to say nothing of the endless turnings and twistings of the bye lanes along which we passed, and which rendered almost continual inquiry indispensably necessary, the road being perfectly unknown to me as well as to the animal which carried me. I was accompanied by a friend, like myself, entirely unacquainted with the road, and both of us mounted on ponies.

Utterly strangers to the road, we had to inquire of almost every person we met, and consequently proceeded slowly: but we thus never mistook our course.

After remaining for several days at Weardale, we set out on our return for Bowes; and trusting to the guidance of our ponies, continued our route without the least interruption, till we had accomplished about half the distance; when we came to a crossing where several roads were presented, one of which was unhesitatingly taken by our ponies, which we conceived must be wrong: and we therefore turned them about, and took another direction. The ponies testified reluctance, and it so happened that we had gone three quarters of a mile before we had an opportunity of making the requisite inquiry—when to our regret we found, that we must retrace our steps, and take the very road along which the ponies would have proceeded!

Whence the horse derives the faculty of finding his way home through all intricacies is not known, though it is evident, it must result from a sort of memory—a species of recognition which Phrenologists would perhaps denominate “*individuality*,” and which in fact is common to quadrupeds; but unknown to, or not possessed by, human nature—at least in a state of civilization; although something of the kind seems to be demonstrated by savages, and particularly by the Indians of North America.

It will generally be found, that horses with large wide fore-

heads are good tempered; on the contrary, where the forehead happens to be narrow and small, the animal will manifest a vicious disposition.

Some horses are alarmed at passing over wooden bridges, particularly those which swing across canals; on which occasions they should be soothed and coaxed; and if they still refuse to go over, the rider should dismount and lead the animal, as the horse will probably follow him; if there be another horse in company that will pass over, the alarmed horse will seldom fail to follow. On occasions like these, the whip and spur should not be used: coaxing will allay the fears of the horse, and by a little practice, his alarm will subside altogether.

In cases of fire, horses become so alarmed that it is difficult to get them out of the stable; and it has sometimes happened, that horses have been burned to death under such circumstances. The best plan on such occasions, is to place a bandage over their eyes and back them out, if they will not lead. If the horse happens to be in a loose box, or in such a situation as will allow of his being turned about—if, after the bandage be placed over his eyes, he be turned several times round, he will be easily led away. Where there is not time or opportunity for bandaging the horse's eyes, let two men place each a hand over his eyes, and back him out.

A horse would seem to possess a sort of superstitious fear, which is strikingly exemplified in passing along narrow gloomy lanes, amidst the darkness of night; on which occasions, they will start at shadows, snort, and testify symptoms of supernatural dread, in a manner too evident to be mistaken.

Some horses are inclined to lie down, when ridden into water, for the prevention of which the following methods are recommended by some of those sapient gentlemen who have written on the subject, and amongst the rest by Berringer, who very seriously tells us, that the rider should be provided with a flask of water, and at the moment the horse is about to lie down, the flask should be broken on his head that the water may run into his ears! Or the rider may provide himself with two bullets, with a hole drilled through each to suspend them by a piece of twine, and when the horse attempts to lie down, to drop the bullets into his ears!!! It is really astonishing how such outrageous nonsense could enter the head of any human being; but, indeed, after what has lately appeared from the pen of that inexhaustible scribbler, Mr. John Lawrence, upon the subject of horsemanship, and horses, we ought to be surprised at no absurdity whatever! As to remedy for the propensity in question, what can be so effectual and so obvious as the whip or the spur or both. Moreover, if I suspected he would be likely to play such a trick, I would hold his head well up, and apply the spur if necessary.

In riding down hills, let it be recollected that the horse should

assume a corresponding declivity, and for that purpose he should be allowed the use of his head to the necessary extent, or he cannot accomplish the object. I am aware that, in such a position, the horse's head will appear at a great distance, a circumstance which might alarm a timid rider from an idea that the horse was about to fall: he therefore pulls up the horse's head as high as he can, and in consequence the horse is rendered incapable of placing his fore feet firmly on the ground, and is therefore very liable to fall. The horse should have his head freely in going down hill (as well as upon level ground) by which he will take a corresponding declivity, the rider's body being perpendicular: and if any suspicion be entertained of the safety of the horse's going, a watchful or ready hand may be kept upon him.

A friend, a few weeks ago, asked me what was meant by the word *condition*, as applied to the horse? And my reply was, that the condition must be understood according to circumstances, since a horse may be sufficiently in condition for slow work, but yet not able to maintain *the pace*.—Leaving the condition of the racer out of the question (many of which are overtrained) a hunter, to be in perfect condition, should have as much muscle as possible placed on his bone by good keep, which muscle should be quite divested of fat, and rendered elastic, firm, and hard by exercise and friction: or, in other words, by good grooming. This being the state of the muscle, the tendon cannot be wrong; on the muscle and tendon mainly depend the speed and strength of the horse, as I have observed in the preceding pages of this book.

It can scarcely have escaped the notice of those familiar with the subject, that the thorough-bred horse, after having experienced several removes from the original Arabian, loses that light, elastic, deer-like action for which the latter is so remarkable, and which indeed renders his mode of going so extremely beautiful. It will be very perceptible in the immediate descendants of the Arabian: but, in a few removes, it becomes extinct, and in its place is substituted a tremendous length of stride, which raised the English thorough-bred horse far superior to every competitor. If with this length of stride, the true Arabian action could be preserved, the English courser might be regarded as the very perfection of the horse. The Arabian horses which have hitherto made their appearance in this country have been small, and therefore in order to reach the stride of the English racer, several removes have generally been found necessary before the requisite size and length could be obtained, and in this process, as I have already observed, the true Arabian action has been lost.

Let us hear what Bruce, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, says upon the subject:—

“At Halfaia (says he) begins that noble race of horses justly celebrated all over the world. They are the breed that was intro-



duced here at the Saracen conquests, and have been preserved unmixed to this day. They seem to be a distinct animal from the Arabian horse, such as I have seen in the plains of Arabia Deserta, south of Palmyra and Damascus, where I take the most excellent of the Arabian breed to be, in the tribes of Mowalli and Amecy, which is about lat. 36 deg. ; whilst Dongola, and the dry country near it, seem to be the centre of excellence for this noble animal.

“ What figure the Nubian breed of horses would make, in point of fleetness, is very doubtful, their make being so entirely different from that of the Arabian; but if beautiful and symmetrical parts, great size and strength, the most agile, nervous and elastic movements, great endurance of fatigue, docility of temper, and seeming attachment to man beyond any other domestic animal, can promise any thing for a stallion, the Nubian is, above all comparison, the most eligible in the world. Few men have seen more horses, or more of the different places where they are excellent, than I have, and no one ever more delighted in them, as far as the manly exercise went. What these may produce for the turf is what I cannot so much as guess; as there is not, I believe in the world, one more indifferent to, or ignorant of, that amusement than I am. The experiment would be worth trying in any point of view: the expense would not be great.

“ All noble horses in Nubia are said to be descended from one of the five upon which Mahomet and his four immediate successors fled from Mecca to Medina on the night of the Hegira. The horses of Halfaia and Gherri are rather smaller than those of Dongola, few of which are less than sixteen hands.”

All the Arabians which have fallen under my observation have been little horses, and that this is generally the case with those imported into this country is beyond all question; and in consequence, whenever the pure original blood has been re-introduced, it has required several removes before that length and stride could be produced for which our racers are so very remarkable. Hence we clearly perceive the reason why the immediate produce of the little Arab and an English racer cannot compete with his long-striding rival; and on this account therefore the Arab has sunk in the estimation of breeders.

However, I have uniformly noticed in the immediate descendants of the real Arab, that light, bounding, deer-like action which is conspicuous, and indeed a leading characteristic in the original breed; and which evidently decreases the farther we go from the true source, till at length the mode of going becomes clumsy and *lumbering*. Even with some of the horses which appear as racers, this may be noticed; but such horses are seldom successful on the turf: nor can they be, since they substitute strength and stretch for that elastic motion so essential to true running.

Since, then, the little Arab or mountain horse, is objectionable



to the breeder of this country merely from his diminutive figure, the Nubian or horse of Dongola, would form an admirable substitute; as, if we are to place confidence in the accounts of those who profess to have been eye witnesses, with every advantage of size, he possesses all those essential requisites (in a superior degree) which characterise what is called the thorough-bred horse.

It is to the spirit of the emulation on the turf that we are indebted for our prime hunters and hacks; if, therefore, the horse of Nubia be introduced, and our breed of racers thus improved, we may fully expect that our hunters and hacks will experience improvement precisely in the same ratio.

The inhabitants of these islands are evidently superior to those of every other country in the treatment of the horse: but the breeding department is perhaps susceptible of improvement. The introduction of the horse above noticed might effect this to a certain extent; and the judicious selection of individuals would essentially assist in furtherance of the same objects.—In the choice of either stallion or mare, form should be the criterion, since it is of no consequence what blood either may possess if the requisite form be wanting.—From *form* alone, as I have observed in preceding pages, results both strength and speed.

In the rearing of foals and young horses attention is necessary, particularly in regard to the ground or pasture. Hilly dry countries are favourable to young horses: flat and marshy grounds the contrary. Horses reared upon soft, moist, and flat grounds have large (generally flat and thin) feet, since moisture promotes the growth of the horny hoof: further, reared upon grounds of this description, their shoulders become upright from the mode in which they are compelled to feed—bringing the head as low as possible, and thus the shoulder necessarily comes forward. A straight shouldered horse must be unsafe to ride, and cannot be fleet. Horses reared in dry hilly countries have upright hoofs, handsome and good feet: and in consequence of feeding principally by the sides of the hills, their shoulders will assume the declining position so essential to superior action, to safe going, to speed, and indeed to every thing valuable in the horse.

THE END OF THE HORSEMANSHIP.

FOUND ON  
RHAPSODY'S GRAVE.

A favourite Mare, who died from the Effect of violent Medicine.

*(Supposed to have been uttered by the Ghost of the Mare.)*

List! Methought I heard the much lov'd,  
Kind responses of my honour'd master :—  
“My Lady! my fine old Girl!”\* ah! 'tis even so!  
Then, happy Rhapsody! What, then, is  
All the rushing tide of liquid poison,  
That now in cruel triumph drowns  
My ulcerated vitals, in the crude compound,  
And bids me droop my head and die?  
What! though that eye, that oft reflected  
Universal love, in stern Death's  
Cold embrace, sunken, deep, and dim,  
Can scarcely gaze a last adieu to those  
Who have been kind to Rhapsody! Since  
Thou, my patron and my friend, dost witness  
These last sad struggles of expiring youth:  
A splendid victim to adventurous  
Quackery: that poison dire!

What here avails the glittering gem,  
On finger neat, the hair perfumed,  
The coat of lordly cut, and gaudy vest?  
Since head and heart, and all enclosed,  
Is but a huddled mass of avarice  
And pride and ignorance, unblushing, rude, and rough!  
What hast thou accomplished?  
Why! from the high pinnacle  
Of glorious rivalry and proud contention,  
With cruel, barbarous, and unmeasured  
Hand, thou pluckest the noblest heart  
That Nature gives to man's most  
Honour'd animal.

That heart, that spurned nor thong,  
Nor pointed steel, but, dashing, sought  
The goal; with swiftness, grand and peerless,  
Left all compeers far, far behind!

In vain, my honoured lord,  
Wilt thou the void deplore!—In vain  
Wilt thou, my humble but most generous  
Friend,† survey the space, and sigh out  
Thy despair! In vain will he, whose  
Choicest care placed Nature's coat, in silken armour bright,  
On lusty health, bemoan my loss;  
And dream of her, whose beauteous form,  
And swiftness sure and long, and temper  
Fine!—in all, a sun as bright  
As ever shed its rays on manly sport,  
Eclipsed in sudden darkness, and  
In misadventure lost!

\* A favourite expression of the owner. † The Groom.

*To the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet.*

SIR,

As you were so good as to give a place in your magazine to a few remarks I troubled you with last month, I venture to call your attention to an incident which happened to me in September last. Many of your readers will, doubtless, remember that the few last days of the month were among the hottest we had had during the whole summer: on the 28th a friend and I were out partridge shooting, but the scent was so bad and the birds so wild, that we had not picked up above two brace before one o'clock. We had one pointer with us, an excellent, well-bred bitch, which had behaved very well the whole morning: indeed, my friend said he had seldom seen one better broke. After beating some time without getting another shot, we marked down a covey, that had risen wild, into a piece of potatoes. We approached, the covey rose, my friend brought down his bird, but to my great surprise, Juno, instead of being (as usual) steady at the shot, broke away and seizing the bird began mouthing it: as I did not wish her to get into bad habits, I had drawn out my whip intending to punish her, when instantly turning round, she flew at my throat with the utmost ferocity. I was

luckily on my guard, and warded off the first attack easily; but this only increased her rage, and she had flown at me a second and a third time, when, seeing that she was in an absolutely rabid state, I fired at her with my second barrel: she fell, but not quite dead, and lay writhing on the ground, her jaws covered with foam, and shewing even in death the most unequivocal signs of madness. The scarcity of water, and the heat of the weather, were doubtless the causes of this accident: not a drop of water could be found, as all the ditches had been dried up by the extreme heat of the three or four days previous, and the country over which we had been ranging was of a dry and gravelly character.

My friend came up and congratulated me on my lucky escape; but I then made a resolution (which I have ever since kept) *always* to devote an hour or two in the heat of the day, for the purpose of refreshing myself and my dogs: indeed I had usually done so before; but on the occasion in question, my friend was going to leave me the next day, and we were therefore anxious to enjoy as much sport as possible.

Your constant reader,  
April 21st, 1833. SEMIRUSTICUS.

*EAGLE SHOOTING in the ALPS.*

It is matter of common observation that whenever a hawk makes his appearance in a district, he is soon surrounded by a host of small birds, particularly swallows, which dart at him and tease him, for the purpose, as may be supposed, of distracting his attention, on the proverbial principle that "wealth makes wit waver." But whether this be the true cause or not, it is certain that the cuckoo, which, on the wing, bears considerable resemblance to a hawk, is usually accompanied by a similar retinue of small birds wherever it flies. In the North this is so commonly observed, that the cuckoo is popularly believed to be always attended by the *titling* or *pippet* (*Anthus pratensis*,

BECHSTEIN), which, it is further imagined, has been its step-mother and nurse from the egg: this, indeed, is the bird whose nest the cuckoo most frequently selects to deposit the eggs which she so strangely and unnaturally abandons: though it is more probable that it is not on this account, but because she appears to be a hawk, that the pippet and other small birds persecute her.

I had once an opportunity of witnessing an instance of this hostility towards the cuckoo, while observing the proceedings of some of the bank swallows in their populous colony near Charlton in Kent. I perceived a cuckoo flying quietly along, certainly meditating no harm against the swallows, and

not even poaching on their domain by hawking for flies, inasmuch as he prefers a breakfast of caterpillars which the swallows never touch; but the instant he appeared the tocsin was sounded, and every swallow in the colony darted out of the holes to pounce upon the intruder, whom they beat unmercifully, with bill and wing, till they drove him from their boundaries.

A still more general and determined hostility is manifested towards every species of owl, when any of these night marauders accidentally make their appearance by day, or happen to place themselves so as to be observed by the passing birds. In such cases, the first bird which discovers an owl, begins by peeping about him, as if he were one of the seven wonders of the world, and ends in sounding the peculiar note of alarm, that appears to be understood as a universal language, by all species of birds, from the wren to the eagle. This alarm note has the effect of a gathering cry upon every bird within hearing, which immediately troops to the muster, and after peeping, as the first observer had done, at the poor owl, hastens to insult him in every tone of defiance, and even to pounce at him, with intent to follow up the preliminary threats by actual attack and buffeting.

The peeping curiosity, staring wonder, or hostile antipathy, manifested by all day-flying birds towards owls, is taken advantage of on the Continent for several purposes, but for none more interesting than that of eagle-shooting. When the goat-herds on the Alps, therefore, find their flocks diminished, and the chamois-hunters find their sport spoiled by the depredations of an eagle, or a lammer-geyer (*Gypaetus barbatus*, STORR) haunting a particular district, they prepare to lure him to his destruction by means of an owl. The largest species, such as the eagle-owl (*Bubo*

*maximus*, SIBBALD), is always chosen, when it can be procured, for this purpose, the smaller species being less likely to attract the attention of large birds. The owl is chained by the legs to a post in some conspicuous place, so as to be seen at a distance, and a hut of boughs is erected within gun-shot, to conceal the sportsman while he lies in wait for the arrival of his game.

The thrushes, jays, and magpies, in such cases, were usually the first to decry the owl, and give intimation of his presence to the ravens and hawks; the eagles, if there be any in the district, being in most instances the last to arrive. But when they do come, they are no less eager than the smaller birds, to swoop down from the air to gaze at the strange bird, and to threaten him with voice and wing, for intruding himself into daylight. Then is the moment for the sportsman, who is keenly watching the whole proceedings from his concealment, to level his piece, loaded of course with ball, and to bring down the bird of Jove, from what Shakspeare so happily terms "his pride of place."

Were eagles more numerous in this country than they are ever likely to be, this would form an interesting variety in sporting, for those who delight in the exercise—a delight which originates first from the necessary suspense of uncertainty, and is precisely similar to that which induces a young lady to devour the pages of a romance; and secondly, from human sympathy with animal suffering, and is precisely similar to that which makes boys torment flies, which makes people flock to a bear-baiting or an execution, which fills the theatres when a tragedy is to be performed, and which, in a word, is the common and immediate origin of much that is very good, and much that is very bad in human nature.—*F. N. Mag.*

## FOXES.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

I happen to reside in a part of the country where there are no fox covers for many miles, and where foxes

are seldom seen. Nevertheless, a neighbouring farmer who resides at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, missed several ducks during the month of October last; and as an occurrence



of this sort seldom happened in the neighbourhood, it created more conversation than the trifling importance of the subject might at first sight appear to demand. The ducks generally slept by the side of a pond in a field adjoining the house, and therefore the stealing of them was a task of more than ordinary difficulty. When the first duck disappeared, as the suspicions of my neighbour were excited, he set one of his servants to watch the place, supposing the thief would again make his appearance. Night after night, the ducks were watched, by one or other of his people, but no marauder made his appearance: but the guard was no sooner withdrawn than another duck disappeared; and in this manner, several were lost. In this state of things, the matter came to my knowledge; and from several circumstances, I was induced to believe that the mischief had not been committed by a biped. I thought it possible the ducks might have been carried off by some half-starved or mischievous dog; for as I was not aware of a fox being in the neighbourhood, the idea of such a nocturnal depredator had never once entered into my contemplation. Shortly afterwards, I happened to be coursing in the neighbourhood; and in beating an old pit, with a little cock springer, I heard a sort of growling, and immediately a fine fox appeared: she (for it proved to be a bitch fox) was instantly attacked by one of the greyhounds, and a very fierce and sanguinary combat ensued. The battle was fought, for the time it lasted, without any decided advantage on either side; and I feel very doubtful as to the ultimate result had it been suffered to proceed: but the combatants were separated as soon as possible, and with difficulty the fox was secured, and afterwards carried away in a bag. No doubt it was this animal which had made free with my neighbour's ducks. I must confess I was much surprised at the manner in which the fox maintained the conflict, and fought not only desperately, but without disadvantage, though the dog with which she contended was so much her superior in size and weight. The other greyhound declined altogether entering the lists, but became a mere spectator of the

fight, and that too at a respectful distance.

It seems at first surprising, that on the night the ducks were watched, that the fox should not make her appearance. This of course appears very sagacious; and the reason, I apprehend that the fox was enabled thus cunningly to elude her enemy was owing to the excellence of her olfactory organs, she no doubt smelt the person appointed to watch before she came in sight, and was thus enabled to retreat undiscovered. A fox indeed seems always anxious to avoid human observation; he generally skulks by the side of hedges, or similar screens, and is seldom seen in the plain open country. Astonishing instances of sagacity are related of this animal; indeed, his conduct altogether partakes of that craft and cunning for which he has been distinguished in all populous parts of the world where he is known; yet, this peculiarity which distinguishes him from all other quadrupeds has arisen from his long and intimate acquaintance with mankind, but is, nevertheless, evidently the effect of superior instinct or animal reasoning. The fox feels no reluctance in taking up his abode in the immediate vicinity of man, but he uniformly appears solicitous to avoid human observation, at least where a long and familiar acquaintance has taught him a proper respect of human power, and a sort of instinctive dread of human ingenuity. Yet the case is different in those inhospitable regions where man is scarcely ever seen, and which are almost incompatible with human existence, though foxes not only brave their dreary solitudes, but are extremely fruitful, and appear to riot in luxury. Steller has given us an interesting description of those found on Behring's Island, during his unfortunate residence at that place.

"They forced themselves into our habitations (says he) by night as well as by day, stealing all that they could carry off; even things that were of no use to them, as knives, sticks, and clothes.--While employed in stripping an animal of its skin, it has often happened that we could not avoid stabbing two or three foxes from their rapacity in tearing the flesh out of our hands. If, in order to secure it, we put any animal on

the top of a high post in the air, they either dug up the earth at the bottom and thus tumbled the whole down, or one of them climbed up, and, with incredible artifice and dexterity, threw down what was upon it. They watched all our motions, and accompanied us in whatever we were about to do. If the sea threw up an animal of any kind, they devoured it before we could arrive to rescue it from them; and if they could not consume the whole of it at once, they trailed it in portions to the mountains; where they buried it under stones before our eyes, running to and fro so long as any thing remained to be conveyed away. While this was doing others stood on guard and watched us. If they saw any one coming at a distance, the whole troop would combine all at once and begin digging altogether in the sand, till even a white bear in their possession would be so completely buried under the surface that not a trace of it could be seen. In the night time, when we slept in the field, they came and pulled off our nightcaps, and stole our gloves from under our heads, with the beaver coverings and the skins that we lay upon. In consequence of this, we always slept with our clubs in our hands, that, if any awoke us, we might drive them away or knock them down. When we made a halt to rest by the way, they gathered around us and played a thousand tricks in our view; and when we sat still they approached us so near that they gnawed the thongs from our shoes. If we lay down as if intending to sleep, they came and smelt at our noses to find whether we were dead or alive. On our first arrival, they bit off the noses, fingers and toes of our dead while we were preparing the grave, and thronged in such a manner about the infirm and sick, that it was with difficulty we could keep them off. As they would not suffer us to be at rest either by night or day, we became so exasperated against them that we killed them, young and old, and harassed them by every means we could devise. When we awoke in the morning, there always lay two or three that had been knocked on the head the preceding night; and I can safely affirm that, during my stay

upon the island, I killed above two hundred of these animals with my own hands. On the third day after my arrival, I knocked down with a club, within the space of three hours, upwards of seventy of them, and made a covering to my hut with their skins. They were so ravenous, that with one hand we could hold to them a piece of flesh, and with a stick or axe in the other could knock them down.—From all the circumstances that occurred during our stay, it was evident that these animals could never before have been acquainted with mankind; and that the dread of man is not innate in brutes, but must be grounded on long experience.”

In this country, foxes are sufficiently officious, but not quite so familiar as those which Steller found on Behring's Island. Were it not for the pleasure which this animal affords in the chase, no doubt but foxes would very soon become scarce, if not entirely extirpated; though it would require no ordinary pains to rid some of the mountainous parts of Great Britain entirely of these animals. In the Highlands of Scotland, where fox hunting cannot be followed in the general way, and where the fox consequently receives no protection, this animal is to be met with; and frequently destroys young lambs. The shepherds of course shew him no mercy: he is shot and killed by dogs as often as opportunity offers. If a fox is seen to enter a hole or crevice of a rock, where neither man nor dog can reach him, the place is immediately beset. Day and night it is watched, in which duty the shepherds alternately relieve each other. On these occasions, they call in to their assistance several dogs, terriers and sheep dogs, always taking care that a good stout rough-haired greyhound forms one of the number. Thus the place is attended till hunger drives the fox from his retreat, when he fights to the last gasp, and never fails to sell his life as dearly as possible. But there are not wanting instances, where the fox, by bolting unexpectedly from the hole, and from the rocky and uneven nature of the situation, has made his escape.

A FARMER.

*BOB, a POINTER.—See Plate.*

This dog is represented not in the act of *setting*, but of watching a mendicant, or some suspicious person, pass the premises upon which he was bred, and of which he assumed the right of guardianship. His breed is a mixture of many crosses, as it occupied the owner of him nearly twenty years before he succeeded in producing pointers as nearly perfect as possible, of which the animal represented in the plate may be taken as a specimen. For sagacity, steadiness, good temper, and endurance, Bob (his owner is of opinion) never was surpassed.

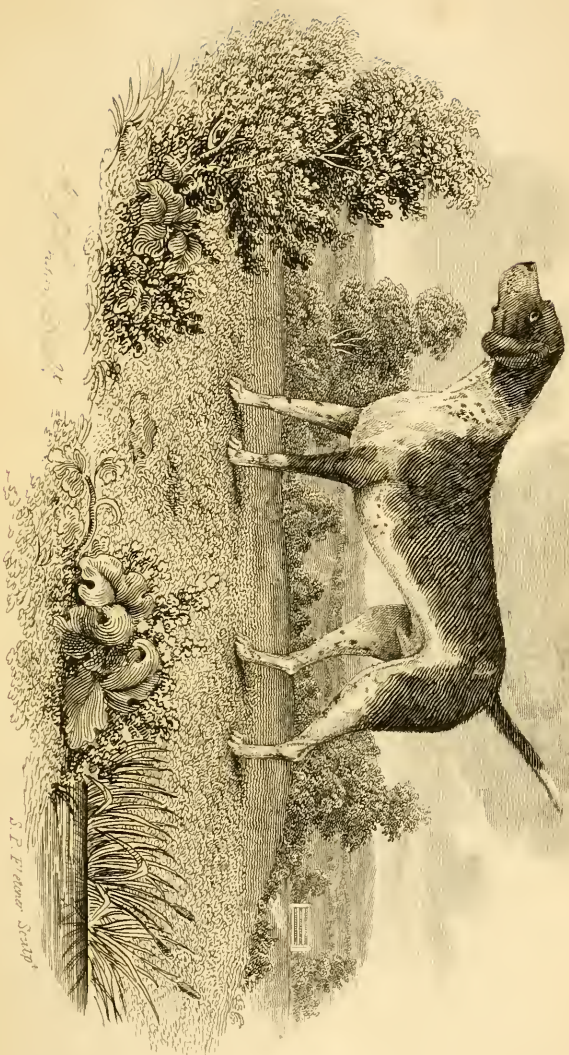
The dog which is distinguished by the appellation of the pointer is of foreign origin; and is known not only in Spain, but in Portugal, and also in France, and is indeed to be met with in almost all parts of the continent, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland; with some slight difference, however, of form.

Those pointers direct from Spain (which is supposed to be the original country of the pointer, and thence frequently called the Spanish pointer) which have fallen under the observation of the writer, have been heavy and clumsily formed; those from Portugal are somewhat lighter; while the French breed is remarkable for a wide furrow which runs between the nostrils, and which gives to the animal's countenance a very grotesque appearance. They all, however, exhibit a very different character and form to the setter: they are thick and heavy creatures, with large chubby heads, long pendant ears, and covered with short smooth hair; nor do they always possess that generosity of disposition which is so distinguishing a trait in the character of the setter: on the contrary, they are often ill-tempered and snappish; and in fact are good for little in this country till they have been crossed with the more generous blood of these islands; and a judicious cross of this kind produces the best dogs in the world for the purpose of grouse and partridge shooting.

Yet the conjunction of the setter and the pointer is by no means advisable, since the production generally

unites the worst qualities of the two, without any of those requisites perhaps for which the two breeds are most highly prized. Dogs thus produced, are, for the most part, headstrong, turbulent, require excessive correction, and are rarely brought to that steadiness which marks the distinct breeds. It is true, sometimes a first rate dog is produced between a setter and a pointer; but it rarely happens: the cross at best is never to be depended on; and for one good dog, thus obtained, there will be found twenty very indifferent or bad ones on an average; while not the least dependance can be placed on the offspring of the very best dogs thus propagated. Excellent dogs have been produced by the fox-hound and the Spaniard; and in all probability the fox-hound had much of the talbot blood; nor have we any hesitation in supposing that excellent pointers might be bred from the talbot and the Spaniard; but since the former is nearly extinct, and as all hounds have been produced from him, and still retain more or less of his blood, the nearer we can approach him the better; therefore, the deep-flewed hound is to be preferred; the kibble, and even lighter kinds of hounds, may answer the purpose; but what is thus gained in speed is not a sufficient compensation for unsteadiness and inferiority of nose. The Spaniard, however, from having been judiciously crossed, has arrived at a degree of perfection so as to leave little to be desired on this head: and excellent pointers are to be met with in most parts of England. They differ from the setter, inasmuch, as when they have approached sufficiently near the game, they stand erect; whereas the true setter will either sit upon his haunches or lie close to the ground—generally the latter. It may be also very justly remarked that though a particular strain of either the pointer or setter may have arrived at a great degree of perfection, yet, if continued on the same strain for a length of time, it will degenerate; in order, therefore, to prevent that dwindling or falling off which would inevitably take place, re-





B O B

*A Favorite Pointer;*

*The Property of Mr. J. B. Swanson.*





course must occasionally be had to other strains; that is, to dogs of the same kind, but bred in different parts of the kingdom, taking care to choose animals of undoubted merit from which to breed; and in order to avoid the impossibility of being misunderstood, it will be necessary to observe, that, in thus giving directions for preserving the requisite qualities in perfection, we do not mean in this case that recourse should be had to the talbot, fox-hound, or any other kind of dog used for a distinct purpose, but merely to procure a pointer (either sire or dam) from a distant part of the country, if pointers are the object; and the same in respect to setters.

Pointers often suffer much from sore feet; considerable difference however, will be found amongst them in regard to their feet. White footed dogs perhaps will generally be found more tender in this respect than those whose feet are of a dark colour. Black, brown, or any dark coloured pointers have generally better feet than light coloured dogs; though the latter, if their legs are brown

or dark coloured towards the feet, are unobjectionable. A small, narrow-toed, hard foot is a great object to attain, as dogs thus furnished, run well, and are not liable to be foot-sore; dogs, however, with thin, wide-spread, large-balled feet, very soon become foot-sore, cannot endure much fatigue, and are, consequently, scarcely worth keeping.

There are many good pointers in various parts of England, and particularly in Yorkshire. In the Highlands of Scotland, the pointers are of a very inferior description, at least those belonging to the natives.

The perfection of the pointer, like that of the hound, is a most desirable object: if the pointer be produced with a handsome form, plenty of bone, good feet, of the middle size; if, in fact, he be produced with a form and figure calculated for motion and endurance, with as large a head as possible; the sportsman will have every reason to be satisfied—in such cases, he approaches as near to perfection as possible.

### *The Cock Pheasant and the Domestic Hen.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

There is a variety of our domestic poultry, which, by way of distinction, are called *pheasants*, and said to have been originally produced between the common cock pheasant found wild in this country, and the domestic hen. Naturalists, when speaking on this subject, observe:—"The pheasant is a very bold bird, when first brought into the yard among other poultry, not sparing the peacock, nor even such young cocks and hens as it can master; but, after a time, it will live tamely among them, and will at last be brought to couple with a common hen. The breed thus produced takes much stronger after the pheasant than the hen: and in a few successions, if they be left to breed with the cock pheasant, there will be produced a species more tame, stronger, and more prolific." In spite of this assertion (of Longolius) respecting the coupling of the cock pheasant and the domestic hen, and notwithstanding the

broad and unqualified manner in which it is asserted, I am, nevertheless, inclined to doubt it.

At the distance of about three quarters of a mile from my residence, I have a plantation of about an acre in extent, through which there are several broad walks. The place has been the retreat of a cock pheasant for several years, particularly in the winter, as in spring and summer he is not much seen there; but for the last three years he has regularly taken up his winter quarters in this place, and where for the last two winters, he has been regularly fed. Having always entertained doubts respecting the asserted conjunction of the pheasant and the domestic hen, I thought this a fair opportunity of trying the experiment; and with this view, on the approach of winter, I caused a small thatched building to be erected, wherein a perch was fixed, and in which fowls could shelter themselves from the severity of the weather. When this was completed, I removed three domestic

hens into the plantation, where they were regularly fed, and they soon became as familiar as possible to their new habitation. They soon became familiar also with the pheasant cock, as whenever they were fed (particularly during the severe weather, of which much occurred that winter) he made his appearance at a distance, and the moment the person who threw down the corn had retired, came and fed in the midst of the hens. In fact, the pheasant and the hens lived in the greatest familiarity and on the best terms possible during the winter, and the former became ultimately so bold as to approach at feeding time within three or four yards of the person who threw down the corn. The conjunction, however, above mentioned, was never seen to take place; and on the approach of spring he took his customary rambles; nevertheless, as a conjunction might have taken place without being observed, the hens were continued at the plantation; where they laid a number of eggs,

upon which they sat in due time; but they did not produce a chicken, as every egg was addled.

From the result of this experiment, which appeared to me to be giving the conjecture as fair a trial as possible, I am inclined to think the coupling of the hen and the pheasant has existed only in the fanciful imagination of some visionary theorist, (if I may be allowed the expression) particularly as no such conjunction was ever seen. Hence it must result, that those specimens of domestic poultry, distinguished by the name of pheasants, and which are, for the most part beautifully speckled, are the result of food and climate, crossed in various ways by their own species, similar to what may be seen in pigeons, which are produced of all colours, all forms, and all sizes; and which, to use a pigeon-fancier's term "may be bred to a feather."

Your's, &c.  
DIDYMUS.

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## TOUR TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

(Continued from No. 7, page 56.)

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However, that my readers may not be entirely disappointed with respect to the Falls of Fyers, I extract the following from Thornton:—"These Falls (which the writer says he saw to the greatest advantage, as it was immediately after a deluge of rain) differ very much from each other; the lower one, I fancy, exceeds every thing of the kind in Britain; and, I should think, is equal to the boasted Falls of Tivoli.

"The upper one is astonishingly rapid, and pent in between two sharp rocks, which seem as if cut through to receive the water. Some years since, I had nearly made my exit, by crossing over it, which arose from the following circumstance:—

"I had heard an absurd story, that no Englishman ever dared to venture this passage, and fully declared my determination to attempt it, regardless of the consequence. Mr. S. a friend of mine, who was with me, not thinking it necessary to take a guide, we rode on, easily finding it, by the noise it creates: tied our horses, and, seeing a rough, unpolished fir tree laid across, in spite of his admonitions, I got over it, by the assistance of some few broken hurdles that were partially laid across this dreadful chasm. Having thus succeeded (I should have mentioned that a favourite

pointer followed me) I re-crossed it with some difficulty; but all the pains we could take would not induce Ponto to trust himself. Inconsiderately, I again crossed it, thinking thus to tempt him; but it was to no purpose, and I still, more rashly determined to bring him, not a very large dog, in my arms. In this absurd way, deaf to Mr. S's entreaties, and dreading that my dog, a spirited one, on seeing us gone, would attempt it, and be lost; I very cautiously began to re-cross, taking Ponto in my arms. Mr. S. was in the greatest distress at my situation, which I did not consider so hazardous as it proved; for, being about half way over, the dog, through fear, sprang from me; I luckily fell flat on the fir, and, throwing my arms and legs across, continued passively in this situation for some minutes, till, examining my position, I recovered my alarm, and crawled very slowly till I came so near, that Mr. S. reached me a bough, without which, I was so flurried, that I might not have been able to have got over.—Never was joy painted more visibly in any countenance than on his, upon seeing me safe. I began then to inquire after Ponto, who, I concluded, was dashed to atoms. It seems, that, on my falling, he, at one bound from the fir, had made an immense leap, and got safe; but was so terrified that he avoided us, and we found him waiting for us with the horses.

“The pass I found, on inquiry, had not been used for a year or two, and was now deemed rotten. A more foolish attempt was never made. I apprehended, at the time, that some person would perish there; and, as we now crossed a neat and elegant bridge, that capital improvement induced me to make some inquiries concerning it, when I found that a gardener to the Laird of Fyers, whose name was Chisholm, being with some friends at a burial, when, agreeable to the custom of the Highlands, they generally drink freely, had, in this situation, left the company, taking his dog with him tied by his garter: some little time after he was gone, the dog returned, and, making a piteous moaning, too plainly indicated what the *circle*\* suspected, that he had fallen into the dreadful chasm below, and that the dog had, by some means or other, saved himself.

“Fifteen days were employed in searching for this unfortunate man, to no purpose; some parts of his apparel, which had been torn from his person by the violence of the water, were found; but thirteen months elapsed before his remains were discovered, when his skeleton, and the rest of his apparel, almost worn away

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\*The custom of inviting the friends and neighbours of the deceased, to make merry at the funeral, is not confined to the Highlands; but prevails generally in Ireland, and in some parts of the north of England. The company usually sit round the corpse in a *circle*; for, in many places, the merriment begins in the evening before the interment, and, at others, immediately after.



by the impetuosity of the water, were found in a breach under the rock. This accident induced Mr. Fraser, from his well known humanity, to build the above-mentioned bridge, which does great credit to the architect.

“In order to see these Falls to advantage, the bridge should be crossed, and, going down a very steep precipice, a noble view is obtained of the water, and of the arch above it; then following a broken foot path, immediately beyond the bridge, you are led to a very favourable view of the lower Fall, seen in a most disadvantageous point from the other side.

“Water Falls should always be viewed in such a manner, that the admirer may be at least on a level with the stream or river, if possible. Seen from above, much of the grandeur is lost, and this view is seldom to be obtained without great trouble.

“The body of water was now immense, in consequence of the continued rain for three days, and, the sun shining on it, as it broke into millions of particles, had a splendid and charming effect. The rocks above and around the Falls, are beautifully variegated with different forest trees and small shrubs. Raspberries also, now quite ripe, grow here in abundance: we tasted several, and found them superior to many others in flavour.”

Macculloch, speaking of the Falls of Fyers, observes—“We received the first notice of the Fall of Fyers, by the drizzling rain which crosses the road, and by the perpetual dripping of the birches, and the freshness of the green ferns. But there is a smaller cascade above it, which must not be overlooked, as it affords some excellent landscapes in the class of scenery, and particularly when viewed from the bottom of the chasm, where the bridge is seen towering over head. The Highlands do not afford many better scenes in this particular style; but even these are soon forgotten in the overwhelming magnificence of Fyers, or of the greater fall; since the same river forms both. This celebrated cascade, not more celebrated than it deserves, may serve to prove how much of the merit of this kind of scenery belongs to the surrounding parts, and how little to the water. The river is small, and, if the Fall is high, we see little of it from the impossibility of gaining a sufficient access. Yet this defect is not felt; and even, were the water absent, Fyers would be a striking scene.

“From above the cascade and near it, those who are contented with noise, smoke, and spray, may enjoy all these things with little trouble; and it is the interest of such spectators to choose rainy weather, as, in dry seasons, the Fall is trifling indeed. But the drier weather is preferable; as, without this, it is nearly impossible to reach the really dangerous point, from which alone this magnificent scene can be viewed in perfection. The Fall is always sufficient to give all the character that is required to the landscape; and, when largest, it does little more, as it never bears any

proportion to the magnitude of this deep and spacious chasm. Chasm is not a very correct expression; as it is rather an open cavity; the rocks rising on one hand, in complicated cliffs and perpendicular precipices, to the height of 200 feet, beautifully ornamented with scattered trees and masses of wood, and the other side presenting a mixture of rocks, and of steep slopes, similarly wooded.

"Nothing can well exceed in beauty that combination of grandeur, and of profuse ornament, which I have presented. Still, the first impression is, that the scene is of no unusual magnitude, and that the trees are but bushes; so uncommon it is to find landscapes of this character, of such overwhelming dimensions. It is not till we discover, that we are contemplating trees of the ordinary size, repeated again and again in succession, from the very bed of the river to the sky, that we become fully impressed with the magnitude of the whole. At the further end of this spacious cavity is seen the cascade, descending in one stream of white foam; its origin and termination alike invisible, and thus receiving any altitude which the imagination chooses to suggest. The smoke rising from it, as from a furnace, curls aloft among the woods, distinguishing the parts, while it adds consequence to them; and, by diffusing a damp atmosphere throughout the whole, produces that æreal perspective and harmony of colour, which give that effect of unity and of delicacy so peculiar to cascade scenery. Soon after the first cascade is lost, it re-appears in the form of a second fall, and of a boisterous torrent, thundering along in a succession of rapids and cascades, among huge fragments of rock, and amid trees, far beneath our feet, till it is finally lost to the eye by the closing of the chasm below. It is matter of much regret that so little access is afforded to this place, and that it is impossible to attain the margin of the river; as, from the extent and intricacy of its course through the chasm, and from the variety of the forms, these landscapes must be as numerous as magnificent. It cannot be disputed that Fyers is the first in order of all our cascades; but it is as vain to attempt to compare it, in respect of beauty, with that of the Tunnel or those of the Clyde, as it would be to compare a landscape of Cuyp with one of Rubens, or the Bay of Naples with Glenco. Such pictures are not comparable; and, to draw comparisons, is to compare names, not things: it is only in the word cascade that there is a resemblance."

## CHAPTER XI,

*Fort Augustus.—The Disappointed Sportsmen.—The Caledonian Canal.—Loch Oich.—Glengary.—The Comet Steam Packet.—Ben Nevis.—The Two Eagles.—Fort William.—Gordonsburgh.—Loch Eil.—Loch Leven.—Balahulish.—Ptarmigan Shooting.—St. Mungo's Island.*

Fort Augustus is situated in a valley at the head of Loch Ness. It is a small fort, and is completely commanded by the neighbouring heights. It was taken without difficulty by the Highlanders in 1746; and, whatever strength it might once have possessed, it may now be regarded as defenceless. We walked round the ramparts, which are uninteresting, nor did we observe a single cannon in the place, though there were a few artillery men loitering about. The fort seems very thinly inhabited, and may be said to be mouldering away. There are a number of scattered cottages near it, which are called a village; and also an inn, which affords tolerably good accommodations. By means of the Caledonian canal a junction has been effected with Loch Ness, Loch Oich, Loch Lochy, &c. &c. and thus vessels of considerable burthen, as well as steam packets, pass completely through the Highlands, from the Atlantic ocean to the British sea. The vessels, in consequence, which are frequently passing and re-passing, give a degree of animation to this neighbourhood which it could not otherwise possess. Moreover, as Loch Ness is much lower than Loch Oich, the short canal which unites them contains a number of locks, all of which are situated at this place. Two vessels (sloops I apprehend) approached these locks from Loch Ness, as we stood upon the bank, the top of the masts of which were not much higher than our feet. Passing these locks is tedious, and the operation, we were informed, occupies one hour and a half. The mountains in this neighbourhood have a rocky and barren appearance, yet the view is not altogether so dreary as many prospects both in Sutherlandshire and in Caithness.

I have already observed, that at Fort Augustus there is a comfortable inn; but when speaking of accommodations in the Highlands of Scotland, reference must always be had, at least in the mind's eye, to the nature of the country. If, for instance, the reader, in judging of the inns in these parts, should figure to his imagination accommodations similar to what are met with at the inns in England, he will form a very erroneous opinion indeed, as they are as dissimilar as possible. The latter kind of Highland inns are small houses tolerably well built of grey stone, and the outside of them appears in general to much more advantage than







the interior. The window frames, the doors, and the wood work generally, which is of an inferior order, are destitute of paint; and the sashes of the windows are without line or cord, so that when the sash is raised, and it is intended to keep the window open, a small stick or prop is placed beneath, to prevent it falling down. That many English travellers or tourists do not find these places exactly to their taste is evident from the unqualified marks of disapprobation and even of disgust, which I frequently noticed scratched on the glass of the windows, or imprinted, with more than ordinary care, on the walls. But this is rather illiberal: in the wilds of these mountains, the elegant apartments and the luxurious accommodations which the English inns afford, cannot be expected. Tea is always to be procured, which the custom of the country accompanies with eggs, broiled fish, (inferior I believe to none in the world), cold meat, &c. The mutton appeared to me excellent, and it is generally to be had; beef occasionally fell in my way, and also poultry, nor indeed did I ever sit down to dinner in the Highlands that I did not make a hearty meal. Further, with but little exception, I found the innkeepers and their families civil, generous, and obliging; and, in fact, with the Highlanders generally I was well pleased. I did not find them so superlatively ignorant as some accounts had induced me to suppose; but found them a very different, and, in my estimation, a much more noble-minded, a much superior, race, to the Lowlanders.

At the inn at Fort Augustus, we found three despairing, or, at least, discontented, sportsmen, one of whom was a son of Hibernia, who having visited the Lakes in Cumberland, was making, in company with two English friends, a sporting tour of the Highlands of Scotland. They had, it seems, met with some interruption, like ourselves, but the impetuous son of Erin had not sufficient philosophy to bear his afflictions with fortitude; but inveighed most bitterly, not only against Scotland, but also against my own native land, little England! the paragon of countries, the spot of all others upon the surface of the globe which I admire; and the longer I live, the more my heart warms with affection towards it! The fierce Hibernian would not allow there was beauty in the English lakes, nor a landscape or place throughout the kingdom that was worthy of notice; that there was nothing interesting in Scotland, but that his own dear native sod was a terrestrial paradise!—Well, thought I, this is all well enough in its way; but it is not true. The Irishman's companions were not so boisterously loquacious as himself; they were rather sullen than talkative; and I and my friend quickly retired, leaving them to brood over their own disappointments without any sympathetic consolation from us, and by this means, as we retreated from the

dangerous contagion of ill-tempered disappointment, so we escaped the consequent disease.

Early in the morning, we strolled through the principal street of the village, which consisted of half a score cottages ranged, though at intervals, and very irregularly, on each side of a crooked lane, which led to the mountains opposite the inn. There was a blacksmith's shop in this Highland village, and Vulcan was just commencing his operations as we passed: several implements of husbandry were lying at his door, most likely for repairs, the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the village was cultivated, and cheerfulness was painted on the countenances of the inhabitants. At the doors of several of the cottages, angle rods were standing, which indicated that the inhabitants followed fishing either for amusement or subsistence. These instruments were of very rude construction, and had consequently a very awkward appearance—in England they would be regarded as almost worse than nothing, and yet it seems, in these parts, they answered the purpose very well.\*

We passed through the village, and advanced a considerable distance up the sides of the adjoining mountains, which were however destitute of game; but finding the journey would be too long, as well as too fatiguing before breakfast, we descended, and having despatched the meal just mentioned, we pursued our course for some distance by the side of the Caledonian Canal. Throughout the Highlands, I almost invariably found that little game was to be met with close to the road—we therefore turned to the left, under the direction of a Highland lad, of about ten years old, who, though he knew but little of English, yet repeatedly mentioned the words *black cock*, and we understood from him that those beautiful birds were to be found in the direction to which he pointed. We reached the bottoms of some well clothed hills, where we met with some grouse, killed two brace, and we ultimately raised one black cock and one only, and he, out of distance, so that we did not bag him. After rambling about for some time, we reached the banks of the beautiful Loch Oich; and proceeding in the direction of Fort William, came opposite the house of Glengary,† the only chieftain, I believe, who still keeps up a degree of clanship, and the ancient customs of his

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\* On the banks of Newfoundland, the cod is taken by angling; but no great nicety is required in the tackle—the fish will bite at almost any thing. The late Major Cartwright states, in his “Journal of a Residence in Labrador,” that the cod fish on that coast, at particular seasons of the year, were so numerous and so ravenous that they would bite at a caplin held in the hand, and even at the hand itself, if presented to them.

† Since dead.

country. I regretted exceedingly that we happened to be on the wrong side of the lake, as I should have been glad to have visited Glengary. As it was, we could only view the house at a distance, which is a very neat white building, and is very pleasantly situated in a beautiful glen. A little to the left of the house, are seen the ruins of the ancient castle, burnt, it seems, in the year 1745.

After proceeding some distance down the side of the lake, an engraving of which is given in the present number, which in point of scenery, is much superior to Loch Ness, we met with a Highlander paddling along in a boat. He could speak English; and we were beginning to think of some place where to procure a dinner: he informed us that a steam packet would very soon pass down the lake, in which we might procure refreshment in abundance. We had not stood many minutes when the packet in question made its appearance. We immediately got on board, and were luckily just in time for dinner.

This packet was called the Comet; and the reader is aware that I had already been on board the Brilliant, and the moment the boatmen mentioned a steam packet, the dirty cook, the smug old Captain, and Sharp Nose the money taker, rose before me, not in propria personæ; but I could distinctly perceive their characteristic visages, with the dark front and elongated countenance of Macpherson, Jun. partially seen above the left shoulder of the Captain. But while my mind was perplexed with these irksome images, the packet came up, and no time was to be lost. On board the packet, I was saluted by a very well fed old pointer dog, who seemed highly pleased at meeting me—it must be recollected I was in a shooting dress, which has generally a pleasing appearance to a pointer. The dog belonged to a military officer who with his friend, another man of war, was among the passengers. They very much admired my two pointer bitches, and we had not been many minutes in conversation before dinner was announced. On proceeding into the neat little cabin, we found the table on the left tolerably well filled by a light haired gentleman, an elderly female, and what I regarded as the family of the gentleman just mentioned, and who I was informed was the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Sir William Raye. There was another elderly person also at the same table, who, from his complexion, I should suppose, had spent a great part of his life in the East Indies. As, therefore, the table on the left was tolerably well occupied, the two military gentlemen, myself, and a naval officer, seated ourselves at the table on the right; and as the greater part of this also had been occupied before we went below, there appeared no room for my friend F——. He, however, is not only very expert with his pencil, but has the admirable quality of making himself as comfortable as possible in all situations. He some way or other contrived to seat himself at the elbow of the Lord Advocate,



directly opposite the handsomest woman in the company. The dinner was served up in a very cleanly manner, and consisted of a variety of excellent dishes ; the utmost attention was paid by the waiters, or *stewards*, I believe, I ought to call them ; and I never made a more hearty meal in my life. A good appetite and clean fare are the very best of persuaders.

(*To be continued.*)

### *The MARTERN.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

Having before observed, in your sporting magazine, notices of the havoc made upon game by rapacious birds and animals, I expected ere this to have seen a particular account of the marten, or martern, which is perhaps the most destructive creature with which our woods are infested. It is not however, to be met with in all parts of England, though it is common enough in Yorkshire as well as in Devonshire, and I apprehend in most places where extensive woods are to be met with. In Leicestershire, however, which contains a great number of woods, many of them extensive, I never recollect meeting with the martern, though in Derbyshire, as well as Warwickshire, two adjoining counties, it is not uncommon.

According to naturalists the marten is the most beautiful of all British beasts of prey. It is generally eighteen inches long and the tail ten more. Its head is small and elegantly formed ; its eyes lively ; its ears are broad, rounded, and open ; its back, its sides, and tail are covered with a fine thick downy fur, with long hair intermixed ; the roots are ash colour, the middle of a bright chesnut, the points black ; the head is brown with a slight cast of red ; the legs and upper sides of the feet are of a chocolate colour ; the palms or under sides are covered with a thick down, like that of the body ; the feet are broad, and the claws white, large, sharp, and well adapted for climbing trees ; but incapable of being sheathed or unsheathed at pleasure like those of a cat. The throat and breast are white ; the belly of the same colour with the back, but rather paler ; the hair on the tail is

long, especially at the end, where it appears much thicker than near the insertion. All the motions of this animal are agile and graceful, and its skin smells something like musk, and is consequently considered as an agreeable perfume.

The marten, as before observed, lives in the woods, and in winter very often shelters itself in magpies' nests ; it breeds in the hollows of trees, and brings forth from four to six young ones at a time ; these are brought forth blind, but quickly arrive at a state of perfection. The female has but a small quantity of milk in proportion to her size, but for this defect she amply compensates by her predatory industry, and brings to her young abundance of birds' eggs, and also live birds, thus early accustoming her offspring to carnage and slaughter. As soon as the young are able to leave the nest, they follow the dam about the wood, where, if they are recognised by any of the feathered tribe, the signal is immediately given and numbers of birds collect and follow, with their notes of alarm, in the same manner as they attend the motions of the fox.

The food of the marten is eggs, birds, game, and poultry, it will also devour mice, rats, and moles, and is said to be extremely fond of honey. It is a great enemy to cats ; and hence the wild cat and the marten never meet, without a battle ensuing : the wild cat is larger than the marten, but is nevertheless, said to be uniformly worsted in the combat. This animal makes great havoc amongst game, and frequently seizes the pheasant when at roost.

The marten is not easily shot, and therefore the trap is the best mode of

taking them. A steel trap, baited with a piece of pheasant or wood pigeon, will be generally found successful. Some prefer the box trap, such as is used in warrens, which should be baited with a bird in the centre, and the feathers strewed through the inside of the trap, from one end to the other. When the trap happens to be down, a sack should be put over the end of it, and by rattling at the other end, the animal will run into the bag: this precaution seems highly necessary, or the moment the light is admitted, the creature would fly in the face of the person opening it, particularly if it were a wild cat which happened to be caught.

Young fox hounds are sometimes entered at the marten, as it is eagerly pursued by them; and by running the thickest bushes it can find, it teaches young hounds to run cover, which is of infinite service to them: when closely pursued it climbs a tree, and its agility is truly astonishing, for though it falls frequently from its height into the midst of the dogs, it is seldom caught in that situation.

The common house cat, when residing near a wood, will frequently become wild, and in this case commits the greatest depredation on rabbits and hares, pheasants, and indeed all kinds of game. In Moulsham Thrift, an extensive cover belonging to Sir H. Mildmay, sixteen of these animals were killed in four days, by a pack of hounds drawing the cover for a fox. They may be destroyed in traps like the marten; but in order to render the bait more certain, it should be sprinkled with valerian; and if the box trap be used, valerian should be scattered in and about the trap, as of this drug they are immoderately fond.

Notwithstanding the ferocity of the marten, it is easily domesticated. Gesner mentions one which he kept tame that was extremely playful and pretty; it went among the houses of the neighbourhood, and always returned home

when hungry: it was extremely fond of a dog that had been bred up with it, and used to play with it as cats are seen to play, lying on its back and biting without anger or injury. One kept by the Count de Buffon was not quite so social: it was divested of its ferocity, but continued without attachment, and was still so wild as to be obliged to be secured by a chain. Whenever a cat appeared it prepared for war, and if any of the poultry came within its reach, it flew upon them with avidity. Though it was tied by the middle of the body, it frequently escaped: at first it returned after some hours, but without seeming pleased, as it only came to be fed; the next time, it continued abroad longer; and, at last, went away without ever returning. It was a female; and was, when it went off, a year and a half old; and Buffon supposes it to have gone in quest of a male. It ate every thing that was given to it, except salad and herbs; it drank often, and would sometimes sleep for two days together; and in like manner, it would often remain two or three days without sleeping. When awake, it was in continual agitation, and was obliged to be tied up, not less to prevent its attacking the poultry, than to hinder it from breaking whatever it came near, by the capricious wildness of its motions.

There is a variety of this animal, called the yellow breasted marten, which in no respect differs from the former, except that this has a yellow breast, whereas the other has a white one: the colour of the body also is darker; and its fur is more beautiful and glossy. This is rarely, if ever, seen in England; and even in France, where these animals are much more common than in this country, it is much scarcer than that with the white breast.

The marten is found in abundance in the pine forests of the north, but particularly in America.

VENATOR.

**VICIOUS BULLS.***To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

In crossing the fields last season, with my pointers, and my double percussion fowling piece, my attention was excited by the deep hollow bellowing of a bull, which, with a number of cows, happened to be in the same field or inclosure with myself. He belonged to one of my neighbours, and I recollected having heard it remarked in the neighbourhood, that the animal had shewn strong indications of a vicious disposition. Perfectly confident, however, that my gun would not miss fire, I proceeded on my way, and arriving within about fifty yards of the bull, I observed him put his nose near the ground, while, with one of his fore feet, he threw the earth in showers over his back. I hesitated; and under the conviction that the bull was mischievously inclined, I mounted a little bank which had been raised by cutting for a drain, resolved in that situation to abide the issue. A few seconds only had elapsed (during which the bull continued to scrape up the earth with great violence) before the animal made towards me, and in a manner too which removed all doubt as to his intentions. Notwithstanding I had accepted the challenge at least, (if I had not sought the encounter) and chosen my own position for the combat, I am willing to acknowledge, Mr. Editor, that I was not without alarm, when I beheld the infuriate beast making towards me. However, as retreat was impossible, I levelled my fowling piece at his head, and gave him the contents at the distance of about thirty yards: this checked his progress, it is true; but, after some little hesitation, I was astonished and really much alarmed to see him advance a second time. I did

not suffer him to proceed many yards, however, before I levelled my trusty tube at one of his eyes. He received the contents of the second barrel; which so effectually brought him to a check, that he turned about, and made off as fast as possible; and in spite of fences and all other obstacles, run quite out of my sight.

Now, although there was no public road through the field, I cannot help regarding it as unpardonable, as, in fact, a serious crime, for a farmer to keep a mischievous bull, unless in a state of confinement; and even in this case, the most serious consequences cannot be always guarded against. It generally happens that some particular person is master of these vicious bulls (or at least supposed to be so) yet how often does it happen that these very persons fall victims to their own misplaced confidence!

In Yorkshire, and some other parts of the north of England, the bulls are generally seen with a strong iron ring through the cartilage of the nose, from which is suspended a strong chain of sufficient length to allow a few inches to drag on the ground when the bull is in the act of walking; in consequence of which, the animal is under the necessity of walking slowly, as well as very carefully, in order to avoid treading upon the chain, which could not fail to cause him the most acute pain. A bull, under such circumstances, is rendered perfectly harmless, as running is out of the question; and how vicious soever he may be inclined, he is not able to pursue his object, except indeed very slowly. This I consider an excellent plan, I should wish to see it generally enforced by legislative enactments.

T. N.

**SPORTING OCCURRENCES in MAY.**

*Pigeon Match for One Hundred Guineas.*—The match at pigeon shooting, for 100 guineas, between Mr. Edge, the gunsmith, of Manchester, and Mr. Deighton, of Sheffield, which was commenced at Sheffield on the 8th of April,

terminated on Tuesday week at the White House Hotel, Hulme, near Manchester, in favour of Mr. Edge. The match excited the greatest interest amongst the sporting clique of Yorkshire and Lancashire, and a considerable

number of sporting gentlemen from the former county attended to witness the conclusion of the match, which, in Sheffield, at the commencement, appeared greatly in favour of Mr. Edge, he having gained nine birds ahead of his antagonist in the two days' shooting at Sheffield. The Sheffielders, however, notwithstanding the large majority of the "Lancashire Great Gun," were undaunted; and still backed Mr. Deighton, feeling confident that he would retrieve in the two days' shooting at Manchester; but the Manchester men appeared fully assured of the ultimate success of Mr. Edge, and 2 and 3 to 1 were offered in his favour, and freely bet. The shooting commenced on Monday, in the presence of upwards of 2,000 spectators, who paid six-pence each for admission to the ground. The articles of the match were, that each should shoot at 100 birds, 50 each at Sheffield, and the same number in Manchester; the person who killed most birds in the two days at Sheffield should be entitled to receive £40 from the stake, and he who killed the most in the two days at Manchester also to receive £40; and he who killed the greater number of birds in the four days' shooting to receive the remaining £20. The result of the four days' shooting was as follows:—on the 8th of April, at Sheffield, Mr. Edge killed 21 out of 25, and Mr. Deighton 15, leaving a majority for Mr. Edge of 6 in the first day's shooting.—On the 9th of April, at Sheffield, Mr. Edge killed 24 out of 25, and Mr. Deighton 21, the majority in the two days at Sheffield for Mr. Edge being 9. The result of the shooting on Monday and Tuesday week, at Hulme, was as follows:—On Monday, Mr. Edge killed 21 out of 25, and Mr. Deighton 18.—On Tuesday, Mr. Edge killed 17 out of 25, and Mr. Deighton 18. Mr. Deighton thus tied in the last day's shooting, as Mr. Edge having killed 17, had one bird in the basket, which was allowed to be counted as killed. Disputes, however, having arisen among the bettors on the last day's shooting, some not being inclined to withdraw their bets, in consequence of Mr. Edge not killing the last bird, Mr. Edge, for the satisfaction of the parties, and by leave of the umpires,

repaired to the shooting ground on the Wednesday, and shot the last pigeon. Upon the whole, Mr. Edge did not shoot so well as in Sheffield, which was mainly owing to an injury he had received in the shoulder by the kicking of the butt-end of his gun. Mr. Deighton shot exceedingly well on both days.

In answer to a correspondent of "Bell's Life in London," of May 5th, signed "A Sportsman," we must observe, that the season for killing hares necessarily closes on the 5th of April, owing to the expiration of the game certificate; so that any person *killing* hares after the 5th of April, is liable to all the penalties incurred for killing game without a certificate, unless he has taken out a certificate for the following season, and which, we believe, cannot be done before the 5th of July.

The 4th section of the new Game Act enacts, "That if any person, licensed to deal in game by this act, shall buy or sell, or knowingly have in his house, or possession, or controul, any bird of game after the expiration of ten days, (one inclusive and the other exclusive) from the respective days in which it is unlawful to kill or take such birds of game; or if any person, not being licensed to deal in game, shall buy or sell any bird of game after the expiration of ten days (one inclusive and the other exclusive) from the respective days on which it is unlawful to kill or take the same, or shall knowingly have in his house, possession, or controul, any bird of game (except birds of game kept in a mew or breeding place) after the expiration of forty days (one inclusive and the other exclusive) from the respective days on which it is unlawful to kill or take the same, shall forfeit for every head of game so bought or sold, or found in his house, possession, or controul, any sum not exceeding £1, with costs of conviction."

Now, in this section, we find birds of game mentioned, but the latter part specifies, that any dealer having any "bird of game" in his possession ten days after the legal expiration of the season, shall forfeit, for every "*head of game*" so found, the sum of £1, with costs of conviction. This certainly protects the hare after the 15th of April.



That a person is liable to a penalty for killing a hare after the 5th, is beyond all doubt; and it cannot for a moment be supposed, if taking the hare be penal, that being in possession of it can be otherwise.

The utter uselessness of the New Game Bill is generally admitted. All that required amendment in the old laws would have been effected had the invidious distinction of qualification been abolished.

*Unparalleled Expedition.—Rivalry between the Liverpool Coaches, Hibernia and L'Hirondelle.*—The former of these fleet vehicles books its daily burthen at the office at the corner of James Street; the latter at Dodd's, lower down, on the opposite side of the same street. On the morning of the first of May (1833) at five o'clock, the bustle of preparation commenced: the coachmen and Guards of the rival concerns eyed each other askance for some minutes, when the Hibernia's men contrived to slip out of the back door, and made their way to the water side unperceived, thus gaining fifteen minutes at starting. They got on board Williams's Steamer, and crossed the Mersey to the tune of "*Oh dear! what can the matter be?*" conceiving they had made "*assurance doubly sure, and took a bond of fate.*" L'Hirondelle left Birkenhead at 49

minutes past five o'clock, their rival, the Hibernia, far ahead. The following statement will shew the extraordinary and unequalled performance of L'Hirondelle:

	MILES.	MIN.
Arrived at Thoruton	- - - 8	32
—————Chester	- - - 8	31
—————Rosset	- - - 7	25
—————Wrexham	- - - 5	25
—————Overton	- - - 7	30
—————Ellesmere	- - - 5	23
—————Middle Hill	- - 8	35
—————Shrewsbury	- - 8	31
—————Leighton	- - 9	42
—————Iron Bridge	- - 4	21
—————Bridgenorth	- - 8	44
—————Allam Bridge	- 7	37
—————Kidderminster	- 7	30
—————Ombersley	- - 9	39
—————Worcester	- - 5	18
—————Severn Stoke	- 7	36
—————Tewksbury	- - 9	39
—————Cheltenham	- - 9	41

131 579

Arrived in Cheltenham 28 minutes past 3 o'clock, performing the distance of 131 miles in 9 hours and 39 minutes! without the slightest accident!!! There is nothing on record to equal this!—The Hibernia, notwithstanding the decided advantage of the start, was beaten into Cheltenham 25 minutes!

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We do not know that the Cocktail "SWING" is by Flexible, out of sister to Uriganda, as stated by "VERAX."*

*A copious account of Epsom and Ascot Meetings will appear in our next number.*

*G.'s Communication would, if inserted, be offensive to the parties to whom it alludes.*

*The Plate of Tench advertised for the present number, has been unavoidably delayed at the Engraver's.—It will appear next month.*

*V. must have been misinformed, as his statement is grossly false. He ought to have furnished us with his name*

*The description of the Run from Oulton Low by "VELOCIFEDE" came to hand, and will most likely appear next month. The song by Mr. Warburton appeared in No. 6.*

THE  
SPORTSMAN'S CABINET,

AND  
*Town and Country Magazine.*

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VOL. II.

JULY, 1833.

No. 9.

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*Summary of the Season, with Illustrative Observations.*

From what we stated in our number for June of the influence of the weather upon the nestling, incubation, hatching, &c. of feathered game, as also upon leverets, we have nothing further to offer in this place on the subject, as the young sportsman, from observations of the atmosphere during the months of May and June, and applying them to our remarks, will be able to form a correct opinion for himself.

The RACING SEASON might be said to commence most auspiciously, as far at least as relates to atmospheric influence : the weather, which had been harsh, cold, and unseasonably severe, on the eve of Chester Races became remarkably fine ; and a more interesting meeting was never witnessed at the good old City than that of 1833. Pickpocket, from his very strongly-built form, from his speed, from his evident power of endurance, I regarded as one of the best horses that had ever fallen under my observation. His style of running at Chester seemed to warrant such an opinion ; yet the following week, we find him miserably falling off at Liverpool ; a proof that he had suffered from his repeated and severe exertions at Chester, and that he ought to have been allowed several weeks rest before his extraordinary powers were again put to the test.

“ *The Sale of the whole of Mr. Beardsworth's Stud.* ”—Notwithstanding which we find this celebrated gentleman, at the Chester Meeting, with his scarcely less celebrated horse *Ludlow*, Independence, &c. a proof that the sale at Birmingham was not upon the square ; it was a scheme, in fact, to get rid of such individuals of Mr. Beardsworth's stud, as would not, under other circumstances, have sold for one third of the money. As a public man, Mr. TATTERSALL, we once more call upon you, to give an explanation of the part which you acted in this suspicious business ? We would willingly think you an “ honourable man,” that would not stoop to systematic swindling.

Having mentioned Pickpocket as having been called upon too often, by way of elucidation we may mention the case of Mr.

Chapman's Sarah, as well as of the celebrated horse, Dr. Syntax. Sarah proved herself not only very stout, but very fleet also; in the year 1830 (if I mistake not) she run many very severe races, and won most of them. When brought out the following season, she looked well (to superficial observation at least) but she could not race: nor was she able ever afterwards to run in her own form. Dr. Syntax was distinguished as the winner of more gold cups than any horse which had ever appeared upon the turf. But how was this business managed? Why, Mr. Riddell, like a man of good sense, did not call upon his favourite too often. He came out only at Lancaster, Manchester, Preston, and Richmond, during the season, and the consequence was that the horse never became stale: on the contrary, he continued on the turf for more than double the ordinary period, and was very rarely beaten. Further, if a horse be used to only three or four race courses, he becomes well acquainted with the ground, and thus obtains a decided advantage over a stranger: all who saw Dr. Syntax run will allow that he made the most of this intimate knowledge.

I perceive that all the public prints, which have noticed Epsom Races, speak of the Derby as having been a very *quick thing*.—As far as relates to the daily press, all the papers receive the reports of such transactions from one person, who styles himself "*the Sporting Reporter to the London papers*;" and consequently the error appears in all of them. This "*Sporting Reporter*" is not always an eye witness; nor is this of much consequence, as he is most profoundly ignorant of racing and turf affairs: yet, it will easily be perceived that when "*Sporting Reports*" are obtained in so ignorant and so slovenly a manner, little reliance can be placed on their accuracy. With respect to the Derby being a quick thing, in the first place, let it be recollected that twenty-five started for it, and that the Epsom course is so very narrow, that such a number of horses could not go fast till they reached Tattenham Corner (a most dangerous turn, where I saw Conolly fracture his collar bone a few years ago) and therefore to talk of the Derby being a quick thing is ridiculous. The Old and the New Sporting Magazines make a similar report of the business; in the former, there is some trifling excuse on account of the advanced age of "*OBSERVATOR*," and his consequent incapacity; but, what shall we say to the "*YORKSHIREMAN*?" the author of that inimitable composition, "*A Trip to Paris*," as well as of that *sublime, wonderful, and witty production*, "*Jorrocks on Spring*!" What amazing flights of fancy! what an awfully-gifted being is this "*Yorkshireman*!" This extraordinary dispenser of the bathos represents the Derby as a quick thing, and is loud in his praise of the arrangements and the managements of the course. This mis-statement can be accounted for from the circumstance of the defective vision of this otherwise paragon of perfection; and

that, on this occasion, his *green spectacles* brought him incorrect information.

**LITERARY IMPOSTURE.**—Having already given our opinion on "*The Field Book*," we have only to observe in this place, that as the person who huddled together that "*precious gem!*" had made free with some of my property, I called upon the publisher, Mr. Effingham Wilson, for the purpose of ascertaining if that gentleman was aware that he was selling stolen goods, and the name of the thief from whom he had purchased them. I found, as I expected, that Mr. Wilson had been most egregiously duped; that, from false representations, he had been induced to expend a serious sum of money upon a gross literary fraud! but he did not hesitate, for one moment, to state to me, in the most unqualified manner, that the name of the pirate was *W. H. Maxwell*, nephew (as he believes) of the Member for Sligo. At first, I thought of seeking legal redress; but, for some time, I have had strongly impressed upon my mind the advice which the late Baron Hullock gave to me: "Never go to law, if you can possibly avoid it."

While upon this subject; that is, *literary fraud*, I must call the attention of my friends in Salop to an article in the elder of the two spurious periodicals, signed "*A Salopian*." It appeared in the number of the Old Sporting Magazine for June, and states, amongst a variety of ill-assorted trash, that "the Shropshire fox hounds are under the management of Mr. Lloyd of Aston!"—That "the kennels are FOUR miles from Shrewsbury!" &c. &c. The article professes to be the production of a Salopian," who is well acquainted with the gentlemen of the hunt, the country, the hounds, and the kennels:—now, without fear of contradiction, we hesitate not to assert, that the writer of the spurious article in question is utterly unacquainted with the country, the gentlemen of the hunt, that he never saw the hounds, that he never saw the kennels!—that, in fact, what he has written is altogether untrue; a gross insult to the worthy Salopians; but a striking specimen of the system of imposture which has long been practised by the more ancient of the two magazines, and which bids fair to attain consummate perfection under their joint efforts!



*The TURF.*

EPSOM RACES.—MAY 21.

Most of our readers are well aware, that Epsom is a large village, pleasantly situated in the county of Surrey, fifteen miles from London; and that upon the Downs, near this village, two of the most important events in the racing world are annually decided—the Derby and the Oaks: but such of our readers as have not visited this place are perhaps not aware, that though the Epsom Spring Meeting excites the greatest possible interest among racing men, the course is one of the worst, if not the very worst, in England; that, although without the attraction of the races, Epsom would sink into insignificance; that, in fact, this village derives its principal support from the races which take place on its Downs; yet that the accommodations it affords are meagre in every thing but the exorbitant price exacted for them; and that the inhabitants regard the visitors as pigeons for plucking, and appear absolutely reckless of every thing but semi-plunder in the way of inordinate charges!

We like to witness the busy note of preparation; to mark the workings of the mind through the expression of the countenance: we therefore seated ourselves in Holden's coach on Saturday afternoon, the 18th of May, at three o'clock. The vehicle was completely loaded externally, while the interior already contained five individuals.

"Coachman (said I) where am I to place myself?" "Between that lady and gentleman, Sir." The task was not of easy accomplishment. It was what, for the lack of a better expression, may be called the posterior part of the coach, which, without the addition of a little fellow like myself, seemed to groan beneath the massy weight and ponderosity of its burden. The left half of the seat was occupied by a bulky male subject, dressed in a suit of greasy drab, his frontispiece remarkable for its expansive form, but expressive of nothingness; I therefore concluded he must be a sheep owner going to visit his numerous family on Epsom Downs. On the right was seated a still more ponderous, a still more expansive, and more ill defined mass of flesh and blood, of the opposite sex, whose countenance, (not altogether ill-natured) bore incontestible impression of the pains which had been bestowed in the painting of it:—the tinge, however, indicated rather the indischargeable dye of "*the spirits of the age*," than the evanescent tints of rouge or carmine. With some difficulty I contrived to wedge myself between these specimens of good living and quiet minds, and was thus brought directly opposite one of those interesting favourites of nature, which so incontestibly prove

"how feebly words essay  
To mark one spot of beauty's heavenly ray."

Thus situated, between a fat man and a very fat woman, and opposite a dark eyed, dark haired beauty, I rode to Epsom, half smothered with dust, and almost melting with the uncommon atmospheric heat which rendered the 18th of May, 1833, very remarkable.

On entering Epsom, the contrast was too striking to pass unnoticed. The place was not thronged, busy, and bustling, as formerly; on the contrary, the serenity of it, its moody, fretful, and sighing aspect would have satisfied the sternest ascetic, and even drawn a

ghastly smile from Sir Andrew Agnew himself! Times are changed at Epsom; the good folks which give a feeble animation to its general monotony have overstood their market, and must for ever deplore their reverse of fortune!

At the celebrated and high charging Spread Eagle there was not the least bustle; all was calm, dignified, and distantly civil at the Coffee House: there were plenty of "apartments to let;" plenty of "stables to let;" and the only circumstance which gave even a distant indication of racing was a group

of some half dozen grooms, who were very knowingly discussing forthcoming events, while one of whom (conspicuous from his resemblance to Bloss, Lord Derby's trainer) seemed more loquacious than the rest, and expounded the mysterious points of the business with uncommon conceit, if not with consummate dignity!

I stepped into a decent looking house on the Ewell side of the Spread Eagle for the purpose of procuring accommodations: a little parlour was shewn to me as a sitting room, and a bed room corresponding with it. I asked the price of those very moderate accommodations during the races. The woman hesitated; nor was I able to procure an answer to my very obvious interrogatory till after the lapse of some scores of seconds, when I listened with uncommon attention to the following luminous exordium and expressive corollary—"I used to let these apartments for *fifteen guineas*! but times are altered, and you can have them for *five*!"—Good morning!

Having already mentioned the race course as being one of the worst description, I shall remark, that in dry weather, it is worse for the feet of the horses than a Macadamised road. It is neither circular, triangular, nor oval; nor indeed can its form be imaged to the mind by any description on paper! During the race, the horses are lost to the spectator for a considerable period; and they no sooner emerge from their hiding space than human feelings must be put to the rack to observe them descend the rough flinty ground, and turn the dangerous Tattenham corner. The run in (of half a mile) is wide, undulated, rough, and in dry weather uncommonly hard.

The inhabitants of Epsom (as I have already observed) though deriving almost the means of existence from the races manifest no inclination to lay out one farthing in improvements. It is true, a good race course cannot be formed on Epsom Downs; since, although there is no want of space, nature did not contemplate the business in question when she carelessly huddled together the grotesque and ill-defined

undulations of which these Downs are composed.

The road from the village of Epsom to the race course is very narrow, very dangerous, and altogether a stigma on the inhabitants of the place!

The foregoing remarks may very likely be unpalatable to the good folks of Epsom; but the question, is, are they true? Let the inhabitants answer the question. All who have visited Epsom races will feel the full force and justice of them. They will be surprised that the subject has not before been noticed through the medium of the press; and they will regret that on the present occasion, it has not been expressed in much stronger terms—in language of well merited reprehension!

The weather, from the 4th to the 18th of May, inclusively, had been uncommonly hot and dry—(more so indeed than has been known, in the same period, for a long series of years;) and I therefore calculated that the horses could not come out well at the ensuing races from the impossibility of giving them the requisite exercise upon the hard flinty clay of Epsom Downs. Towards evening on the 18th, the atmosphere became cool, the wind veered about, clouds rose in the horizon, and flew to different parts of the heavens. At three o'clock the following morning, I was glad to hear rain beat against the room window. A fine shower fell; and though the rain ceased at eight o'clock, it again came on at eleven, and continued to descend, with little intermission, for some hours. Early on Monday morning, the rain again descended, and when I visited Epsom Downs at one o'clock this day, I found the course (from the previous rain) in the best possible order of which it is susceptible.

The weather was delightful: and on the Downs some hundreds of persons were earnestly employed in preparations for their expected customers. Some publicans booths were ready for business, others were rapidly rearing their heads; while exhibitions of various kinds were assuming their positions for active operations.

In my account of the Chester Meeting I mentioned Snap Dragon, who

rendered himself very ridiculous by his very officious, and very impertinent interference with the "*dealers in hard ware.*" As these itinerant tradesmen were busily occupied in raising their "*Newmarket Club House,*" "*York Club House,*" &c. &c. I gazed around in order to ascertain, if Snap Dragon had made his appearance in this part of the world: Now, as Snap Dragon's frontispiece has been placed topsy turvy, triflingly elevated obversely above a pair of miserable apologies for shoulders, his identity would be easily discernible; but "*there was no such thing!*" Yet matters were not as they should be:—inordinate lust of gain knows no bounds. Mr. Langland, take this gentle hint in time! Be more moderate, and I shall be spared the unpleasant sensation of writing more plain and more impressive words!—"In three years (said Mr. Benjamin Bruin) there will be neither a Derby nor an Oaks to run for at Epsom, if you don't alter your system!" Do not, Mr. Langland, hurry the fulfilment of this painful prediction, Recollect the fable of the boy and the goose.

The village of Epsom continued remarkably quiet during the whole of Monday, May 20: the streets were calm, the Spread Eagle dull and vapid, the Coffee House free from company; the only bustle and clatter being caused by three elderly maiden ladies who happened to meet at the Circulating Library, the whole of whom were anxious to procure "*Cælebs in Search of a Wife.*"

Of betting men, I saw one only. "Captain Pursey (said I) how stand the odds?" The Captain hesitated, took a pinch of snuff, and at length stammered out "5 to 1 against Glaucaus." Twatty might be regarded as the second favourite at about 8 to 1; and Forester much the same. But the state of the betting must necessarily vary, and amounts to little after all, as to a genuine criterion of the quality of the horses. The event of the Derby of 1832 was regularly and systematically arranged prior to the race, as indeed are most of the leading events in the racing world. There is, however,

always a "glorious uncertainty" in racing.

Tuesday, May 21, the races commenced. The weather continued as fine as possible, and yet the company was but very thinly scattered over the Downs. For the better conduct of the meeting, the London police had been numerously called in: the first object which attracted my attention on approaching the course was a body of these men, young, active, clean, and something *à la militaire* in their appearance. This judicious measure appeared calculated to inspire confidence; but I was extremely sorry to hear some of these policemen make use of very impertinent, very insolent, observations in answer to questions which were civilly put to them. Several circumstances of this kind occurred within my hearing, during the day.

The first object of contention was the Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each; for which twelve good nags came to the post. "*The last mile and quarter,*" which is a very ugly mile and quarter. They came away well together, at a good pace: at Tattenham Corner they were as close together as possible: and here the struggle commenced: the horses were well matched; they continued well together to the end, the race being won, after a hard struggle, by the Duke of Rutland's br. c. Hawker, 4 years, ridden by Boyce.

The Shirley Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for 3 years old, one mile, brought out Sir G. Heathcote's Samarcand, Lord Exeter's Cactus, and Mr. Bristow's Pagoda. It was won easily by Samarcand.

The "Epsom Oatland's Stakes" of 25 sovs. each, produced a walk over by Mr. Smith's The Witch.

The Epsom Stakes of 3 sovs. each, and 40 added, brought out eleven remarkably well matched nags, which run four well contested heats, when victory declared in favour of Mr. G. Edwards's br. f. by Camel, dam by Soothsayer, jockeyed in a superior manner by N. Flatman.

There was a match between Lord Conyngham's Lady Charlotte, and Mr. Cosby's Temperance (one mile) won very easily by the former.



Second Day, Wednesday, May 22. The weather uncommonly fine, company very thin; plenty of beggars; a few gypsies; but very little business transacting in "*the hard ware line*."

Some minutes before two o'clock, under the intense heat of a burning sun, little F. Buckle appeared upon Sir Gilbert Heathcote's ch. f. Stately; Boyce upon the Duke of Rutland's ch. h. Gondolier; Pavis upon Mr. Gardner's b. c. Tarquin; Chapple upon Mr. Peel's b. f. Lucy; Wheatley upon Lord Conyngham's br. h. Carwell; a boy upon Mr. Stephenson's Alice, 3 years. "Last half mile." Alice was fretful; and, on account of her carrying only 7st. a boy was put upon her. Some minutes elapsed before the person who started them (the Clerk of the Course I suppose) made his appearance. At length I observed an obstinate-looking subject approach, mounted on a regular Rosinante, his conical caput protected from the rays of the sun by a white beaver. His approach was slow, but methodical; his aspect was impressed with a tone of authority, but I was not able to form an opinion of his reasoning powers, his hat being drawn over the organs of comparison and causality. But the worst of it was, this official member of the Epsom Turf, when he had arrived at the spot, evidently did not understand his business. Mr. Stephenson's filly was kept fretting very unnecessarily, while Wheatley, Pavis, and Boyce were laughing under their caps, to see the race thus taken out of the only thing of which they stood in fear. Off they went at last, the fretful filly running in third, after all. Gondolier won the race.

The next race, the Woodcot Stakes of 30 sovs. each, afforded this very official disciple just mentioned another opportunity of manifesting his absolute authority, if not his consummate wisdom. These stakes were for 2 years old; and it is well known, that young things are often unruly at starting, and on that account require more than ordinary attention on the part of the person appointed to start them. Four only came to the post; one of which, Mr. Hunter's brother to Forester, was very

awkward to manage: he reared so as to excite the most painful sensations for the safety of his rider, Flatman; yet was the start unnecessarily delayed, as as in the former case—from gross ignorance. The stakes were won by Mr. Yates's b. f. Ophelia, by Bedlamite, out of Lady of the Lake; well ridden by Pavis.

Next came the Gold Cup of 100 sovs. by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, which was won by Mr. Bristow's b. f. Languish, beating several not first rate nags.

The Croydon Stakes of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added, produced some good running. I proceeded towards the place of starting: I noticed Mr. Ricardo's ch. f. by Sultan, out of Stays, 3 years, in particular. I saw her striped and saddled, and little Flatman placed upon her back. She presents the points of speed, goes well, but has not sufficient power. She tried hard for the first heat; which, however, was won by Mr. Trelawney's br. g. Walter, by Whalebone. Four heats were run, and the prize carried away by Mr. Crommelin's b. c. Sinbad.

This morning, I went to the "Library" for the purpose of wiling away an hour over the "*Times*." As I entered the shop, the clock which overlooks the Pool struck ten; I had scarcely seated myself, when I noticed the approach of a stranger: that is, he was unknown to me; but I shall not soon forget him. He had passed the meridian of human existence, as his flea-bitten grey whiskers clearly indicated: he entered the shop, if not with the accomplished air of a modern dandy, at least with a degree of confident vulgarity, which clearly manifested how well he stood with his own vanity. He threw himself into a chair, and commenced a lecture upon the comparative merits of black lead pencils, French chalk, pumice stone, and ultra marine. "In drawing (said the wonderfully accomplished orator) never rub much out, lest you should lose sight of the ladder by which you have climbed the pinnacle of fame!" I involuntarily paused, in the middle of a most interesting sentence, to listen more attentively to the



prophetic and unqualified oracles of this awfully-gifted artist, this more than modern Apelles! who proceeded to state, that the line of beauty had been very incorrectly described by Hogarth, as well as by all who had written on the subject, and that he intended shortly to enlighten the world, by publishing a few crude, but concise and illustrative, ideas upon the principles of inverted perspective! He rose from his seat, and as he retired, I could not help regarding him with reverential awe; I followed this extraordinary being involuntarily, as if irresistibly attracted by the preponderating influence of overpowering genius. This semi-venerable biped directed his half tottering steps towards the circle in front of the Coffee House; I approached, pondering upon the incalculable events of this life, one of which had just placed within my contemplation the mysterious Solon who was toddling up the street before me. In a few seconds, I saw him distributing amongst the anxious throng what I thought must be a sort of Syllabus of Lectures, in which the Mysteries of Eleusis would be demonstrated to the meanest capacity. Observing him place one of these in the hand of Mr. Matthias Mulberry, I immediately begged that gentleman would favour me with a perusal of this Synopsis of the collective wisdom of ages. I received the document with trembling anxiety, if not with semi-prostration: and was thunder-struck, gentle reader, to find the following pithy excogitation:—"The Sporting Magazine for June, 1833, (to be published on Friday, the 31st inst.) will be illuminated by a powerfully expressive and also impressive account of Epsom Races, by OBSERVATOR!!!"—Professor Mungo, by heavens! the dictatorial demonstrator of the "Apollo of horses," and *plate-puffer* general to the Counterfeit Chronicle!—"Again will I see thee at Philippi! Aye! at Philippi!"

Thursday, May 23.—On the two preceding days, the races had been very thinly attended; but the weather continuing remarkably fine, Epsom was thronged at an early hour. Carriages of all descriptions, and from all quarters, continued to rattle towards the Downs

for hours:—from nine in the morning till half-past two: pedestrians from all points of the compass might also be seen directing their steps towards the scene of attraction, so that the race ground became animated by myriads of anxious spectators.

Betting on Thursday morning appeared to be 3 to 1 against Glaucus; 8 to 1 against Forester; 9 to 1 against Whale, &c. the winner not mentioned. The Derby was thus announced—

"The first year of a renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 years old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb. Last mile and half. To be run on the New Course if ready. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stake, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional Police Officers. (124 subscribers.)"

Although two o'clock was the appointed time for the horses to start for the Derby, it was not till more than an hour afterwards, that they got off. In the mean time, much bustle took place in the neighbourhood of the starting post. Two or three officials rode backward and forward; and, amongst other commands, ordered a carriage, which contained a lady and her daughters, to remove farther back, although it was, at the moment, placed amongst the furze, two yards at least from a white post which marked the boundary of the course. This imperative dictum was issued by two inflated personages on horseback, one of whom was distinguished by a white hat, and the other by an ancient pair of boots. This unnecessary removal would not have been so forcibly impressed upon my mind, had I not observed, not only the same ground immediately occupied by others, but carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians crowded forward ten or fifteen yards in advance; and, with this part of the course in the most shameful confusion, did the horses start for the Derby!

After three false starts, off they came (25 in number) and from the gross neglect of those whose duty it was to keep this part of the course clear, I fully expected lives would have been lost.

The pace was slow—very slow—and

from Astracan taking the lead and keeping it for half a mile, as well as from other indications, I concluded the jocks were riding to order. Harry Edwards, upon Llewellyn, appeared unwell, or at least he did not ride with his usual excellence. Wheatley, I always considered an awkward horseman, and on this occasion, he looked as awkward as ever upon Glaucus; Chapple went at his ease upon Dangerous; Flatman judiciously held Twatty. The pace continued slow till they reached Tattenham Corner; nor indeed could it be otherwise, from the very culpable narrowness of the course. At Tattenham Corner the course becomes much wider, and here the struggle commenced, if struggle it could be called. I never witnessed such early and such decided tailing off. The race was won (by a length) easily by Dangerous, followed by Connoisseur, steadily ridden by Templeman; Revenge third; the following any where or no where:—Forester, Glaucus, Little Cassino, Twatty c. Brother to Rough Robin, Cactus, Sir Robert, Mr. Wood's ch. c. by Partisan, Glenmore, Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Waterloo, Despot, Brother to Error, Pagan, Egyptus, The Bravo, Uncle Toby, Mr. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius, Mr. Payne's ch. c. by Wrangler, Catalanian, Astracan, Llewellyn, The Whale.

Thus came off the Derby of 1833; on the whole, a very *so so* sort of business. Some said "these Newmarket horses cannot go upon the Epsom course—they are all very well on a flat."—But how happened it that Glaucus, who it was previously said, could go from end to end, did not go off at score? why did he hang in the rear? We must conclude with the poet, "There was some temptation, and that's the truth on't?"

The Grand Stand, which, on the two previous days seemed deserted, was crowded; and, amongst the number, were many of the first Nobility, and men of distinction in the kingdom. *The keepers of gold and silver mines, the dealers in hard ware*, were busily employed during the greater part of the afternoon; while olive-coloured sybils were numerous, assiduously offering to impart their oracles to their credulous and willing customers.

The Derby was of course the all-absorbing event of the day. For the paltry sweepstakes which followed, eight were named. It was won by Mr. Peel's b. f. Lucy.

The "Hopeless Stakes of 3 sovs. each," &c. was won without difficulty, at two heats, by Mr. Greville's b. f. Dryad; and thus the racing of the day concluded.

Friday, May 24.—"This is the true English day," said the modern Apelles, the Puff Master General, addressing himself to Stephen Hawthorne. "And why so?" said the latter. "Because the company will be more select, better grouped, and the inverted perspective rendered more harmonious!"

The Oaks formed the paramount feature of the fourth and last day: I must give the conditions as officially announced:—

"The first year of a renewal of the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 years old fillies, 8st. 4lb. all other conditions as for the Derby. (97 subscribers.)"

Betting.—There were repeated fluctuations in the course of the morning: the prices on the breaking up of the ring averaging as under:—2 to 1 against Tarantella; 7 to 1 against Shoveller; 9 to 1 against Alecto; 9 to 1 against Revelry; 14 to 1 against Octave; 18 to 1 against Funny; 20 to 1 against Malibran; 20 to 1 against Baleine. The winner was not even mentioned in the ring; and the only bet we heard out of it was 100 pounds to 2 pounds against her. Weeper was backed in the town at 14 to 1, was subsequently declared to be amiss, and disappeared from the betting.

A few minutes past three o'clock, nineteen started for the Oaks, and they continued to come along as slowly as possible, as if waiting on each other. On turning the corner, tailing commenced; it continued; and after a miserably contested thing, the race was won by Vespa, beating Octave, Revelry, Mr. Barrow's b. f. by Whisker, Funny, Carnation, Baleine, Sister to Gayhurst, Dirce, Weeper, Chantilly, Mr. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius, Sister to Frederick, Falernia, Malibran, Amima, Tarantella, Diversity, and Mr. Grant's f. by Emilius.

The business of the day concluded with a Plate of 50 pounds given by W. J. Denison, Esq. M. P. for West Surrey: for 3 years old, 7st; 4 years, 8st. 7lb; 5 years, 9st; 6 years and aged, 9st. 3lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c. Two mile heats. It was won by Mermaid, beating Brother to Kate, Ember, Drover, Lady Charlotte, Pamela, Dinah, The Hermit, The Fairy, and The Sea, (six were drawn after the first heat) Zarina, and Blinker.

We are perfectly well aware that our account of Epsom Races will be found at variance with most, if not all, the other published reports of this meeting, but it is not the less correct on that account. In a daily paper, nothing beyond a mere list can be expected. The weekly press are enabled to offer a few elucidatory observations. But who are the writers of these accounts? Very honourable men, I have no doubt; but who, from possessing little practical knowledge of such a subject, are necessarily constrained to be guided by the report of others, whose ignorance, caprice, or sinister interest, may often give a false colouring to it. Hence I find, in several public prints, the racing of this meeting represented as of the best possible description; while I hesitate not to say, that one good race only occurred—that for the Craven Stakes. I further perceive, that the arrangements and the conduct of the races are represented as having absolutely attained the pinnacle of perfection. There are individuals who pocket their hundreds, if not their thousands, who feel it therefore their interest to gloze the business, to procure the publication of the grossest and most unblushing falsehood. We assert, without the fear of contradiction, that of all the meetings in the kingdom, there is not one, the arrangement of which, and the conduct throughout, are so negligent, so inefficient, and so dis-

graceful, as Epsom! There have been some new arrangements, it is true; that is, more exorbitant demands have been made for still narrowed accommodations: thus, for a few yards of ground, which used to let for some five or six pounds, sixty sovereigns are now extorted! Mr. Langland, have the goodness to throw some light on the business. And strange as it may appear, although exorbitant sums are extorted, in every form, from the visitors of Epsom races, yet the money is contemptibly trifling which is given to the "running horses." In fact, it is so contrived, that *the horses shall run for their own money*, or as nearly so as possible, as the list clearly shews: a paltry thirty or forty pounds are added to a miserable sweepstakes of three sovs. each, by way of forming something like a plate: while even the "Gold Cup," so far from being the gift of the town, is raised by a sweepstakes of ten sovereigns each!—What then becomes of the many hundreds raised by the most unblushing, the most inordinate extortion? "Aye! there's the rub!" Perhaps Mr. Langland, his friends with white hats, the gentleman with ancient boots, or the Puffinaster General, Mr. Observer, will condescend to throw some light on the present dismally dark and mysterious business.

Owing to systematic extortion in every form, but little company has visited Epsom for years, except on the Derby day; and ninety-nine out of every hundred of these carry their own refreshments rather than pay one guinea for a very indifferent dinner!

Finally, we feel no hesitation in asserting, that, either as regards the course, the keeping of the course, the roads from the village to the Downs; in fact, in every thing relative to the conduct of the races, or the accommodation of the public, Epsom stands pre-eminently disgraceful!

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### *MANCHESTER RACES.—Wednesday, May 29.*

These races commenced this day. The fineness of the weather drew toge-

ther a larger concourse of spectators than have been usually seen on the first



day on former similar occasions. The grand stand and other places of accommodation were much crowded; and, with the exception of the disagreeable state of the roads, and the hardness of the course, there appeared nothing calculated to annoy the sporting visitants, or to make a toil of the pleasure anticipated by the many thousands of persons who visit the moor as a gay and festive scene.

For the sportsman the races of this day were not particularly attractive (what business done in the betting way being chiefly on the Produce) although, as will appear from the return, the running was most excellent. Mr. Houldsworth has proved exceedingly fortunate, having taken both the Produce and the Wilton Stakes, and been within a trifle of winning the King's Hundred.

The first race was the Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 yrs olds; colts 8st. 6lb. fillies 8st. 3lb.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—One mile and three-quarters. (7 subs.) It was won by Ostrich, beating The Controller and Honeymoon. Honeymoon took the lead at starting, and maintained it for some distance, Controller second, and Ostrich third. Ostrich keeping a keen eye upon his competitors, slyly crept up, and in the last quarter of a mile shot a-head. Controller taking his position second. A smartly contested race for the last quarter between Controller and Ostrich, the latter winning by little more than a neck. Upon the whole a very excellent race. There was very little betting upon this race on the course or the grand stand, which was mainly owing to the offers being nearly all in favour of Controller, who continued favourite at evens against the field up to the time of starting, and in some instances 6 to 4 was bet upon the horse: 2 to 1 against Ostrich, 3 to 1 against Honeymoon.

The Wilton Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added; 3 years, 6st. 4lb. 4 years, 8st. 3lb. 5 years, 8 st. 10lb. 6 and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and three quarters. (3 subs.) was won by Contest, beating Falconbridge, and Wolverhampton.

The betting at starting, was 6 to 5 against Contest; 5 to 4 against Falconbridge; 3 to 1 against Wolverhampton. Wolverhampton started off at score. Contest second, and Falconbridge third, Falconbridge, however, soon rallied and took the lead, followed hard up by Contest, and within about 200 yards of the winning post the contest between them appeared very determined: the betting upon Falconbridge continuing.—Won by Contest, although the race was so exceedingly well run between the two, that some doubts were entertained by spectators as to the winner.

A Free Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added, for 4 years old.—Onemile and a quarter—(7 subs.) was won by Jemima, beating Lelevo, The Prince, Priscilla, and Sally Barlow. The winner backed against the field; 5 to 2 against The Prince; 5 to 1 against the other three. An excellent race between The Prince, Lelevo, and the winner.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, for 3 years old and upwards: 3 years, 7st. 2lb; 4 years, 9st. 2lb; 5 10st; 6 and aged, 10st. 5lb.—Three miles and a distance; was won by Giovanni, beating Contest, and The Earl. Giovanni led off in good style, The Earl second, and Contest third; but The Earl was soon placed last by Contest, who followed up a close second, and in the first time round continued to take the lead, which, however, Giovanni deprived him of, by again getting first. The race then became very hard between Contest and Giovanni, the betting upon each even. Giovanni won by little more than a neck. The three came well up. The betting was—Contest against the field; 3 to 1 against Giovanni; 7 to 1 against The Earl.

Thursday, May 30.—The moor was much thronged to day, the grand stand and the principal stands opposite were quite full; the lower part of the former was graced by the attendance of elegantly dressed females. Amongst the distinguished individuals present we noticed Lord Stanley.—The races of to day were rather important, but upon the whole not so good as yesterday; the interest excited upon the cup was a



little abated when it became known that Mr. Houldsworth did not intend to start David. David not starting, the contest of course would be between Speculator and the Physician; Sally Barlow being considered scarcely worth a thought, although her running did not prove very despicable. Speculator did not change his position as first favourite, and was backed against the field at 6 to 4, 2 to 1 against the Physician, and any odds against poor Sally.—The weather again proved auspicious, with the exception of the dust.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added, for 2 years old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C. (9 subs.) was won by Magus, beating Inheritor, Partridge, Mr. G. Cooke's b. c. by Lottery, Cherubino, and Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by Monarch. Six to 4 against Magus; 3 to 1 against the b. c. by Lottery; 5 to 2 against Partridge. This was a very good race, and exceedingly well contested by Magus, Inheritor, and Partridge; the three coming nearly abreast.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 100 sovs. added, for 3 years old; colts 8st. 6lb. fillies 8st. 3lb. The St. Leger Course. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. It was won by Ostrich, beating La Grace, Larkspur, Schemer, Moselle, and Eve. La Grace continued the favourite, and was backed at evens against the field; 4 to 1 against Ostrich; 4 to 1 against Schemer; 10 to 1 against the Controller. The whole entry appeared upon the course; but shortly before the starting Controller was led off apparently quite lame. Schemer took the lead, and kept it some time; but was passed near the White House at the top of the course by Ostrich, La Grace getting second, and contending hard for the victory. Betting 2 to 1 on Ostrich. From the distance, the racing between the mare and Ostrich was very severe; but Ostrich concluded the very excellent race by winning in a canter.

A Piece of Plate, or Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each (with 30 sovs. added, to be given to the owner of the second horse) for all ages.—Three years old to carry 6st. 3lb; 4 years, 8st. 2lb; 5 years,

8st. 10lb; 6 and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a cup at Manchester to carry 3lb; of two, 5lb. extra.—Two miles and a distance; (6 subs.) was won by Physician, beating Speculator and Sally Barlow. Up to the time of starting, the betting upon this race underwent no change: 6 to 4 on Speculator, against the field; 2 to 1 against Physician; 40 to 1 against Sally Barlow.—Speculator took the lead; but on the second time round was cleverly passed by the Physician, who maintained it to the post, winning easily. Sally not far behind.

A Plate of 60 pounds, for horses that never won 50 pounds at any time.—Three years old, 7st; 4 years, 8st. 4lb; 5 years, 8st. 9lb; 6 and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round the course and a distance. The second to be entitled to an additional 10 pounds. It was won by Venus, beating Mr. J. Robinson's b. c. by Lottery, Mignonette, Priscilla, and Catgut: Catgut drawn after the first heat. There was little or no betting upon the heats or the race; Venus was first favourite, but the field against any thing. The first heat was well contested between Mignonette, Venus, and Catgut, who were all abreast at the distance; and the second between Robinson's b. c. by Lottery and Venus. The latter, however, succeeded in winning both heats cleverly.

Friday, May 31.—This day's races, with the exception of the contest for the Lancashire Stakes, were very indifferent, and the attendance of company (although numerous) was by no means so great as that of yesterday, nor were the stands so crowded. We again observed Lord Stanley upon the grand stand. Fewer of the fair sex graced the moor with their presence than on the two former days.

The first race was the Lancashire Stakes, of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, 10 ft. and 5 ft. only if declared, &c.—Two miles and a quarter.—Five started, viz. Mowbray Hill, Manchester, Trident, Sir John, and Ocean. Upon this race there was considerable betting, and the odds stood thus: 6 to 5 against Mowbray Hill, and in many instances even against the field; 6 to 4 against Man-

chester; 6 to 1 against Trident; 10 to 1 against Sir John. Manchester took the lead at a killing pace, Mowbray Hill lying second, which situations both maintained for the first mile, but upon the second time round, about the rising of the hill, Sir John went up and appeared likely for a winner; betting upon him 5 to 4; Mowbray Hill trying it very hard and finding no chance gave up about a quarter of a mile from home; the contest then became very severe be-

tween Manchester and Sir John; betting 2 to 1 on Manchester. Both came in apparently a dead heat; but it was decided in favour of Sir John by half a neck. Mr. Houldsworth's Trident third.

The Kersal Stakes of 10 sovs. each, were walked over for by Miss Tramp.

The Broughton Stakes received by Moselle.

The Plate of 100 pounds.—Heats, two miles and a distance, was won by The Cardinal, beating Catgut.

### ASCOT HEATH RACES.—Tuesday June 4.

Tuesday was the first day of these races, and although not what is termed the "Grand Day," the assemblage in point of numbers was greater than we have witnessed on the first day for many years. On Monday evening the call for post-horses at Hounslow, so far exceeded the supply, that at one time there were between twenty and thirty carriages incapable of proceeding until the "down" horses had returned and were refreshed. On Tuesday morning the demand was equally great. The weather, in the early part of the day, was highly auspicious, and by one o'clock the course presented a *coup d'œil* of the most lively and animated description. There was the usual impatience displayed for the arrival of their Majesties, who, however, did not reach the course till half-past one. They were preceded by the Earl of Lichfield, as Master of the Stag-hounds. In the same carriage with their Majesties was the Duke of Brunswick, and nine open carriages followed, in which were Prince George of Cambridge, Lords Adolphus and Frederick Fitzclarence, Lord and Lady Errol, the Duke of Dorset, and the usual attendants on Royalty. His Majesty, we were happy to observe, was in excellent health and spirits. The Royal party seemed to take great interest in the sports. At half-past five o'clock their Majesties returned to the Castle.

With regard to the races, they were abundant and excellent, and the amusements such as cannot fail to increase the celebrity of this meeting. We ought here to notice that the promise for the future is not less flattering; for at the

dinner given by his Majesty to the Jockey Club last week, about twenty Noblemen and Gentlemen subscribed for the Cup next year, and sixteen subscribed to a Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, both of them remaining open for further subscriptions.—His Majesty has expressed, and evidently feels, a deep interest in preserving the character of this meeting, and we have no doubt he will be liberally supported by the higher classes of the sporting fraternity.—The following is a detail of the running:

Tuesday.—The Otlands Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for all ages (2 years old excepted).—Two miles and a half; those who declare, &c. pay 10 sovs. ft. It was won by Ernest, beating Datura and Lazarone. The following were not placed:—Hawker, Byzantium, Protocol, and Lucetta. Betting: 5 to 2 agst Lucetta; 3 to 1 against Datura; 4 to 1 against Hawker; 10 to 1 against Protocol; and 10 to 1 against Ernest. Protocol made first running, at a moderate pace, Datura lying next him, Byzantium third, and Lucetta fourth. For about three quarters of a mile, Protocol maintained his position; he then retired to the rear, and did not again shew in front. Datura carried on the running, Byzantium still keeping behind her, and so they come round the last turn; here Ernest went by Byzantium, at the distance headed Datura, and won very cleverly by a length; Hawker was fourth, Byzantium fifth, Protocol sixth, and Lucetta last. The pace was indifferent. Towards the finish of the race a shower of rain fell, which lasted for about ten minutes.

Match—150 sovs. h. ft.—Old mile, was won by The Bravo, beating Falerina by half a length. Eleven to 8 on The Bravo.

Match—100 sovs. h. ft. T. Y. C. Pussy received forfeit from Ellen.

Produce Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for 3 years old; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb. Untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb. both 5lb.—Old Mile; was won by Toby, beating Lucius, and Dirce. The following were not placed:—Duke of Cleveland's f. by Whisker, Mantilla, and Blue Eyes. Betting: 2 to 1 against Lucius; 3 to 1 against Duke of Cleveland's f.; and 4 to 1 against Toby. Dirce made play, followed by Mantilla and Lucius, Toby waiting behind them, till half-way within the distance, when he ran up to Lucius; Dirce and Mantilla giving up at the same time. Toby, full of running, kept alongside Lucius till within two or three strides of home, then left him, and won by a length easily.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, for horses of all ages; 3 years, 7st. 2lb; 4 years, 9st. 2lb; 5 years, 10st; 6 years and aged, 10st. 5lb.—To start at the New Mile starting post, go once round and in. It was won by Datura, beating Mr. G. Edwards's b. f. by Camel, Languish, and Brother to Kate. Betting: 2 to 1 on Datura; 3 to 1 against the Camel filly; and 4 to 1 against Languish. Datura made all the running, and won easily by three quarters of a length.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 years old; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb; winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 7lb. extra. New Mile: (11 subs.) was won by Young Rapid, beating Octave, Shylock, and Anglesea. Betting: even on Octave; 5 to 2 against Young Rapid; and 5 to 1 against Anglesea. Octave cut out the work for about half the ground, when Young Rapid went up, and ran with her to the distance, where Day discovered his mare was an octave too low; Young Rapid had it all his own way to the end, and won by three quarters of a length. The pace was good.

Match—100 sovs. h. ft.—Three quarters of a mile, was won by Tarquin beating Sketch Book. No betting.

Wednesday, May 5th.—Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for filly foals of 1830, 8st. 7lb. each; winner of Derby or Oaks to carry 7lb. extra.—New Mile, (3 subs.) was walked over by Mr. Chifney's b. c. by Emilius.

The Albany Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 years old; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb; winner of 2,000 guineas, Derby, or Oaks, 5lb. extra.—New Mile, (8 subs.) was won by The Bravo, beating Mr. Cooper's c. by Catton, Sir Robert, and Uncle Toby. Betting: even on Sir Robert; 7 to 2 against Mr. Cooper's c; 4 to 1 against The Bravo; and 6 to 1 against Uncle Toby. The pace was very slow to the distance, to which point the play was made by Sir Robert, with the Catton c. and the other two very well up. The pace then became severe, and the hindmost horses closed upon Sir Robert; a punishing race ensued between the four, and so near a thing was it at the finish, that, although the judge placed them as above, each of the jockeys thought he had won. The race was given to The Bravo by a head.

Second Year of a Renewal of the Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for 2 years old; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. (8 subs.) was won by Sister to Cactus beating Warrener and Little John. Betting: 7 to 4 each against Warrener and Little John, and 4 to 1 against the winner. A very poor race, and won cleverly by a length. Whitefoot went to the post, but was drawn lame.

A Plate of 50 pounds for all ages; 3 years, 7st. 4lb; four, 8st. 7lb; five, 9st. 1lb; 6 and aged, 9st. 5lb. mares and geldings allowed 3lb: the winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1833 (Matches and Handicaps excepted) to carry 3lb. extra.—One mile and a half, to start at the Swinley Post. It was won by Copper Captain beating Mr. G. Edwards's br. f. by Camel and Messenger. The following were not placed:—Byzantium, Tarquin, and Missetoe. The betting was heavy at the following odds: 2 to 1 against Copper Captain; 5 to 2 against Messenger; 4 to 1 against the Camel filly; and 9 to 2 against Tarquin. Byzantium made play to the distance, where Copper Captain came out, follow-



ed by the Camel filly and Messenger. The Captain maintained his advantage, and won cleverly by a length.

The Swinley Stakes of 25 sovs. each; 3 years, 7st. 4lb; 4 years, 8st. 10lb; fillies allowed 3lb.—Last mile and a half, to start at the Swinley Post. (4 subs.) Was won by Non Compos, beating Damascus and Mr. Cooper's c. by Catton. Betting: even on the Catton colt and Non Compos. A remarkably slow race till they got to the Grand Stand, where the Catton colt was defeated; the other two ran home together at their best speed, Non Compos winning by a head only.

Thursday, May 6.—The grand day (such is the prescriptive title of the Thursday at Ascot) with less than its usual interest to sporting men, attracted a remarkably full and fashionable assemblage. Their Majesties arrived on the Heath attended as on Tuesday, and remained till the termination of the races. The sport consisted of six races, not one of which was well contested. The following are particulars:—

The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 years old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each; the winner of the 2,000 guineas, Derby, or Oaks Stakes, to carry 5lb. extra.—The Old Mile: (7 subs.) was won by Octave beating Amima. 7 to 2 on Octave. Won easy by two lengths.

The Eclipse Foot, with 200 pounds given by his Majesty, added to a Match of 100 sovs. each, p. r.—About two miles and a half. It was won by Galopade beating Dirce. Five to 1 on Galopade. Dirce made the running at her best pace till past the distance, where Galopade went past her, and won very easy by two lengths. This was his debut in the South: he was greatly admired for the symmetry of his shape, and the excellent condition in which he came to the post. He is in the Goodwood Cup, and will have to carry extra weight for winning this race.

Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for 2 years old; colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb; the winner of a sweepstakes before or after naming, 3lb. extra. T. Y. C. It was won by Mr. Forth's f. by Longwaist, beating Mr. Gardnor's c. by Whalebone, and Pussey. The following

were not placed: Lorenzo, Sister to Cactus, and Sir W. Freemantle's ch. f. by Carbonaro. Betting: 2 to 1 against the Whalebone colt; 3 to 1 against the winner; 4 to 1 against Pussey; and 5 to 1 against Sister to Cactus. The Whalebone colt took the lead at a good pace, with Forth's filly at his quarters, and Lorenzo third; they came in this order into the straight running, when Pussey changed places with Lorenzo; Forth's filly was kept in reserve till close upon the chains, then let loose, and won cleverly by a length. She was backed to a considerable amount.

The Gold Cup, value 200 sovs. the surplus (if any) to be paid in Specie—a Subscription of 20 sovs. each, the second horse to save his stake; 3 years old, 6st. 10lb; 4 years, 8st. 2lb; 5 years, 8st. 12lb; 6 and aged, 9st. 3lb. mares allowed 3lb.—About two miles and a half. It was won by Galata beating Lucetta. Three to 1 on Galata, who won in a common canter by ten lengths.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colt foals of 1830, 8st. 7lb. each; winner of the Derby to carry 7lb. extra.—New Mile, (9 subs.) was won by Anglesea beating Lucius. 5 to 2 on Anglesea; won easy by a length.

Renewal of the Royal Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 years old; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New Mile; to continue in 1834; (9 subs.) was won by Young Rapid beating Sir Robert. 5 to 4 on Young Rapid, who won cleverly by three quarters of a length.

Friday.—Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—Old mile, (4 subs.) was walked over by Young Rapid.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—New Mile, (4 subs) was won by Cowdray beating Fanny Grey and Temperance. Betting: 5 to 4 against Cowdray; 2 to 1 against Fanny Grey; and 5 to 1 against Temperance. The latter made play, at her best pace, which is not very great, and managed to keep her place to the distance, where the other two went up, and beat her off. A smart race between the two others, was won, with a little shaking, by Cowdray, half a length.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, for hunters; 5 years, 11st. 7lb; 6 years, 11st. 12lb; and aged, 12st: maiden



horses allowed 5lb.—Two miles and a distance. It was won by Donegani, beating Trump, Mr. L. Harvey's ch. g. and Mr. Curtis's ch. g. by Rubens. Two to 1 on Donegani. A wretched race, and won by six lengths.

A Plate of 50 pounds for all ages; 3 years, 7st. 7lb; four years, 8st. 7lb; 5 years, 9st; 6 and aged, 9st. 4lb: mares allowed 3lb; the winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes in 1832 (Matches and Handicaps excepted) to carry 3lb. extra.—Old Mile; the winner to be sold for 250 guineas if demanded, &c. It was won by Ambrosio, beating Emir. The following were not placed: Tourist, Messenger, Fanny, Ida, Flora, and Non Compos. Betting: 3 to 1 against Emir; 3 to 1 against Non Compos; 4 to 1 against Ambrosio; 6 to 1 against Flora; 6 to 1 against Ida; and 7 to 1 against Messenger. Ida made running to the turn, where she was headed by Ambrosio, who carried it on till half way within the distance; here Emir challenged

him, made a severe race, and finished it at a dead heat.—Second heat: 11 to 8 on Ambrosio, who made a waiting race of it, came out about a hundred yards from home, and won by half a length, rather cleverly.

The Wokingham Stakes of 5 sovs. each, for 3 years old and upwards, (Handicap).—The last three quarters of the New Mile, (12 subs.) was won by Shylock beating Partisan. The following were not placed: Ambrosio, Landrail, Non Compos, Runnemed, Mr. Cooper's c. by Catton, Mr Sadler's ch. f. by Middleton, and Mr. Grant's b. f. by Emilius. Betting: 4 to 1 against the Catton colt; 4 to 1 against Ambrosio; 5 to 1 against c. by Partisan; 5 to 1 against Runnemed; and 6 to 1 agst the winner. The Partisan c. cut out the work after coming round the corner, Shylock running in his wake till past the distance, he then challenged, and after a hard struggle, won by a head; the pace was excellent throughout.

### *NEWTON RACES.—Wednesday, June 5.*

These races commenced on this day, and the large attendance, compared even with that of last year, evidently shewed the increasing popularity of the meeting. The course, from the refreshing and beneficial showers of rain which have recently fallen, gladdening alike to the sportsman and the farmer, was in excellent order, and the races proved of first-rate character. The most important of the day was of course, the Manor Cup, upon which a good deal of betting took place, and much amusement was anticipated. The racing between Lady Stafford, Perseverance, and David, was very severe, and many were of opinion that David was the winner, although placed third. The grand stand was crowded with fashionables; and the lower part with the *élite* of the fair sex. Amongst the distinguished and well-known gentlemen present we noticed the following:—Sir T. Stanley, Sir R. Bulkley, Sir John Gerard, John White, Esq. Edmund Hornby, Esq. M.P. Gen. Yates, Edward Yates, Esq. Edmund Peel, Esq. Thomas Legh, Esq. &c. &c.

On the Thursday and Friday the races were equally good. The following is a detail of the running:—

The Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for 3 years old; colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb. allowed, &c.—One mile and a distance. It was won by Constance beating Figaro. 2 to 1 against Constance; 3 to 1 against Figaro.

A Free Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 sovs. ft. with 20 sovs. added, for 3 years old and upwards.—Two miles and a distance. It was won by Bullet beating Lelevo, Jemima, Ocean, and Figaro. 6 to 4 against Jemima; 2 to 1 against Bullet.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for 3 years old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half. It was won by Frenzy, beating Lady Moore Carew, Moselle, Harriet, Whisker, and Only That. Six to 4 against Frenzy; 2 to 1 against Harriet.

A Gold Cup, value 100 sovs. the gift of the Lord of the Manor of Newton, added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 sovs. ft.—25 subscribers,

four of whom having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, pay only 5 sovs. each.—Two miles and a distance. The owner of the second to receive 25 sovs. It was won by Lady Stafford, beating Perseverance and David. 7 to 4 against Perseverance; 3 to 1 against David; 7 to 4 against Windcliffe; 3 to 1 against Mona's Pride; 6 to 1 against the winner. An excellent race between the three placed horses.

A Plate of 70 pounds for horses, &c. that never won 50 pounds; 3 years old, 6st. 12lb; 4 years, 8st. 2lb; 5 years, 8st. 8lb; six and aged, 8st. 10lb: mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Two mile heats. It was won by Flighty, beating Saccharina. 7 to 4 against Flighty.

Thursday, June 6.—The Golborne Stakes, of 20 sovs. each; for 2 years old; colts, 8st. 5lb; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The Golborne course.—A straight half mile. It was won by Vittoria, beating Noodle, and Belzoni. 2 to 1 against Vittoria; 3 to 1 against Noodle; 4 to 1 against Magnus; 6 to 1 against Cashier.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added; for 3 years old; colts, 8st. 6lb; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and three quarters.—The second to receive back his stake. It was won by Fitzdictor, beating Larkspur and Figaro. 6 to 4 against Governor; 4 to 1 against Larkspur; 8 to 1 against the winner. Governor not placed.

The Borough Cup, value 100 sovs. added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages; 3 years old, 6st. 3lb; 4 years, 8st. 2lb; 5 years, 8st. 10lb; 6 and aged, 9st: mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The winner of a cup or piece of plate value 100 sovs. in 1833, to carry 3lb; of two, 5lb. extra.—Two miles. It was won by Birdcatcher, beating Colwick and Windcliffe. 5 to 4 on Birdcatcher; 5 to 4 against Colwick; 8 to 1 against Windcliffe.

A Plate of 70 pounds for 3 years old, 6st. 8lb; and 4 years, 8st. 5lb.—The winner of one plate in this present year, before starting, to carry 3lb; of two, a gold cup, or a king's plate, 5lb. extra.—Two mile heats. It was won by Lockington, beating Agitator, Henry Masterton and Wolverhampton. 6 to 4 against the winner; 2 to 1 against Wolverhampton.

Friday, June 7.—The Shrigley Cup, value 100 sovs. given by William Turner, Esq. M.P., added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 sovs. ft.—Thirty-one subscribers, eleven of whom having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, pay only 5 sovs. each.—Mile and a half. The second to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes. It was won by Lady Stafford, beating Perseverance, Her Highness, Falconbridge, Hope, Chester, Birdcatcher and Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by Lottery. Upon this race there appeared to be considerable interest. The start was made from the half-mile. Her Highness taking the lead, followed closely by Falconbridge, who at the second time round took the lead, placing Her Highness third, and Chester second. Lady Stafford, who had previously been last, now began to make play, and crept unawares into the inside, Chester being apparently taken by surprise. Within thirty yards of the winning post she took the lead, after hard racing between her, Perseverance, and Her Highness, and succeeded in winning by a neck.—The betting upon this race was 2 to 1 against Her Highness; 5 to 1 against Falconbridge; 5 to 2 against Birdcatcher; 5 and 6 to 1 against the winner; and 5 to 1 against Hope; Her Highness came third, but was not placed.

The St. Helen's Stakes of 50 sovs. added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each: a winner once in 1833 to carry 3lb, and twice 5lb. extra.—Two miles and a distance. It was won by Independence, beating David. David and Independence only contested for the purse. The race was one of peculiar interest from the well known capabilities of each. They started at a very slow pace, David taking the lead, but when a quarter of a mile from starting, Independence made a singular and sudden shoot forward, heading his opponent perhaps thirty or forty yards, but both in a common canter. At the second time round the pace began to improve, Independence still keeping the lead, and both holding in. Not far from the spot where Independence shot out, David made equally as sudden a movement, and came up almost abreast, in which position they remained till within a few yards of the

winning post; David striving hard and with the benefit of the inside; Independence, however, won by a neck.—The betting was 3 to 1 on David; 3 to 1 against the winner.

The Warrington Purse of 50 sovs. added to a handicap of five sovs. each.—One mile and a distance. It was won by Caractacus, beating Pluralist and seven others: Eve was placed third. One false start. Wolverhampton taking the lead at a rapid pace, was not eager to return, and with much difficulty was brought back. He again took the lead, followed by Pluralist and Caractacus. An excellent race from the distance. 2 to 1 against Caractacus; 3 to 1 against Pluralist. Caractacus and Pluralist agst the field.

The Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added, Won by Circassian, beating the Physician. Puss took the lead at a rapid pace, and maintained it until near the distance. In coming in a very well contested race from the distance between Puss, Circassian and the Physician. It was scarcely perceptible whether Physician or Circassian had won; but it was decided in favour of the latter by half a head. 7 to 4 against the Physician; 2 to 1 against Circassian; 5 to 2 against Colwick; and 4 to 1 against Puss.

The Plate of 70 pounds, was won by Bullet. 2 to 1 against Bullet; 3 to 1 against Mona's Pride.

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### *To the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet.*

SIR,

The enclosed spirited description of the Oulton Lowe Run was written and sent me two hours after it happened, and I was only prevented by illness from giving you a copy of it forthwith.

It should have appeared in the same Cabinet with *the song*, to which in description it bears a strong resemblance.

Your's truly,  
VELOCIPED.

To the view halloo given away we all go  
From the famed *good old* cover (now new) Oulton Lowe;  
Our fox prov'd a *vixen*, and devilish well bred,  
And the *maidens*\* stuck to her until she was dead,  
Well hunted by *Maiden*,† (all gave him his due),  
For he rode like a huntsman, and had them in view.

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near Chester, Feb. 9, 1833.

### THE RUN.

Over the brook towards Chelmondeston, bending to the left, went down over Whettenhall Green, and left the wood to the left; straight as *she* could go over Darnhall, without ever entering a cover, to Weaver Hall, crossed the Ash Brook, just above the bridge, and off towards Minshull; then, bending to the right, went through the end of Whettenhall Wood, and nearly up to Little Budworth; she then turned to the right towards Over, and still inclining

to the right came down to Darn Hall; and about a field before she got to Whettenhall Wood the *ladies* ran up to their fox, going down the headland of a grass field; when, I assure you, as soon as some five or six of us got within twenty yards of the spot, we made the air resound with the joyful sound of whoo-whoop!—One hour and ten minutes, a *killing pace*. Looking round I saw

Men's faces red as coats,  
Horses minus beans and oats.

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\* The bitch pack.

† The huntsman's name.





SPANISH POINTER



There was a new sportsman out to-day. I have seen him after hounds before certainly, but never saw him go so well :—I mean

Young T—— O—— to my surprise,  
Charg'd every fence, no matter size :  
He has this day, I tell no story,  
Cover'd himself with hunting glory.

On our return we were much amused for two or three miles, with seeing first one man in his scarlet riding a cart horse with gears on (out of a plough), to a farm house for help to get his blown horse out of a *dish* (as the Baron calls it) ; half a mile further, a young gentleman standing coolly in a field looking round, but not knowing which way to cast his eye to find his horse, which had very unceremoniously wished him good day about an hour before ; others leading their horses out of the inclosures into the lanes, not daring to ride them over a fence. About ten minutes before we killed, the Baron came by the side

of me, crying “ a *daam* good run !—a da-a-m good run ! a da-a-m good run, Sir ! ” in genuine German accent.

Sir Harry highly complimented Maiden on the field after killing the fox. We did not find until half past two, having drawn Calveley, Cholmondeston, Aston, and Leighton, blank.

Having no brother sportsman to talk the chase over again with after dinner, I thought I would just amuse myself, and try to afford an old friend a few reflections on an old fashioned Cheshire day's sport.

Your's, &c.

### The SPANISH POINTER.—(Plate.)

After having gone rather elaborately into the subject of pointers in previous numbers, in the present instance, we have only to observe, that we consider the Spanish Pointer as the source whence all the ramifications of the tribe have been derived. The dog under consideration is inclined to be out at the elbows, is heavy, and clumsily formed ; consequently slow in the field

and soon tired. The genuine Spanish pointer is further remarkable for ill temper, for a disposition to chase hares, as well as for very acute olfactory organs. The manner of setting and character of the animal are well represented in the plate. The figure is a portrait of a Spanish pointer which belonged to the writer.

### The FINE ARTS.

We strolled into Somerset House in the early part of June for the purpose of taking a peep at “ the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.” Field sports evidently offer to the painter the most varied and the most interesting subjects for his contemplation : I therefore entered the place under the persuasion that a splendid treat was prepared for me.

I glanced at the numerous (particularly of mediocre portraits) pictures which covered the walls, and at length fixed my eye upon, “ *Returning from the haunts of the Sea Fowl*, W. Collins, R. A.” We suppose this is intended to

represent some mental conceit of the painter ; as, whether we consider the view or the figures (particularly of what he wishes, we suppose, to be understood as “ *the Sea Fowl* ”) we can scarcely discover in nature any thing to which they manifest a distant approximation.

“ 271. *Portrait of a Gentleman on a favourite hunter*, A. Cooper, R. A.—As far as relates to *likeness*, this picture may lay perhaps as much claim as many of the portraits which we see of his Majesty placed over alehouse doors. However, a horse any thing like the form here represented, never fell under our observation ; and if such a creature

is to be found, it must be classed as a monster!

"390. *Portrait of a Hunter well known in Sir R. Sutton's Hunt, W. Barraud.*"—Too contemptible for criticism!

But what shall we say to 482, *Portrait of MISTER Shirley, Huntsman to Sir R. Sutton.*"—We really can give no opinion in this case, as the catalogue did not state whether it were intended for *caricature* or otherwise.

It would be worse than a waste of time to wade individually through the portraits of horses, dogs, &c. which, taken in the aggregate, clearly shew, that, as far as relates to Field Sports, painting is at the lowest possible ebb:—with this exception, however, that Edwin Landseer stands pre-eminently conspicuous: on the score of sterling genius and brilliancy of talent, he shines with the dazzling splendour of a meridian sun! It would be degradation to say that, amongst his cotemporaries, he had a competitor—he leaves them all at an immeasurable distance! In the present exhibition, this gentleman has several pictures, one of which 318, *Hunters, the property of W. Wigram, Esq.*" presents three figures, which impress very forcibly on the mind of the spectator the true character of the animals: they look like hunters: it is a very interesting and a very beautiful picture. "His *Deer and Deer Hounds in a Mountain Torrent*" is a picture of a very different character, but painted with uncommon vigour and fidelity. His portrait of "*Sir Walter Scott, accompanied by his hound and terriers,*" is equally entitled to praise. But what is the reason that such exquisite specimens of the fine arts should be placed in holes and corners? Why not allow them that conspicuous position to which their transcendent merit so justly en-

titles them! If the common place geniuses who have the direction of this business can muster sufficient presumption to be jealous of Mr. Landseer, it must be regarded as a libel upon common sense.

As a painter of Field Sports, Edwin Landseer stands alone, if we except Charles Towne. But these two gentlemen do not afford good comparison, as they differ in style as much as possible. Landseer is remarkable for originality of conception and also for vigorous truth of character. Towne finishes highly, and frequently injures the effect by allowing his soft silvery touch to predominate over every other consideration. There are no other painters of Field Sports.

We suppose the attempts of Alken are to be understood as *caricature*. We have seen many of this gentleman's productions, every one of which might justly be considered as an outrage upon common sense. Before Mr. Alken can produce genuine caricature upon the subjects in question, he must endeavour to acquire some trifling knowledge of the figure and conformation of man, horse, and dog; he must also witness the chase, of which at present he is most profoundly ignorant: and even these requisites, without *wit*, will not qualify him for the task; and how he is to acquire *wit*, we cannot direct him, since nature has evidently denied him the capacity for the attainment of this rarely-possessioned quality—at least, if we are to form an opinion from the rubbish which he has ushered into the world. Let any sportsman look at his "*Sporting Sweep*" and "*Sporting Miller,*" for instance, and he will agree with us, that they are not only destitute of humour, but most miserable mental abortions!

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### The SWORD FISH.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

It is generally supposed that birds, from their peculiar structure, are the strongest, speaking comparatively, of all living creatures; and yet, if we are to take the following as proofs of

strength, it would appear that, in this respect, fishes are decidedly superior:—In 1725, while the workmen were refitting his Majesty's ship *Leopard*, after her return from the West Indies, they found in her bottom part of the proboscis or sword of a sword fish. From the



direction in which this curious instrument was discovered, the fish, it is supposed, must have followed the ship when under sail in order thus to perforate it. The sword had penetrated through the sheathing, which was an inch thick, passed through three inches of plank, and beyond that, had penetrated four inches and a half into the timber. The force requisite to effect this must have been excessive, as no shock was felt in the vessel, and such, considering the size of the animal, as to stagger belief, but that the fact is incontestible. The shipwrights were of opinion, that it was impossible, with a hammer of a quarter of a hundred weight, to drive an iron pin, of the same form and size, to the same depth into that wood, in less than eight or nine strokes; whilst it is evident this must have been effected with one thrust of the fish, and that too, as it is supposed, while the ship was sailing from it.

In the year 1801, a Danish vessel came into harbour at the Cape of Good Hope, in consequence of having sprung a leak off the coast of Brazil. On examination, it was found, that she had been struck by a sword fish, the snout of which had penetrated the bottom, where it still remained, having snapped close to the exterior side of the vessel. In the same year, a small English ship came into Table Bay, having received, in the southern Atlantic, a stroke from a sword fish, which buried part of the bony snout so deep in the stern post, as to impede the action of the rudder.

Barrow, in his *Voyage to Cochin China*, mentions ships' sides of thick ash plank, having been completely perforated by the snout of the sword fish; and Van Schouten, in his entertaining *Voyage round the World*, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, states that a great fish, or sea monster, having a horn like a common elephant's tooth, except being full and not hollow, struck the ship with such force, that it entered into three planks of the ship, and penetrated a rib, where it turned upward.

The late Sir Joseph Banks, when President of the Royal Society, received a letter from the Captain of an East Indiaman, containing an account of another instance of the amazing strength

which this fish occasionally exerts, the bottom of his ship being pierced through in such a manner that the sword was completely embedded or driven through its whole length, and the fish killed by the violence of the effort. A part of the bottom of the vessel, with the sword embedded in it, is now in the British Museum.

There are two known varieties of the sword fish. The broad finned sword fish inhabits the Brazilian and Indian seas, and also the northern ocean. The head is furnished with a long, hard, sword-shaped under jaw. The mouth has no teeth. The gill membrane is eight rayed; and the body is rounded, of a silvery bluish white, except the upper parts of the back and the head and tail, which are of a deep brown. The skin is smooth, and without any appearance of scales. The broad finned sword fish differs from the other variety in having a very broad back fin, and two long sharp-pointed appendages proceeding from the thorax, of which the other is destitute. However, they are both very powerful fish, will grow to the length of twenty feet and upwards, and the manners and habits of both seem the same. Their voracity is unbounded, for they kill and destroy almost every thing living that comes in their way. The larger fish they penetrate with their long snout, few of which, when within sight of them, can either withstand or avoid their shock. The sword fish and the whale are said never to meet without coming to battle; and the former has the repute of being always the aggressor. Sometimes two of them join against one whale, in which case the combat is by no means equal. The whale uses his tail only in his defence: he dives down into the water head foremost, and makes such a blow with his tail, that if it takes effect finishes the sword fish at a stroke: but the latter, who is generally sufficiently adroit to avoid the blow, immediately falls upon the whale and buries his weapon in his side. Whenever the whale discovers the sword fish darting upon him, he dives to the bottom, but is pursued by his antagonist, and compelled again to rise to the surface. The battle then begins anew, and lasts till the sword



fish loses sight of the whale, who is at length compelled to swim off, which his superior agility enables him to do. As the sword fish, with the tremendous weapon at his snout, is not able to pierce beyond the blubber, so he is seldom able to do his enormous antagonist any serious injury.

Now, if we duly consider what has been stated above, we shall find that the sword fish is capable of exerting a de-

gree of strength superior to that of any other creature; and as its form no way indicates such amazing power, so we must conclude its force arises in a very different manner from that species of muscular motion from which the relative strength of animated nature is generally measured or estimated.

Your's, &c.

CURIOSUS.

### *AMPHIBIA, the EYES of BUTTERFLIES.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

As we are told by naturalists that fishes which breathe by gills are two or three degrees warmer than their medium, it would appear that river fish are not so warm as those of the ocean, as the water of this great receptacle is generally supposed to be warmer than that of rivers; yet, as much of this must depend on the latitude, so it would hence appear that the fish in the neighbourhood of St. Thomas's are much warmer than those found on the banks of Newfoundland, and still more so when compared to those found on the coast of Greenland, and yet fish of the same kind may be found in all these places. According to this theory, salmon, as well as eels, and perhaps some others of the finny tribe, change, in some degree their natures when they remove from rivers into the sea, and *vice versa*. It is an interesting subject, Mr. Editor, upon which some of your numerous readers may perhaps condescend to throw some further light.

The varieties of structures performing the same functions, is peculiarly evident in the breathing organs of animals, which are adapted to their modes of immediate existence; the more ca-

pacious these are, the greater the heat and activity of the animal. Insects and worms, which breathe by pores on their surface, and tracheal tubes, receive only a small portion of air, and possess heat scarcely greater than their surrounding element. Amphibia, which breathe by lungs have a standard heat five or six degrees above that of their water, and possess a voluntary power of augmenting it in their different elements; and birds, which breathe by cells, curiously diffused over their bodies, communicating even with their hollow bones, are the hottest of all classes of animals, possess the greatest activity, as well as the most powerful muscular motion.

It seems somewhat singular, that insects in general should have more than two eyes. The scorpion and the spider have each of them eight. The greater part of insects, however, have them by thousands, commonly collected in two orbits: a beetle has, 6,362 eyes, a fly has 16,000; while those of a butterfly amount to 34,650! The number and situation of these eyes compensate insects for their incapacity of turning or moving them.

Your's, &c.

INDAGATOR.

*To the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet.*

*Derby, June 1st, 1833.*

SIR,

On looking over your last number, I observed an article under the signature of R. Reilloc, of Worcester, wherein he

takes a short review of the different publications on sporting subjects, and criticises them with what will be generally allowed to be *indiscriminate* censure, of which he appears to be a *general whole-*

*sale dealer*, having but little praise to spare for any of those works; but in most of them, he complains of their being for the purpose of *book making and selling*, and devoid of utility, on the subject of which they profess to treat. There are a much greater portion of those who have an excellent tact of censuring others, than of producing any thing themselves of real worth and deserving of unqualified praise; and I suspect M. Reilloc to be one of the former number, and that his remarks will be deemed unworthy of answer, by most of the living authors he has thought proper to attack.

But as he has condescended to notice a small work on coursing, which I publish'd four or five years ago, in a manner which amuses me, and which, if his opinion is of that value he would have us to consider it to be, conveys virtually a compliment upon me; and, as it does not contain many lines, I will here copy it for the further edification of your readers.

He says "on coursing, several publications have, not long ago, made their appearance; which, however, are very meagerly huddled together. The Cours-er's Companion, by Thacker of Derby, is entitled to a trifling notice, as the production of a man who has witnessed this highly interesting diversion; but, who appears utterly destitute of the capacity of studying it philosophically; nor indeed does the author seem to possess a sufficient knowledge of his native language, to enable him to express his trifling, crude, and ill-digested ideas with either force or gramatical accuracy."

Now I have no right to complain of this, because at the very commencement of the preface to my book, I stated that, "the reader must not expect to find that fine flowery language, or elegance of composition with which some other works abound; to such the author has no pretensions; the object is usefulness on the subject whereon it treats; and for the composition, if it is couched in language sufficiently plain and intelligible to convey its intended meanings on all the different bearings of the questions considered, is the highest of its aim in that respect."

Now whilst Mr. Reilloc is com-

plaining of the Rev. Mr. Danials compiling his Rural Sports, and yet not being himself a sportsman, and railing against others with a similar spirit, as their not conveying the instruction required on their several subjects, I cannot help suspecting, that this Mr. Reilloc, who is pretending to review sporting works, to be no practice courser himself, or other-ways not an impartial reviewer—for if he has practical knowledge of the sport, he would either have acknowledged the utility of the work for the object intended, or have pointed out its errors in that respect, to render his remarks upon it of any utility to the sporting public, who will at once see that his remarks of my want of *scholarship* are quite superfluous, my self acknowledgement on that score attending the work into whatever library it finds its way.

My little work was *not an uncalld-for* revision of the old laws of the leash; the want of such was universally acknowledged; and, if my unscholastic brains have furnish'd a much better code of laws than the coursing public were before possess'd of, I fancy that there is so much more merit due to them for the want of that erudition of which he complains, and, that I ought to be so much more obligd to him for his strictures in that respect.

However devoid of gramatical accuracy I have express'd my trifling, crude, and ill-digested ideas, they are not altogether without that *force* which he ascribes to their expression, otherways so many coursing societies would not have adopted them in preference to the old laws framed in the days of good Queen Bess, and also in preference to those promulgated about the same time as mine, by the Ashdown Park Club. For I am happy to inform Mr. Reilloc, that many coursing clubs have ordered "their courses to be decided by Thacker's rules of coursing;" and that some, with not one member of which have I any personal knowledge, have paid me the compliment of electing me an honorary member of their society; and further, I have various suggestions from members of clubs, in different parts of the kingdom, for the more completely perfecting of those rules, with a view for those contained in the next edition of my work,

now ready for the press, to be proposed by them for general adoption, and, I shall be happy to add Mr. Reilloc's name to the list as a subscriber.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. THACKER.

We have given Mr. Thacker's communication in his *own language*; and leave the reader to judge how far the observations of "R. REILLOC" are founded in truth.

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*"Maxims and Hints for an Angler and Miseries of Fishing, illustrated by Drawings on Stone. To which are added Maxims and Hints for a Chess Player."*

This is an entertaining little volume, containing much useful information, conveyed with genuine wit and raciness: in which we think we perceive the language of a writer who has already delighted the public in the Bioscope of Human Life. The illustrations are well executed, well placed, and very humorous.

A few of the latter pages of this publication are devoted to Maxims and Hints for a Chess Player; which reminds us of the second edition of "*A New Treatise on the Game of Chess, by Geo. Walker.*" Our opinion of this work has been so well expressed, by the Monthly Magazine for June, that we shall copy the paragraph.

"Some twelvemonths since, considerable excitement was produced in the chess-playing world, by the appearance of a little work, at the very low price of three shillings and sixpence, professing to teach the science of Chess. The high priced authors were all scandalized at the innovation in Chess literature, and of course predicted the failure of the experiment:—but the matter at issue, was in the hands of an enlightened public, and before the expiration of a year, the call for a second edition has dissipated for ever the golden visions of the authors of guinea octavos in large type. The price of the volume, has now been raised to five shillings and sixpence, but the additional matter, apart from its intrinsic worth, is nearly equal in bulk to the original. That most beautiful opening known by the name of its inventor, Captain Evans, upon which very little has hitherto been written, occupies eleven pages of the work. The analysis has been most carefully made, and the best modes of attack are

laid down with an air of decision, that at once gains the student's confidence, and shews the author to be thoroughly acquainted with his subject. If we were inclined to find fault with Mr. Walker, we should say that he has not shewn us any defence: indeed the intention manifest throughout the work, is to teach the best methods of attack. But after all, perhaps this is the only sure way to make a good player, for we know practically, that one who confines his play to defensive operations, seldom if ever improves; and, that he who is the most irresistible in his attacks, shews also the greatest subtlety and resources in his defence. Where all is good it is difficult to particularize, but we may point attention to the chapters on the Muzio and Bishop's Gambits, as being particularly worthy of commendation. The ends of games with pawns are highly instructive, and the problems very ingenious and entertaining. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this to be not only the best book on Chess that has ever been written, but one which, with a little addition, would entirely supersede the necessity of other works, so far as relates to their practical utility. We allude to those games in which some advantage is given; and we strenuously recommend Mr. Walker, to perfect a future edition of his book, by adding to it the valuable information he possesses on this subject. We have only detected one error, which the author we are sure will thank us for pointing out. It occurs in page 101, move 20; instead of Kt. or R. takes K. B. P. and wins—it should be R. takes P. checking—for if white take with Kt. black would check-mate.



## HYDROPHOBIA.

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

I trust there needs little apology for introducing to the notice of your numerous readers any information relative to the cure of that most frightful of all diseases, the hydrophobia. The cause and effects of this disease, as far as relate to the human subject, are alas! but too well and too fatally known, but the incipient cause, or whence it originally proceeds, remains buried beneath an impervious obscurity. When the origin of a disease is utterly unknown, and its capricious and uncertain progress but very imperfectly understood, the medical practitioner is placed in a most embarrassing situation, and of course his prescriptions are the result of any thing rather than of those systematic deductions so essential to the art of healing. Hence has arisen quackeries, and a number of reputed remedies for hydrophobia, which, however, when fairly put to the test, have been found defective or inefficacious.

In the year 1756, a little tract on the subject of hydrophobia made its appearance, translated from the French, which appears to have experienced a sort of premature neglect, which is perhaps to be deplored. If the statements which it contains can be relied on, they are certainly very highly important. I will state the author's process, as well as extract a case or two, and afterwards give my reasons for introducing the subject.

The author observes, that he begins with rubbing a dram of mercurial ointment upon the wounded part, keeping open the wound as much as possible, that the ointment may penetrate into it. The next day the unction is repeated on the whole of the bitten member, and the patient is purged with a dram of the mercurial pills (the method of preparing which is hereafter mentioned). The third day, after rubbing in the ointment on the bitten part, I give a small mercurial bolus, (says the author) or the fourth part of the dose above mentioned. I continue thus for ten days to rub in a dram of the ointment every morning,

and to give the laxative bolus, which commonly procures the patient two or three stools, and hinders the mercury from affecting the upper parts. At the end of ten days, the patient is again purged with the same pills and dismissed.

*The mercurial pills.*—These are prepared in the following manner:—three drams of crude mercury, extinguished in a dram of turpentine. Choice rhubarb, coloquintida, and gambooge, in powder, of each two drams. The whole made up with clarified honey. The dose one dram.

*The ointment.*—One ounce of crude mercury, extinguished in two drams of turpentine, hog's lard three ounces.

The method described, and the time mentioned, are only proper for those who come to be taken care of immediately after being bit; for, when two or three weeks have passed after the bite, it is evident the dose must be increased, and the use of the medicines continued for a longer time. For children (observes the author) I cause small quantities of the ointment, to be rubbed in every day for fifteen days, and purge them once in three days with syrup of rhubarb.

It is remarked, that young people and children are in general most susceptible of this disease.

As to regimen, the patients are restrained from nothing but things tart or acid, and such meats as are hard to digest. Bathing in the sea, which has hitherto been regarded as an infallible preservative against the *rabies*, experience has taught me (says the author) to reject, as entirely useless in the cure of this disease.

This method sometimes occasions a salivation, which, however, is of little consequence. But it is not true that the frothy saliva of a mad person infects those who touch it, for in my presence (continues the writer) several persons have walked barefoot on the saliva of a child that died the same day, raving mad, without the least injury.

“As to the furious desire which some patients have of biting those who



approach them, I saw it in one young man, who bit two women, his relations—one about sixty, the other thirty years old. The eldest of the two was very careful to come every day for my medicines, after having bathed herself in the sea. I treated her in the manner before mentioned, and she has always enjoyed good health for the two years and a half since this accident happened. The other woman came to me the two first days, but did not return for three or four days. I sent for her and acquainted her with the danger. She submitted to a third unction, and then left off, contenting herself with bathing in the sea twice a day, for fifteen or twenty days, when she thought herself free from danger, by her bathings, because she had been well from the 28th of March to the 7th of May, which was the thirty-ninth day from the bite:—but she then began to feel a heavy pain in her head, as she informed me by message. I sent her half a dram of ointment to make a slight unction immediately upon the arm that had been bit; and when she came to me next morning, I made her take a dram of mercurial pills. She vomited twice, and was purged nine or ten times. Next day, having bathed herself well in the sea (for she had such a fancy to this bathing, that I let her use it as much as she pleased) she came and told me the pain and heaviness in her head still continued; and that her head was like a piece of wood (these were her own words). She added, that she had pains in her neck, breast, and belly, and particularly all down her back. I gave her a laxative, mercurial bolus, and ordered three drams of the ointment to be rubbed into her back, and the arm which had been bit. The day following, May 10, I repeated both these. A cup of water, which I then made them present to her, raised her stomach, and made her drawback. The hydrophobia characterized the disease too plainly to doubt its being the true *rabies*. However, without despairing of a cure, I caused three drams of mercurial ointment to be well rubbed in at night all over her body. Next morning it was repeated: at this time, the patient kept

herself in a corner of the chamber, and would neither eat nor drink. Under these circumstances, a salivation began, which I looked upon as a favourable omen. I repeated the unction again at night with three drams of ointment. In the night time, she salivated much, and next day found her considerably relieved. Two slight unctions, which were afterwards made with two drams of ointment each time, kept up a plentiful salivation all that day. The day following, which was Sunday, May 13, she found herself so well that she went to bathe in the sea: she came also to hear mass, and to ask medicines of me. The sight of her and the change in her condition, surprised me agreeably. I had the curiosity to try if the hydrophobia was gone:—she drank, though indeed, with some difficulty, half a cup of water. I again repeated the unctions (but made them slighter) morning and evening, for two days longer. The second day, at night, there came on a dysenterick purging. I was not in the least alarmed at it: I strengthened the patient inwardly with a little confection of hyacinth. The salivation, purging, and dysentery, continued until next day; when, not observing any further signs of illness, and the hydrophobia being quite gone, I gave her an ounce of catholicon, made with a double quantity of rhubarb, which purged her gently, and stopped the dysentery and purging occasioned by the mercury. At night, she took a dose of dioscardium, and next day repeated the same remedies morning and evening. Lastly, by means of an astringent gargle, I fastened the patient's teeth, which had been a little loosened, and she did not lose one of them. The cure was in this manner happily completed.

“I can truly declare, that I have treated with equal success, men, women, and children; more in number than three hundred persons. I do not pretend to say, that all those whom I treated would have been mad; but, since so many persons bit by mad animals, have been kept from the fatal effects of hydrophobia, the matter is beyond all dispute, since the cure of the greatest part cannot be attributed to any thing but

the effects of the remedy I have constantly made use of on all those occasions."

As I observed, at the commencement of this article, that I would give my reasons for introducing the subject, I have to state, that a medical friend, upon whose skill I place much reliance, has had several cases within the last year or two, under his care, of persons who have been bitten (as it was supposed at least) by rabid animals; in the treatment of which he adopted the following course:—the bitten part was immediately cut out, and the edges of the wound well seared with caustic, after which poultices of oatmeal and water to be applied as warm as the patient can possibly bear, to produce a quick and copious discharge of matter or suppuration: the following pills were then given:—Calomel, one scruple; opium, half a scruple; well mixed and divided into ten pills of equal size, one to be taken every four hours; two drams of ointment of quicksilver, to be well rubbed in on the thighs and arms morning and evening, which, with the medicine, must be continued till the mouth becomes sore, and spitting is produced: when matter discharges from the sore, it should also be dressed with strong ointment of quicksilver thickly spread on lint, and the poultice continued over it: this treatment was pursued for the space of one month, when the wound was healed by Turner's cerate spread on lint, but the mouth kept sore, and slight spitting prolonged for at least two months, since hydrophobia has been known to make its appearance five and six months, or even longer, after the bite of the animal. The patient kept on low diet, and no spirits or wine used.

I am aware that these cases, however strong they appear, are not altogether conclusive, since many dogs are accused of madness, which in reality are not so; and of course individuals bitten under such circumstances, are not likely to be attacked with hydrophobia; though I cannot help thinking that hydrophobia has been produced sometimes from the fearful workings of the imagination. At all events; out of the number of cases which the old French author says he treated, there certainly must have been some where the patients were bitten by rabid animals: indeed the cases quoted, if reliance can be placed upon the author's veracity, are very strong, and come directly to the point. There is a similarity in the modes of treatment adopted by the Frenchman, and my English medical friend, as mercury was evidently the principal ingredient with both; and I have repeatedly heard the latter express his perfect conviction of the absolute efficacy of his mode of treatment, if immediate application be made to it. Finally, whatever can throw any light upon that which has so often and so fatally baffled the skill of the most eminent medical practitioners, is highly interesting to humanity, and calls for investigation, particularly from those whose very profession renders such a duty imperiously necessary.

#### HUMANITAS.

P. S. In France, the injection of warm water into the veins has been lately tried, but not with the desired effect: it was found to suspend the symptoms for a short time, but the patients uniformly died.—Query, has galvanism ever been tried in cases of hydrophobia?

### *BEAR HUNTING in the NORTH of EUROPE.*

In attacking a bear, a man ought always to keep the higher ground; for, should he be below the animal when he fires, and his ball not take effect in a vital part, it is very probable the beast will dash towards him at the top of his speed. If, on the contrary, he be above him, he is the better enabled to get out of the way in the event of an attack.

It is said, besides, that when the bear sees his opponent has the vantage ground, he seldom makes any hostile attempt.

It is asserted that, if a man meet a lion, and has the presence of mind to look him full in the face, the animal becomes cowed, and usually takes himself off. I do not know if this will hold good with the bear; few people, I ap-

prehend, having tried the experiment. Jan Finne says that he can tell by the eye of that animal if he be savage, or the contrary; and that, should the beast once steadily look at him, he knows he is not afraid, and he therefore keeps a respectable distance.

If a man purposes attacking a bear at close quarters, a double gun is decidedly the best; if it be in the winter season, a detonator is very preferable. Owing to having flint locks, both my barrels, as I have shown, missed fire, one on an occasion, which might have been attended with most serious consequences: a large ball is very desirable. The best points to hit a bear, or any other animal, are in the forehead, in the breast, under the ear, or at the back of the shoulder: bullets placed in other parts of the body of an old bear usually have little immediate effect. If the snow be deep, and the bear is crossing a man, he should always aim very low; he must often, indeed, fire into the snow, if he expects to hit the heart of the bear.

The *chasse* of the bear on skidor\* is certainly attended with some degree of danger; for, in the event of the animal coming end on at a man in close cover, it is not easy on such unwieldy machines to get out of the way. The bear, it is true, generally runs at the sight of a person; but if he be wounded, he frequently turns, and, as has been seen, inflicts a terrible vengeance upon his assailants. I have heard of several men having been killed; and many is the poor fellow that I have met with in different parts of Scandinavia, who has been desperately injured by these beasts.

An old chasseur, near to Gefle, named Jaderstrom, assured me, that on one occasion, a party of seven Finns and Laps attacked a bear upon their skidor, but they did not succeed in destroying the beast until five of them were severely wounded: one of them was entirely scalped. Jaderstrom was not present himself on this occasion, but he saw the bear and the wounded men brought down from the forest.

Lieutenant Oldenburg mentioned several instances of people having been wounded by bears, when pursuing them

on skidor, that came within his own knowledge. A peasant, indeed, with whom he once lodged in the parish of Ora, in Jemtland, had been severely lacerated by one of these beasts.

This man, in company with several others, was in pursuit of the animal; but being the best runner of the party, he was the first to come up with him, when, discharging his rifle, he severely wounded the bear. The latter, in his turn, now rushed at the hunter, who, to save himself, wheeled about, and endeavoured to get out of the way; he presently, however, came to a little precipice, or steep declivity, down which he tumbled headlong, and in a moment afterwards the bear was on him. The ferocious beast now quickly tore out one of his eyes, and otherwise wounded him severely in the body; he bit him so badly, besides, in the hand, that he ever afterwards lost the use of three of his fingers. It is probable, indeed, he would have killed him, had not his companions at last come to the brow of the precipice, when, seeing the bear seated upon the poor fellow's body, they immediately shot him through the head.

On another occasion, when Lieutenant Oldenburg was in the parish of Torp, in Norrland, he saw a chasseur brought down from the forest who had been most desperately wounded by a bear.

This man, as in the instance just narrated, from being some distance in advance of his party, was alone when he fired at and wounded the animal. On receiving the ball, the brute turned upon him; when, being unable to escape, and having neither knife nor other weapon, he grappled with him, and both soon came to the ground. Here a most desperate struggle took place, which lasted for a very considerable time; sometimes the man, who was a most powerful fellow, being uppermost, and at others the bear; but, from the loss of blood and exhaustion, the chasseur was at last necessitated to give up the contest; when, turning on his face in the snow, he pretended to be dead. The bear, on this, quietly seated himself on his body, in which situation, it was thought, he remained for near half an hour; at length the sufferer's companions came up, when, observing his de-

\* Snow Skates.



plorable situation, they shot the beast through the heart.

When Lieutenant Oldenburg saw the unhappy man, his face, breast, arms, and legs were all a mass of blood; but, though so terribly mauled, he had the good fortune eventually to recover.

It is a commonly received opinion, that she-bears with cubs are the most dangerous; but even these do not always turn upon their assailants. On two occasions, I have been immediately near to, and wounded these animals when thus circumstanced, without their attempting to molest me; indeed, on the contrary, though both might readily have got hold of me, they left their cubs to their fate, and made their best efforts to escape. In one of these instances, I was quite alone. She-bears with cubs will, it is true, often attack people; but, generally speaking the old males are the most savage. These, very generally turn upon their opponents, if they are wounded. They are, besides, the more to be dreaded, from their enormous prowess.

I was myself in some danger from one of these fellows during the last winter. I shall detail the particulars, which may not be altogether uninteresting. This animal had, for some time previously, committed very great ravages among the cattle in the line of forest situated between the rivers Klar and Dal. During the preceding summer, indeed, he was said to have slaughtered upwards of twenty horses alone. He was the terror of the people in those parts.

Very fortunately, my man Elg, in his rambles through the forest at the setting-in of the winter, fell in with and ringed\* the tracks of this beast; this

was no considerable distance from the northern extremity of Moss-sjon, the lake of which I have more than once spoken; but as, at that time, there was little snow in the forest, we left him undisturbed until the week before Christmas.

At the latter period, Elg and myself proceeded quite alone to the ring, which we searched in our usual silent and cautious manner; but it was not until the evening of the second day, owing to the circle being of a great extent, that we met with the beast; he, however, was so much on his guard, that, before we observed his lair, he bolted from it, and moved off. At this time, the fellow was not more than twenty paces distant; but, owing to the trees being loaded with snow, I only got the merest glimpse possible of him. I nevertheless fired one of my barrels, which was charged with two balls, but the brake was so thick, that one, if not both of them, was interrupted by the intervening trees, and, in consequence, he escaped unhurt.

It would have been useless to give chase at this time, for there was too much snow on the ground to enable us to move with any expedition on foot, and too little to make use of skidor to

his doubling in the same manner as a hare; for, as long as he goes in a straight line, he has no intention of lying down. The man now leaves the track, and commences making an extended ring or circle round the suspected part of the forest; should he succeed in completing this, without again meeting with the track, he, of course, knows to a certainty the bear is within it. But, if, on the contrary, he finds the animal has proceeded beyond his intended circle, he commences another ring, and thus he continues until he succeeds in accomplishing his object. The size of a ring depends altogether upon circumstances:—the season of the year, the state of the snow, the localities, &c. and, in consequence, though some may not exceed a mile or two in circumference, others again are six or eight, or even more. To ring a bear properly requires great experience; and during the operation, if so it may be termed, the greatest silence and caution are necessary.

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\* The act of ascertaining where a bear has taken up his quarters in the winter time, is called ringing (*holma*); this is performed in the following manner:—

When there is snow upon the ground, and the track of the animal (something resembling, in more respects than one, that of a human being) is discovered, a person follows it, until there is reason to believe that the bear may have taken up his abode in the vicinity. This is indicated by his proceeding very slowly, and in a crooked direction, or rather by



advantage ; we therefore thought it best to let the beast go off without further molestation. In the course of the two following days, however, we again succeeded in ringing him ; though this was not until he had proceeded some nine or ten miles further to the northward. Here, for a while, we allowed him to rest in quiet.

On the first of last January, we experienced a very heavy storm of snow, which continued with little intermission for the succeeding three days : on its cessation, the ground was covered with that substance to the depth of from two to three feet. We now thought it time for action ; and, on the 5th of that month, the weather being fine and frosty, we proceeded to the new ring, which was at no great distance from the Finnish hamlet of Nasberg, in the hopes that fortune might prove more propitious.

On this, as on the former occasion, we were, I may say, alone ; for though Svensson, whom we had fallen in with at Nasberg, and another peasant, followed upon our track, with an axe and a little provision, it being uncertain where we might quarter for the night : only Elg and myself were armed with guns. In this instance, we had Hector along with us.

We were now, of course, provided with our skidor. Though the greater part of the snow had so recently fallen, yet, owing to the storm having been accompanied by a very heavy gale of wind, it had, from drifting, obtained such a consistency, that those machines did not run very much amiss. The looseness of the snow told both ways ; for though it was far from being in a favourable state for our skidor, yet we were certain the bear, when roused, must, from his great bulk, sink to the ground at every step. In point of fact, however, I believe my people were little hopeful of our meeting with success on this occasion ; but, as I thought, that even should he escape us for the time, there was no great harm done, I determined on giving him a gallop.

As a fortnight had now elapsed since we had chased the bear near to Mossjon, we thought it not improbable that his fears might, by this time, have in some degree subsided, and that we might

be enabled to steal upon him whilst in his lair. Ordering Svensson and the other peasant, therefore, to remain without the ring, which was of an considerable size, Elg and myself proceeded to look for the beast. That our movements might be effected with the greater silence on this occasion, we divested ourselves of our skidor, and proceeded on foot.

The fatigue of getting along was now very great, for, in many places where the snow had drifted, we sank down nearly to our middles ; the snow, besides, was hanging in such masses on the trees, that, in the closer brakes, we could hardly see more than a pace or two ahead. These would have been very trifling evils, had our manœuvre succeeded : but this, unfortunately, was not the case ; for the bear, from some cause or other, had taken the alarm, and, long before we fell in with his lair, which occupied the whole surface of an immense ant-hill, he had bolted from it.

We now lost as little time as possible in rejoining the people, when, resuming our skidor, we instantly gave chase to the bear at our best pace. Though Elg and myself, when on foot, waded through the snow with so much labour and difficulty, the bear, from his enormous strength, and the wide spread of his feet, was enabled to make his way through it with apparent ease and facility. He did not, however, proceed at a gallop, excepting in particular places, to which, indeed, I suppose he was unequal ; but he still managed to shuffle forward at no contemptible pace.

Had the fellow now held to an open line of country, I apprehend we should soon have run him down. But he had too much wit ; and, instead of thus exposing himself, he held to the most broken and precipitous ground, and to the thickest and most tangled brakes in the forest : in consequence of this, our course was naturally much impeded. This was bad enough, though still, if Hector had stood well to the animal, we might, in all probability, soon have come up with him ; but, after pursuing the beast for some little distance, the dog fell to heel, and thus was of no manner of service.

These were discouraging circumstances; but, still hoping for the best, we continued to push forward at the top of our speed. At last, after the chase had continued for almost three hours, and after we had been contending for some time with rising ground, we reached the summit of a considerable elevation. From hence we had the gratification of viewing the object of our pursuit, at about two hundred paces distance, as he was making his way across a newly-made svedgefall that lay on the slope of the hill below us. At this point, the snow had drifted very much, and was from three to four feet in depth; and, in consequence, the beast had literally to wade through it. We now dashed forward at our best pace, in the hopes of being able to intercept him before he should reach a thick brake on the opposite side of the svedgefall, towards which he was making; but, finding we could not accomplish this object in sufficient time, I halted when I had advanced to within about seventy paces of him, and levelled my rifle. In this instance, however, I played a most stupid part; for, though I had ample time to fire, I delayed so long in attempting to take a certain aim, that the fellow slipped into the thicket, and disappeared without my pulling the trigger. The fact was, his hind quarters were principally exposed to me, where a bullet of course would have had but little effect. This was a sad mishap, and, from vexation, I felt almost inclined to smash my gun to pieces.

A delay of about three or four minutes now took place, in consequence of Elg having to return some little distance for the case of my rifle, which we had cast upon the ground when we first viewed the bear. In this interim, the peasant coming up with our knapsack, we indulged ourselves with a dram and a crust of bread, which was of no little service in recruiting our exhausted strength.

We then resumed the chase; but the animal having the start of us, we for a long while saw nothing more of him. We now began to be apprehensive that, for this day at least, we had seen the last of the beast. Elg, indeed, said it was next to useless continuing the pursuit;

but not caring to throw a chance away, I determined to persevere until night-fall.

Thus disappointed, we continued to drag ourselves along as fast as our jaded condition would permit, and until after the shades of evening had set in. At last, however, when we were in a rather open part of the forest, the object of our pursuit suddenly reared himself up from among a cluster of small pines, situated on a little eminence at some twenty-five paces in advance of us, and presented himself to our view. I now lost no time in slipping my double gun out of its case, when, as the fellow was slowly retreating among the bushes, I discharged both my barrels at him, almost at the same instant. On receiving my fire, the monster, with his jaws distended, partially swung himself round, when, growing furiously, he seemed as if he was on the point of dashing towards us. But the snow, thereabouts, was unusually deep, which, coupled with the state of exhaustion he must naturally have been in from the long run we had given him, caused him, probably, to alter his determination, and, instead of attacking us, he continued his retreat. This was, perhaps, fortunate; for, as he had the vantage ground, and we were encumbered with our skidor, it might have been difficult for us to have got out of his way.

Svensson and the other peasant now shortly came up, when, after reloading my gun, and making the locks as waterproof as possible in my usual manner, namely, by means of a candle end that I carried about me for the purpose, we lost no time in following up the bear, which was evidently much wounded, as we saw by his tracks being deeply marked with blood.

As it was the post of danger, I now led the way; Elg and the peasants following in my wake. Thus we proceeded for some distance, until we came to a very thick and tangled brake. Having a suspicion that the beast might have sheltered himself here, I made a little *detour* around his tracks, and succeeded in ringing him. I now lost not a moment in taking off my skidor; for, in the event of an attack in close cover, these machines, as I have said, are

highly dangerous, and advanced on foot into the thicket.

But I had not proceeded more than two or three paces, when a most terrific and lengthened growl announced that the bear was still in existence; and the next moment, and at only some ten or twelve paces distance, the quantity of snow which was hanging in the trees having prevented me from previously observing him, I viewed the fellow dashing forward at full gallop; fortunately, I was not altogether taken by surprise, for my double gun was not only out of its case, but both the locks were on the full cock. This was well, for the beast came at such a rattling pace, that, by the time I had discharged my second barrel, he was within less than a couple of paces of the muzzle of my gun. When I fired my last shot, he was not coming directly towards me; for, either my first had turned him, which the people asserted was the case, or, he did not observe us, owing to the closeness of the cover. By swerving my body on one side, however, for I had no time to move my feet, he luckily passed close alongside of me, without offering me any molestation. This, indeed, I apprehend, was out of his power; for, after receiving the contents of my last barrel, he slackened his pace, and by the time he had proceeded some few steps further, life was extinct, and he sank to rise no more.

Elg, who was only a short distance from me, behaved very well on this occasion; for, though my rifle was in readiness in his hand, he refrained, agreeably to my previous instructions, from discharging it. My orders to him were, as I have said, only to fire in the event of the bear actually having me in his gripe; and to those directions, which few other men, under the circumstance, would probably have attended to, he paid obedience.

Our prize proved to be an immense male bear; I subsequently caused him to be conveyed to Uddeholm, a distance of between forty and fifty miles, when we ascertained his weight to be four hundred and sixty English pounds. This, it must be recollected, was after a severe run, during which he had probably wasted not a little; and also, that it was

in the winter-time, when from his stomach being contracted, he was naturally very much lighter than he would have been during the autumnal months; in point of fact, had this bear been slaughtered during the latter period of the year, his weight would probably have been between five and six hundred pounds.

On opening this beast, thirty-six hours after his death, and during the intermediate time he had been exposed to the open air, when the temperature was pretty severe, we found that, owing to his excessive exertion, nearly the whole of the fat of his intestines was in a state of liquefaction; and, in consequence, we were necessitated to scoop it out with a cup. I have already made mention of this circumstance, when speaking of the *chasse* of the bear during the summer season.

On taking the skin from the beast, we found he had received my eight bullets: for, though I only fired four times, I had, on each occasion, two running balls in either barrel. The balls from the two first discharges (as it was supposed) took effect rather high up in his side, the point exposed to me; those from the third were received in the animal's mouth, as he was coming, with distended jaws, towards us, when they carried away half his tongue and one of his fangs; whilst those from the fourth discharge, passed either through, or immediately near to his heart, and caused his almost instant dissolution.

By the time the chase was concluded, both Elg and myself were nearly exhausted, from fatigue. For the health of the former, indeed, I began to feel some apprehension, for, though we hardly remained stationary for five minutes, owing to his blood cooling too suddenly, he began to tremble like an aspen leaf. He wore a linen shirt, the greatest of all evils in cold countries, which was probably the cause of it; for I myself, being provided with flannel, suffered no inconvenience of the like nature. A little brandy, however, which we had still remaining in the flask, soon renovated our worn out frames.

It was not far from dark when the chase concluded; and, as the weather was rather severe, and we were careless



of bivouacking in the forest, after our recent exertion, we left the bear where he had fallen, and at once made the best of our way to Nasberg, whence we were only a few miles distant; but, owing to the darkness, and to our being unacquainted with the way, it was three hours after sunset before we reached that hamlet.

Though Svensson had been in at the death of more bears than almost any man in Scandinavia, he stated, that he had never seen but one equally large as that which we had just annihilated; this fellow was nearly giving him a broken head. The circumstances were these.

Along with five or six other chas-seurs, he was chasing the beast on his skidor, when, after the run had continued for a time, and after the animal had been slightly wounded, the latter took refuge in a close brake. The cover was here excessively thick, which, together with the trees being deeply loaded with snow, rendered it almost impenetrable. Svensson and his companions did not, in consequence, deem it prudent further to molest the monster in such a situation; and for a while, therefore, they endeavoured by shouts to drive him from his position; but, as he remained immovable, in spite of their cries, their patience became exhausted, and they determined, let the consequences be what they might, upon attacking him at close quarters.

For this purpose, they all took off their skidor, when Svensson leading the way, the rest following closely upon his tracks, the party advanced silently and cautiously into the thicket. Here they soon descried their shaggy antagonist, when discharging their rifles in concert, they succeeded in severely wounding him; but their balls not taking effect in any vital part, only tended to enrage the beast, who wheeling about on the instant, made towards them at the top of his speed; by throwing themselves on one side, however, they very fortunately avoided the onset; and the bear passing within a pace or two of them, betook himself to another part of the forest, without in any manner molesting them. They had a very narrow escape on this occasion, for the animal

was so near to them, that some of the snow which he knocked from the trees in his progress, actually fell on their persons. They attributed their safety, as was doubtless the case, to the density of the brake, rendered doubly so by the masses of snow hanging in the trees, having concealed them from the view of their ferocious assailant.

This bear made good his retreat from Svensson and his companions on this particular occasion, but some days afterwards they were fortunate enough to destroy him. He had near a hundred weight of fat about him.

On a second occasion, I was also in some danger from another capital male bear: as in the last instance, I shall relate the particulars at length.

This animal was accidentally roused from his den, in the winter season, by some peasants who were felling timber in the forest, in the parish of Ny, in Elfdal; but after he had proceeded a short distance, he again laid himself down in the wilderness, for the purpose, doubtless, of reposing during the remainder of that inclement season; and here he was ringed, or encircled. This beast was supposed to be an old marauder, that, for several preceding years, had committed great ravages among the cattle, in that part of the country; this being the case, his death was devoutly to be wished for; and those who had ringed him, deemed it more advisable to get up a skull, than to attempt his destruction by other means. Such being the case, information was sent to Mr. Falk, who in consequence ordered out four or five hundred men.

I was present at this battue, which took place at about five or six miles to the eastward of Lindeboll; but, as no circumstance of particular interest occurred, I shall confine myself to stating, that soon after the cordon was formed around the beast, and after several shots had been fired at him, he became desperate, and, dashing through the ranks, for that time made good his retreat.

After the bear had escaped from the skull, he made across the country, in nearly a direct line, about fourteen miles to the southward, and here he was once more encircled by the peasants.



This intelligence was soon conveyed to Mr. Falk, who thereupon ordered out six or seven hundred men to form a second skall for the destruction of the animal. But prior to this taking place, the beast, either from disliking his new quarters, or from being disturbed, deserted them; when, striking through the forest in a north-easterly direction, he did not again lie down until he was within seven or eight miles of Ytter Malung, in Dalecarlia. As it was not very practicable, however, to get up a battue in that province, and as the point where he was now ringed, was far too distant from the more habitable parts of Wermeland to collect a sufficient number of people together, the chances of destroying the beast by that, or perhaps other means, became very problematical. From this cause, therefore, the peasants sold me all right and title to the animal, which they had hitherto refused doing, for a trifling consideration.

In the part of the country where the skall of which I have just spoken took place, there was very little snow upon the ground; but in the district where the bear was now ringed, it was considerably deeper. From this circumstance, I entertained great hopes that, by seizing a favourable opportunity, (the snow being then in too loose a state for the purpose) I might be enabled to run him down on my skidor. Under this idea, I took up my quarters at Gastjenberg, the solitary residence of a peasant, situated to the eastward of Nasberget, and at some six or seven miles' distance from where the bear was then lying. This was the nearest habitation to the beast, who was ringed in a very wild and savage range of forest, called *Tio mil Skogen*, or the seventy miles wood; so designated from its extending that distance north and south, without, I believe, the intervention of a single house.

For several days prior to this period, we had experienced partial thaws, the weather being unusually mild for the season of the year; but, at last, a slight frost set in. Thinking that the snow had now attained a sufficient consistency for our purpose, I took Elg and Svensson along with me, and set off one

morning, at the first dawn of day, on my skidor for the ring.

Though during the time that had elapsed since the bear had been last on foot, much new snow had fallen, Bruin's tracks, in most places, were still very visible; on reaching the ring, therefore, which was of great extent, we followed them with all imaginable silence. This was not exactly under the notion that we should be enabled to steal upon the beast, before he was roused from his lair; as, from his having been already so much disturbed, we had reason to suppose he was far too much on his guard, to allow of our near approach, but that we might, at all events, have something like a fair start when he should bolt from his den.

Thus we proceeded for an hour or more; but our progress was slow, as in places the tracks of the brute were nearly imperceptible; and in others it was very difficult to distinguish the right one, in consequence of the *doubles* that he had made. Much snow had fallen during the preceding day, and a great deal was hanging in the trees. This was unfortunate for our purpose; for, as there was only a degree or two of cold, and the morning was clear, by the time the sun rode pretty high in the heavens, the snow began to melt, and the water in consequence to drip from the foliage. Seeing this to be the case, and knowing that in a very short time the snow under foot would be in such a state as to render it impossible for us to make much expedition on our skidor, in the event of our getting the bear on foot, I deemed it more advisable to leave him for that time in quiet possession of his quarters, and to wait until a more favourable opportunity should offer, to attempt his destruction.

We now, therefore, retraced our steps out of the ring; but as the distance to Gastjenberg was considerable, after proceeding to some little distance, that we might not alarm the bear, we got up a bivouac in our usual manner, where we determined to remain until the following day, in the hope that the weather might prove more propitious.

During the succeeding night, however, we experienced a heavy storm of

snow; and as we were without covering of any kind, we passed it rather uncomfortably. Seven or eight inches of that substance fell, and as this, owing to the warmth of the fire, melted on our persons as it came down, we were thoroughly wet through by the following morning. This storm, nevertheless, would have been a trifling evil, had it not interfered with the object we had in view; but, besides that, the trees were now loaded with snow; the latter was so loose underfoot that we could only plough our way through it with great difficulty. This being the case, it would have been almost madness to start the bear; for had we not succeeded in stealing upon him whilst in his lair—a very improbable thing, as I have said, from his known shyness, there was no kind of chance of our subsequently being able to run him down; and besides this, it was not impossible but that, if once on foot, he might betake himself to the southward, or to the line of country whence he had originally come from, where there was little snow upon the ground, and where, in consequence, we could not have used our skidor to any advantage. For these reasons, we thought it best to leave the animal undisturbed.

After my people, therefore, had once more made the circuit of the ring, for the purpose of ascertaining if the beast was still within it, for we were rather apprehensive we might have approached too near to his lair on the preceding day, and that he, in consequence, had moved himself off, we reluctantly turned our backs upon him, and retraced our steps homewards. In our progress through the forest, however, we had not the most agreeable time of it; for owing to the mildness of the weather, the snow adhered in masses to our skidor; and from the like cause it became dissolved upon the trees, whence the water dripped as from a shower bath.

On the succeeding day we experienced some little cold, and the snow, in consequence, became in tolerable order; thinking it therefore time for action, we again set off, as the evening was closing in, for the vicinity of the ring. We thought it best, for two reasons, to pass the night in the forest; one, that we

might not tire ourselves too much before the chase commenced; the other, that we might be enabled to rouse the bear as soon as it was well daylight. It was very desirable to adopt the latter course, which, from the distance, would not have been very practicable had we started in the morning from Gastjenberg; for owing to southerly winds, and the comparative mildness of the weather, we could not calculate upon the snow remaining in tolerable order for our skidor for any considerable length of time after the sun was above the horizon.

In this instance, we passed the night in our bivouac far from uncomfortably; the weather was clear and calm, and as we had a capital fire, we suffered little inconvenience from the cold.

The following morning was fine and slightly frosty. Soon after daylight, therefore, and after partaking of a plentiful repast, we set off for the ring, which was situated at an inconsiderable distance from our watch fire. On this, as on the former occasion, I was only accompanied by Elg and Svensson. I was armed with my double gun, and Elg with my rifle; but Svensson, who was the bearer of our kit of provisions, was provided with no other weapon than an axe. We had a very tolerable dog called Jagare along with us; but though he stood well to a bear for a while, he was nothing equal to Pajjas in his better days. He came from Lapland.

As we had traversed fully the one half of the ring when we were there on the previous occasion, and in consequence there remained no very great extent of ground to go over, we fully anticipated soon getting the bear on foot. In this we were not disappointed, for we had not proceeded far, when coming to a thick and tangled brake, Jagare evinced by his eagerness and agitation, that the animal of which we were in search was not far distant. On seeing this, we pushed forward in the direction indicated by the dog; but when we reached the lair of the beast we found it deserted, he having the instant before, as we had reason to suppose, wisely taken himself off. We now slipped Jagare from his couplings, who making after the bear, was soon only to be heard in the distance.

Though the snow, as I have remarked, was pretty deep on the ground in this part of the forest, the bear dashed through it at full gallop with the most perfect facility; but it was in pretty good order for our skidor, so that though Elg and myself (for Svensson followed at some distance on our tracks) could not keep up with him, we were enabled to push forward at a very tolerable rate. After the animal, however, had gone about a couple of miles, and when he came to a part of the forest where the snow was looser and deeper than in that which he had hitherto traversed, he slackened his pace, and proceeded at a long trot. At the commencement, Jagare stood well to the bear, but though we heard his challenges in the distance, we were not enabled to make any short cuts from the beast striking through the country in nearly a direct line. After a time we came up with the dog, who had partly discontinued the pursuit, and who thenceforth kept so little in advance as to render us but trifling assistance.

For a while we saw nothing of the bear, but when the chace had continued for upwards of an hour, we got a glimpse of him at about forty paces distance; he was facing up a deeply wooded, and rather abrupt acclivity, overhanging a small glade, or opening in the forest, along which we were then pursuing our way; but our sight of him was so transitory, that before we could get our guns out of their cases, he was lost to our view. We had now to ascend the rising ground over which the beast had betaken himself; but as it was rather steep, we lost some time before we surmounted it, and he, in consequence, again got a little the start of us.

After the lapse of about half an hour more, however, and as we emerged from among the trees on to a little plain or morass, we had once more the gratification to espy our game at about one hundred paces in advance of us, as he was slowly making his way across this opening in the forest for a rather lofty and precipitous chain of hills, which were situated on its opposite side. I was not in the habit, as I have said, of allowing my people to make use of their arms on these occasions, but being apprehensive that this bear, whose death

on every account was so much to be desired, might possibly escape us, owing to the season being advanced, the state of the snow, &c. I ordered Elg, who carried my rifle, to send a bullet after him. The hind quarters of the beast were at this time towards us, and I had not therefore an expectation of its being attended with any serious results; but I still thought it probable, that if he were wounded, his progress would be so much retarded as to allow of my approaching within good range of him with my double gun. In this anticipation I was not disappointed, for, on his receiving Elg's fire—which, by the by, did not do him any actual injury, the ball, as we subsequently ascertained, only grazing the skin of his fore-leg—he became enraged, when, wheeling about, he dashed towards us as fast as he was able. He had not, however, advanced very many paces before he was assailed by Jagare, who, encouraged by our presence, gallantly made at him, and, by attracting his attention, was thus the means of diverting from ourselves the threatened storm. The snow had hereabouts obtained a considerable degree of consistency, for though, in most places, the bear sunk a foot or more into it, in others, its surface altogether supported him.

Whilst this was going on, I was not idle, for, leaving Elg to reload his rifle, and with my gun, which I had slipped out of its case, in the one hand, and a stick in the other, the better to impel myself forward, I dashed on my skidor towards the brute. It was a very amusing sight at this time to see the beast, who in appearance was as large as a well-grown pony, as he made his attacks upon the poor dog.

When he found his attempts to get hold of the dog were unavailing, he continued his course across the plain, whilst I pushed after him at my best pace. But he did not seem much to notice my approach, his attention being taken up with Jagare, who was hanging close in his rear, until I had advanced to within a short distance of him; and then, instead of attacking me, he became intimidated, when taking to his heels, he went off in the opposite direction at full gallop.



At this period, the bear had all but gained the extremity of the little plain, and was on the point of again plunging into the thicket; as I found he was gaining upon me, no time was to be lost, so halting when at about twenty paces distance from him, I quickly levelled and discharged one of my barrels. On receiving my ball, which only slightly wounded him, the beast spun round with the rapidity of a tetotum, when, uttering a terrible growl, he, with distended jaws, was in the act of dashing towards me; but his career was soon at an end, for taking a snap shot with the other barrel, I had the good fortune to split his skull open, on which he instantly fell dead on the snow.

It was well that my last bullet told properly, or I should have been in an awkward predicament, as now that my gun was discharged, I was without weapon of any kind, and Elg was a long distance in the background.

We were fortunate in putting the beast *hors de combat* thus early in the

day, for in the course of an hour afterwards, the snow, from the effects of the sun and the mildness of the temperature, adhered in such quantities to our skidor, that we could only get along at a snail's pace. Had we not destroyed the animal, indeed, on this occasion, I am very doubtful whether, owing to the unfavourable state of the weather and snow, we should have been able to run him down upon our skidor during the remainder of the season.

We soon lighted a fire to dry our clothes, which were well saturated with wet from profuse perspiration; and when we were rejoined by Svensson, which was not until an hour or more afterwards, for during the chase he had broken one of his skidor, we skinned and cut up the bear. He was an enormous fellow, but we had no means of ascertaining his weight, as the part of the forest where he breathed his last was far distant from any habitation.

*Lloyd's Field Sports of the North.*

## SPANISH & PORTUGUESE POINTERS.

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

I have been much amused with a number of articles which have already appeared in your entertaining Magazine, and as I find your observations are not confined to the United Kingdom, the following hasty remarks are very much at your service, if you think them deserving a niche in your interesting miscellany. In the first place, I must observe, that, from early life, I have been much attached to the sports of the field, particularly shooting; and having heard much of the Spanish pointer, on going with my companions in arms to the Peninsula, I had many opportunities of seeing this celebrated dog, from which, no doubt, all our best bred English pointers have mainly descended. All the specimens of this animal which I saw were very heavy, ill-formed creatures, sluggish in their motions, incapable of an extensive range, and very soon fatigued: at the same time, it is but justice to allow, that they are uncommonly steady and sagacious, and that their olfactory organs are de-

cidedly superior to any thing of the same sort I ever before witnessed. The pointers generally met with in Portugal are longer on the leg, neither so heavy, nor so ill-formed, and are consequently capable of more exertion. Most of the Spanish kind have a broad furrow between the nostrils (which are very expansive) that adds nothing on the score of beauty—whether it assists the dog's sense of smell, I am not philosopher enough to demonstrate, but shall leave this point for the discussion of your more ingenious and more enlightened correspondents, if they should think the subject worthy their notice. A number of English pointers had been brought over by different officers in the army, and these were uniformly preferred to the dull, heavy dog of the country, whose motions appeared in unison with the people among whom he was bred; in fact, it requires but a very trifling stretch of the imagination to suppose that the dog had not only copied the manners, but the grave solemnity also, of his master.

At the period of which I am speaking,



no game laws existed in Spain, or at least none were put in force, and yet game was every where to be met with in great abundance, particularly partridges of the red-legged sort, somewhat larger than the English partridge. They differ, indeed, from the English partridge not only in size, but they are either much less capable, or much less inclined to fly. They were frequently taken with the hand by the British troops; the natives also take them without either dog or gun. Nevertheless, they afford excellent diversion to the sportsman in the same manner as the partridges of these islands; their flight, however, is shorter, and they appear every where in great abundance.

Shortly after the battle of Vittoria, as we were advancing towards the Pyrennees, my friend, Lieutenant Mastermann, was killed with lightning, and his horse also by the very same flash, to the great regret of all his friends and acquaintance. We had at the time a beautiful pointer bitch which he had brought from England, and which, in consequence of his death, came into my possession. I was in the habit of chaining the bitch in my tent. We were following the French army, conducted by that able general, Soult, when I was one morning summoned, with others, to repel the enemy who had suddenly faced about, attacked and driven in our outposts. The French were in great force and succeeded in driving back the advance of the British army (in which I happened to be placed) when all my baggage, and also my pointer bitch, fell into their hands. We fell back upon the main body, and the enemy was quickly compelled to retreat, carrying with him, however, my pointer bitch, which I gave up as lost for ever.

It is very well known that the French were driven from post to post, till they were ultimately forced to recross the Pyrenean mountains, and were followed by Lord Wellington into France. On the French side of the Pyrennees, we had frequent skirmishes with the enemy; and happening one day to be engaged in one of these affairs, after pursuing the French for some distance, on our return, I happened to enter a cottage to procure a little water, when I was

most agreeably surprised by my lost pointer bitch, which sprung with the utmost vehemence upon me, testifying every symptom of the most extreme delight. From the old woman, who spoke barbarous French, I learned that the bitch had been left at the cottage by an officer of the party, from the pursuit of which we were then returning; and thus, in the loss and recovery of poor Mastermann's unlooked-for legacy, there appeared a striking analogy.

The Spanish field sports, however, are not confined to taking and shooting red legged partridges; on the contrary, wolves and bears are found in the fastnesses of the mountains, and also in the woods, and are hunted by the natives. I have frequently been present at their bear hunts, which are altogether different from an English fox chase. The dogs used for bear hunting in Spain are strong, active, and ferocious; a sort of nimble mastiff, not so large nor so heavy as the English mastiff, but more nearly allied to the boar dog of Germany. These bear dogs are not stooped to the scent like fox hounds in England, but attend the hunters till the game is found. The peasantry, who may be called the beaters, from the track of the animal, or other indications, generally know whereabouts bruin has fixed his den. If the animal happens to be aware of the approach of the hunters, he will often endeavour to skulk away, but the moment the dogs come near him, he faces about, and would generally despatch several of the dogs, did not the hunters come to their assistance. The bear fights with the most desperate courage, and will rush furiously on either dogs, horses, or men. But the contest is too unequal to last for any length of time: the hunters, armed with guns, spears, &c. very quickly finish the battle by the death of the bear.

In hunting the bear, the Spaniards display all the coolness and courage imaginable; and the same remark will equally apply to their bull fights: and yet, as soldiers, they are sluggish and even cowardly.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JNO. RICHARDSON.

## The PERCUSSION and FLINT LOCKS.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

Having occasionally seen the Percussion Gun mentioned in your highly interesting miscellany, I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the same subject, which, I trust, you will not deem unworthy of insertion.

Since the discovery of gunpowder, fire-arms may be justly said to have been in a state of regular and progressive improvement; but without recurring to a period very remote, the great improvement may easily be imagined which took place when the flint lock was substituted for the match lock.\* The fowling piece, about twenty years ago, fitted up with the then highly improved flint lock, seemed to have reached perfection, when the discovery and application of percussion priming unhinged all our pre-conceived notions of the perfection of the fowling piece. Comparing the percussion with the flint lock, the generally received opinion is, that the former fires quicker, as well as much stronger, than the latter, and that the

\* The match lock, though long abandoned in Europe, is still used in the East Indies, and perhaps in some other parts of the world. I never visited the East Indies, yet several match lock guns of East Indian manufacture, have, at various times, fallen under my observation. In the eye of an English sportsman they appear unwieldy; but there is much ingenuity displayed in the formation of the match lock, while the barrel, as well as the mode in which it is fixed to the stock, verifies, in some degree, were other almost incontestible evidence wanting, that the arts and sciences were once well understood in those parts, the knowledge of which the barbarism of after ages has not been able totally to eradicate.—In an ingenious dissertation on the Elusian Mysteries, I find the author is of opinion, that a knowledge of the arts and sciences was first promulgated in the East Indies, whence it travelled to Egypt, and through Greece made its way into Europe. I am of the same opinion.

greater force with which the shot is driven from the former, arises from the circumstance of the elastic fluid generated by the explosion of the gunpowder being all (or nearly all) forced up the barrel, while, in the flint lock, a considerable quantity escapes by the touch-hole.

On a superficial view of the case, this appears reasonable enough, and I am willing to admit that an increase is thus acquired by the percussion gun; but I am decidedly of opinion that the superiority of which I am now speaking is acquired, or at least mainly influenced, by that more instantaneous discharge, which so strikingly distinguishes the percussion from the old flint lock. The elastic fluid thus becomes more instantaneously concentrated; or, in other words, the projectile force acquired by the explosion of the gunpowder, by being confined to a smaller space, of course acts with greater force in struggling, as it were, for expansion.

Like a prejudiced sportsman, I viewed with indifference, or regarded as a mere toy, the introduction of the percussion lock; nor was it till after some years, that I was induced to make trial of a fowling piece mounted on this plan, belonging to a friend; when I was compelled to admit, in spite of my *penchant* for the flint lock, that the new invention was a great improvement. However, of all the different modes which I have seen for the application of percussion powder to the discharge of his fowling piece, I am of the same opinion respecting the copper cap plan—it is evidently superior to any other.

I have met with sportsmen, who, in their partiality for the new invention, have been so far led away by their feelings, as to attribute qualities to the percussion gun, which, from the very nature of the thing, it is not possible it can possess. Amongst other superiorities of the percussion gun, I have heard it remarked, and that too with an air of confidence, that the repercussion against the shoulder, vulgarly called *kicking*, is much less violent than in the flint lock. The ardour of feeling is apt, I know, to carry impetuous minds beyond

the bounds of reason; and I am of opinion, that if any difference existed in this respect, it would be found in favour of the old method rather than of the percussion gun. But, when a gun is properly loaded, either flint or percussion, the repulsion or repercussion against the shoulder will be so trifling as to become altogether a matter of indifference.

Now that I am upon the subject of repulsion or repercussion, I must mention an antiquated notion of this sort, not by way of antithesis to the modern mistaken idea which I have just given, but, by stating it, afford an opportunity for its investigation, and thus arrive at the truth. What I am alluding to is an opinion amongst many sportsmen of the old school, that unless the repercussion of a gun is rather forcible than otherwise, "*it will not kill well.*" This is unquestionably a mere hasty opinion, without the least reference either to reason or analysis; and in order to put it to the test, we have only to ascertain whence the repercussion arises, and also its influence, in order to solve the problem altogether.

In the first place, then, it is abundantly evident that the repercussion is produced by the explosion of the gunpowder, as the moment the elastic fluid is generated, in struggling for expansion, it presses violently against all opposition, till, by forcing the shot up the barrel, it gets free, and its elasticity subsides in the circumambient air. Therefore, in the first instance (if I may be allowed the expression) the elastic fluid presses backward, as well as in every other direction, and thus causes the repercussion; but, by finding its way up the barrel, its greatest force is exerted in that direction, and the repercussion is not only reduced to a comparative trifle, but the bursting of the barrel prevented. This is clearly the cause of the repercussion; and hence it is equally clear that the degree of it must be in the precise ratio of the quantity of elastic fluid, and of the weight of shot, which the said fluid has to force up the barrel. Taking these premises, therefore, as the bases of our argument, it appears, that to overload a gun is to produce excessive repercussion; and how far this will enable a

gun to "*kill well,*" remains to be stated. From practical experience I have repeatedly found that an overloaded gun carries the shot to the mark neither with so much precision, nor with so much strength, as when a more moderate or proper charge is used: in fact, to use a jockey phrase, the shot appears to "*jostle and cross,*" and flies altogether at random. Hence, I conceive, excessive repercussion must be detrimental to correctness in shooting, from the reasons which I have just given, to say nothing of the difficulty, under such circumstances, of holding a gun steadily to your shoulder.

That some guns are more inclined to an excess of repercussion than others, I am willing to admit, though I am unable to satisfy myself or your readers, Mr. Editor, as to the cause of it. The general opinion on this subject is, that it arises from the touch hole being placed too forward; but, from experience, I can fearlessly assert, that investigation will by no means verify the truth of this assumption; nor have I ever been able to ascertain the reason why one gun, of the same calibre, as nearly similar as possible in every respect, and loaded in the same manner, should "*kick*" more than another. Perhaps some of your numerous readers will favour us with their opinion upon the subject.

Finally, I am inclined to suppose, that repercussion, speaking generally, is detrimental to projectile force. If a gun be held loosely, the recoil will be much more sensibly felt; and as, by this means, an excess of repercussion is produced, is it not reasonable to conclude that the projectile force must be diminished? There is a certain quantity of elastic fluid, or force, acquired by the explosion of the powder; and, I apprehend, the more of the said force which is expended in the repercussion, the less remains to impel the shot up the barrel of the fowling piece. Hence it is reasonable to infer, that the more firmly a gun is held to the shoulder, the greater will be the force of the discharge. Further, reasoning by analogy, we must conclude, that, if a gun is fixed so as to prevent the least motion when discharged, it will shoot with more force than in any other manner.

SYLVANUS.





TENCH

Dr. S. P. Fletcher



Drawn & Engr'd

*TENCH.—(Plate.)*

By some the tench is termed the physician of the fish, and who believe, from tradition, that the slime is so healing, that the wounded apply it as a remedy, and that even the pike will spare the tench, on account of its healing powers; but, it is apprehended, this observation has no evidence to support it, and this supposed self-denial of the pike may be fairly attributed to a different cause; namely, that tench are so fond of mud, as to be constantly at the bottom, where they are probably secure from the attacks of their voracious neighbour; for, as all the different species are, in some degree, enemies to each other, it cannot be imagined that so timid a fish as the tench would passively admit the approach of the pike.

Without vouching for the virtue of its slime upon the inhabitants of the water, its flesh is undoubtedly a delicious and wholesome food to those of the earth. The tench does not commonly exceed four or five pounds in weight; Mr. Pennant says he has heard of one that weighed ten, and Salvanius speaks of some that weighed twenty pounds: it is thick in proportion to the length; the scales are very small, and covered with slime; the eyes are large, and of a gold colour; the irides are red; he is leather-mouthed, and sometimes there is a small barb at each corner of the mouth; the colour of the back is dusky, the dorsal and ventral fins of the same hue, and those of the male much bigger than those of the female; the head, sides, and belly of a greenish cast, most beautifully mixed with gold, (especially those taken in rivers) which is in its greatest splendour when the fish is most in season: the tail is quite even at the end, and very broad.

Tench love still waters, and their haunts in rivers are chiefly among weeds, and in places well shaded with bushes or rushes; but they thrive best in standing waters, where they lie under weeds, near sluices, and at pond heads; they are much more numerous in pools and pits, than in rivers, although those taken in the latter are far preferable; they begin to spawn in June, and may

be found spawning in some waters till September; their best season is from that period until the end of May.

The tackle, in angling for the tench, should be strong, a swan or goose quill float, except in rivers, where the cork is always to be preferred; the hook, No. 4 to No. 6, whipt to a sound silk worm gut, with two or three shot ten or twelve inches from it; where there are weeds, fish about two feet deep, at mid water, and sometimes rather lower, (according as they are in the humour to take;) frequently drawing the bait gently towards the surface, and letting it sink in the slowest manner; bait with the small red-worms, taken out of rotten tan, without any scouring. Should there be no great quantity of mud at the bottom, use small clay-balls, with lob-worms, as directed in perch fishing, and let the bait be six inches from the ground; but where the mud is so deep as to cover the clay-balls when sunk, keep to the former method, and bait the spot with bits of lob-worms; when using gentles, (which should be near the ground,) throw in some at the taking of every fish, which will not only entice them to bite, but be a means of keeping them together; they should be allowed time in biting, before they are struck.

Some use the middle-sized lob or marsh worms, well scoured and dipped in tar (which certainly has the property of alluring them,) previously ground-baiting the place with lob-worm and boiled malt, and fishing at bottom. Other baits for this fish are, the wasp-maggot, earth-bob, green-worm, shaken from the boughs of trees, paste of brown bread mixed with honey, and of white bread, in which a little tar is incorporated: the best time for angling is late and early, an hour before and after the rising and setting of the sun; but in warm, foggy, mizzling weather, with a southerly wind, the tench will bite during the greater part of the day: the tench will live long out of water, and may with safety be removed in dry straw to a considerable distance.

Tench are said to love foul and muddy more than clear water.



A tench taken out of a piece of water, at Thornville Royal, Yorkshire, which had been ordered to be filled up, and wherein wood, rubbish, &c. had been thrown for years, was in November 1801, directed to be cleared out. Persons were accordingly employed, and almost choaked up by weeds and mud, so little water remained, that no person expected to see any fish, except a few eels: yet nearly two hundred brace of tench of all sizes, and as many perch, were found. After the pond was thought to be quite free, under some roots there seemed to be an animal, which was conjectured to be an otter; the place was surrounded, and on opening an entrance among the roots, a tench was found of

most singular form, having literally assumed the shape of the hole, in which he had for many years been confined. His length from fork to eye, was two feet nine inches; his circumference, almost to the tail, was two feet three inches; his weight, eleven pounds nine ounces and a quarter; the colour was also singular, his belly being that of a charr, or a vermillion. This extraordinary fish, after having been inspected by many gentlemen, was carefully put into a pond; but either from confinement, age, or bulk, it at first merely floated, and, at last, with difficulty, swam gently away.—*Johnson's Sportsman's Cyclopedia.*

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## TOUR TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

(Continued from No. 8, page 140.)

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Shortly after the cloth was drawn, the principal part of the company left the cabin: but an interesting conversation having ensued, the military gentlemen, the naval officer, my friend F—— and myself remained below. We obtained some very good bottled ale and excellent whiskey; and after the circulation of a few glasses, I felt myself so comfortable and pleasant, that all thoughts of quitting the Comet for the purpose of rambling over the mountains vanished. Our new and pleasant acquaintances had been in many parts of the globe; they had seen much service: but they more than once remarked, that there was no country like England; though they were not Englishmen, two of them being North Britons, and the other a native of the Emerald isle. The glass was very freely circulated: the conversation was highly agreeable and interesting; but we were ultimately roused for the purpose of viewing the summit of Ben Nevis, the highest, and I think one of the ugliest mountains in Great Britain. However, as a very correct engraving will be given in a future number, the reader will be able to judge for himself in regard to its beauty, as very great difference will be found to exist in regard to taste. The weather was uncommonly fine; and we had a complete view of the summit (or rather *summits*, for the mountain has three) of Ben Nevis, and near the top a considerable quantity of snow was very plainly discernible.

It rarely happens that the top of Ben Nevis can be clearly seen.—More rain is supposed to fall in this neighbourhood than in any other part of Scotland, which is thus accounted for:—the

mountains on the south west, from which the rain generally proceeds, are so exceedingly high as to arrest the progress of the clouds, which thus shed among them the greater part of their moisture. These mountains also are so strangely formed, and project upwards in so many perpendicular points, that they naturally draw the wind around, so that it is almost impossible for the clouds to pass over them. Thus, it may be supposed that the eastern part of Scotland, which lies in their direction, is prevented from receiving the quantity of rain by which it would otherwise be watered.

It was near evening when we arrived at the locks near Fort William, yet the weather was remarkably clear and fine; and as I stood on the banks of the Caledonian Canal, I observed two birds hovering over the mountains to the left of Ben Nevis. I took them at first for buzzards, as they appeared to have a similar slow sailing motion in their flight; but a little reflection convinced me they could not be buzzards, but much larger, as they must have been some miles distant even in a direct line. I concluded they must be eagles; and, on inquiry, I found this conjecture was perfectly correct.

Our new acquaintances left the packet, (as indeed did many of the passengers,) and went into an inn situated on the bank of the canal opposite to Fort William. They had previously bespoken accommodations at this place, which was not very large, and being thus quite filled, we directed our steps towards the town called Gordonsburgh (called also Inverlochy, I believe) which is close to Fort William; and almost as soon as we entered the place, seeing an invitation to strangers painted upon a board "Entertainment for man and horse," we entered the house without hesitation.

At our entrance we encountered a man with a very heavy countenance, who, after some little hesitation, conducted us into a room up stairs. There were two beds in the room, placed after the Highland fashion, that is, along one side of the room, the feet of each coming in direct contact. We ordered some tea, the man again hesitated, and manifested a disposition to be talkative—he had not only a heavy countenance, but there was a dense or stupid solemnity about it, which, in my estimation, was by no means prepossessing: he held a small book in his hand—I asked him what he had been reading! and I no sooner perceived that it was a prayer book which he carried than I set him down for a knave!—for one of those sanctified hypocrites which are the bane of society—if I met with a methodist in the Highlands this was the very man! The tea at length made its appearance, the worst we ever met with during the whole of our excursion; no eggs, nor yet broiled fish; for these essential appendages, however, my friend F—— ventured to inquire, and they were ulti-



mately procured. The heavy looking religious landlord seated himself in the room very unceremoniously, whether for the purpose of watching how much of his provisions we consumed I know not; but at all events, it was by no means a welcome or a solicited familiarity. After tea, we procured some whiskey; and the landlord still *very goodnaturedly* favoured us with his company. He would fain have been talkative, and made many attempts to introduce the subject of religion—he repeatedly opened his prayer book—for the purpose of lecturing, I suppose—and he was altogether one of the most impertinent (and I have no doubt, one of the most designing) clowns, or rather knaves, I ever met with. Finding we could not get rid of the fellow, we prepared to go to bed, and we were at length under the necessity of desiring him to retire; or otherwise I have little doubt, he would have continued in the room—for the purpose, perhaps, of extinguishing the candle.

Disgusted with our quarters, we rose at six in the morning, and having asked for our bill, the fellow very modestly demanded eight shillings for by far the worst accommodations we met with throughout the Highlands.

The weather continued very fine, notwithstanding we were in a very rainy neighbourhood:—we strolled towards the foot of Ben Nevis, and after some time, again returned to Gordonsburgh, without having seen a single grouse. The town is not very extensive; but it nevertheless contained two inns; we passed the first, therefore, where we had slept, and proceeded to the other, where we breakfasted.

“There is a good deal of historical and military interest about this spot; but it has been so often printed and reprinted, that it is all a tale told. Of early and distinct events, one of the most remarkable is the battle of Inverlochy, fought by Donald Ballach in 1427, against the Earls of Mar and Caithness; and another is that fought between Argyll and Montrose, in 1645, when the former was defeated. Whether the fame of this action, or that of Major Dugald Dalgetty, is the most imperishable, time must prove. The occurrences that took place also in this quarter, during the days of Cromwell, in which the energy and fame of the Camerons are so deeply involved, add not a little to its interest; but the memoir of Sir Ewen, a name not soon to be forgotten by friend or foe, having been printed by Pennant, they are tolerably well known. Every one has heard of Sir Ewen Dhu and his duel; and I need not chronicle again a ten times told tale.

“The Castle of Inverlochy (about a mile from Fort William) however, possesses a distinct interest; arising partly from its former magnificence, (being one of the seats of the kings of Scotland in early times) and the obscurity of its origin, and partly from the share which it has been supposed to possess in the early fabu-

lous history of Scotland. Those who choose to believe in that arch fabulist, Hector Boethius, may continue to enjoy their belief; but the doubts of profound historians and laborious antiquaries, are surely far from deserving their indignation. Romance, and history, each possess their separate kinds of merit; but the value of the latter would be low indeed, were it founded on any other laws than those which the judicious have, in all ages, acknowledged. Scotland has ample store of real fame and honour, without wishing to augment them by such means. She need not have recourse, as Pinkerton has remarked, to false history, or false honours of any kind: the truth would render her far more illustrious. He therefore who refuses his assent to the imaginary league between King Achaius and Charlemagne, signed at Inverlochy, may be permitted to indulge his doubts in peace, even though he could not shelter himself under the shields of Hailes and Chalmers."

We left Fort William, or rather Gordonsburgh, and passed down by the side of Loch Eil. The road was excellent, and formed at the foot of the mountains which form the left bank (proceeding towards Loch Leven from Fort William) of the lake. The sides of the mountains were clothed with luxuriant vegetation, there were also many cultivated spots, near the bases of them, where good crops of barley and oats were growing, while cottages frequently presented themselves by the sides of the road. The mountains were very high, and appeared clothed with vegetation to their very summits. We noticed a bare legged lassie driving a cow up the steep ascent of one of these hills; and as we passed at no great distance, she stopped, jabbered Gaelic, which we did not understand, and appeared very merry at our expence. We paused for a moment—she pointed her finger, and seemed to dare us to pursue her; but convinced that we had not even a chance of overtaking this mountain nymph, we were content to form the subject of her good humoured merriment—she appeared to be happy—I was glad of it—we regretted that we could not understand her words and passed on.

We ranged the sides of these mountains unsuccessfully, not raising a single grouse; but coming among the cultivated spots before mentioned, the pointers stood, and a covey of partridges rose. I have remarked in the preceding pages, that I had some reason to believe there existed in Scotland, two ramifications of the red grouse; the same observation will apply to the partridge. In what are called the mosses (morasses, or swampy places covered with heath) in the north of England, and particularly in Lancashire, partridges are frequently found in considerable plenty; as in such places there are generally cultivated spots which supply the birds with food: but the partridges met with in such situations, will be found, on examination, a trifle smaller than those

which feed on the more highly cultivated grounds; while their plumage is of a darker colour. It would appear ridiculous to suppose there existed any sympathy in colours; yet the ramifications of the partridge which I have just mentioned, would seem, upon examination, at least to approximate to the colour of their abode—the mosses, where the smaller, darker-coloured partridge is found, presents a more sombrous appearance than the well cultivated and lighter coloured uplands, and would seem to impart its more lively hue to its feathered inhabitants. This conjecture or hypothesis gains some degree of confirmation from the circumstance of the hare and the fox, as well as many other animals, changing their colour, according to the aspect which surrounds them. The partridges which I met with in the immediate vicinity of Loch Eil, were unquestionably similar to those found on the mosses of Lancashire—they had, when flying, precisely the same appearance.

We passed on till we nearly reached the bottom of Loch Eil, where we came to what in England would be called the sign of the morris dancers, where we procured some refreshment, and tried some moors in this vicinity, but met with only a few straggling birds. We proceeded onward, and came in contact with three old women, that forcibly reminded me of the witches in *Macbeth*:—

“What are these,  
So wither'd and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth,  
And yet are on't! Live you? Or are you aught  
That man may question?—You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.”

Whatever opinion I may entertain as to the good qualities of the Highlanders, truth compels me to state that the climate, or the mode of living, seems by no means favourable to female beauty. I saw a number of fine young women, but the females assume the appearance of age at an early period. From the construction of their huts or cottages, they are generally filled with smoke, and on this account, most likely, the skin becomes shrivelled, and the eyes also suffer from the effects of the smoke; from this circumstance, I apprehend, arises that appearance of premature age, which is general in the Highlands. The men being much less in the house, do not seem to suffer from what I have just mentioned.

We reached the borders of Loch Leven. “From its mouth to its further extremity, a distance of twelve miles, this loch is one continued succession of landscapes, on both sides; the northern



shore being accessible by the ancient road which crosses the devil's staircase; but the southern one turning away from the water near the quarries. The chief beauties, however, lie at the lower half; the interest of the scenes diminishing after passing the contraction, which takes place near the entrance of Glencoe, and the furthest extremity being rather wild than beautiful.

"The north shore of Loch Leven is much superior in point of scenery to the south one, whether as to the character or the number of its landscapes. For a considerable space, even from the point where it turns northward towards Fort William, the road presents a continued succession of pictures, in a style which is at once grand, simple, and ornamented. The noble extent of mountains is bounded by a distant screen of mountains, as striking in the outline as they are various in their form; descending, in a gradual succession of lower lands to the edge of the loch, varied by woods and terminating at length, in an intricate and picturesque line of cultivated, rocky, and rude ground. In the middle, and fore grounds, we have a long shore sprinkled with scattered trees, and farms, and houses, in variety of disposition, rising gradually up into a beautiful range of hill, which is covered on its lower declivities, by ancient woods, and by groups and scattered trees; while its higher region is diversified by rocks, and intersected by torrents, which, as they reach the lower grounds, become beautiful mountain streams, ploughing their way through their wild channels, under the shade of ancient ash trees of the most luxuriant and picturesque forms. These objects ever varying, and united to the numerous boats which are drawn upon the shores or employed in navigating the loch, and to the frequent passage of sloops and vessels of larger size to the quarries, combine to render the whole as lively as it is picturesque.

"The upper extremity of Loch Leven is rather wild than picturesque: and the cascades which are mentioned in some of the tour books, are rather grotesque than beautiful. The slaty rocks which conduct the torrent are excavated into bad forms, which are at war with all the principles of grace or of landscape. But the road never ceases to be interesting, and the navigation of the loch is not less pleasing."

On drawing near the Ferry of Balahulish, we met what I took to be a clergyman from his appearance, from whom we inquired for a place where we could be accommodated with dinner. He immediately pointed out to us two neat looking houses, one on each side the ferry, which he said were inns—we further asked which was the best? He replied that they were equally good. We entered the first we came to, and found comfortable accommodations. The landlord was a civil communicative man; and finding we were on a shooting excursion, he pointed out a mountain on the top of which he said we should find plenty of ptarmi-



gan. We determined to visit it as soon as we should have dined. The place seemed at no great distance, yet we were one hour and a half in reaching it, with one of the landlord's sons for our guide. The ascent was very fatiguing, so much so, that we rested several times ere we gained the region where the birds were expected. The top of the mountain consisted of gray stone; and after some time we raised several ptarmigans. I succeeded in killing one; and placing it upon a piece of the rock, the bird so much resembled the couch on which it lay, that it was almost impossible to distinguish it at the distance of only a few yards. We ultimately succeeded in killing another; and immediately descended, as night was fast approaching, and we arrived at our inn only a little before dusk. Of ptarmigan shooting, as a diversion, I did not think very highly. We had these birds dressed for supper, and, in taste, they very much resembled the common red grouse; but they are not so large as the latter, though resembling it in every respect, except the colour of its feathers. It would appear strange how the ptarmigan subsists: it is found on the tops of the most barren mountains; and is seldom, if ever, seen in those parts where it is natural to suppose they would be forced in quest of food.

I have said that the landlord was a very obliging civil man; and, on rising in the morning, we were so well satisfied with our accommodations, that we felt an inclination to continue in his neighbourhood the whole day. It happened to be Sunday, and we rightly conjectured that we could not be better situated. This neighbourhood is more populous than many parts of the slate quarries.\* The passengers, which were more numerous to day than usual, had, for the most part, a clean appearance: and I observed several young men neatly dressed, after the manner which a century ago was so characteristic of the Highlanders, I mean the kilt, &c. Breeches and trowsers are become general in the Highlands; so much so indeed, that during my excursion, I saw scarcely a score of men with the philibeg and tartan plaid, so much the pride of other days; though the boys almost uniformly wear it:—the ancient costume of the Highlanders is fast fading away; though many of the customs, from the very nature of the country, must perhaps continue much the same.

In the course of the day we visited several places in the neighbourhood, and in particular St. Mungo's Island, where those who fell in the massacre of Glencoe were buried. The landlord offered us the use of a one horse cart, with which, and the assistance of

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\* "The slate quarries of Balahulish have generated a considerable village; and the workmen, the noise, the shipping, the women and children, and the confusion of all kinds, form a strange contrast with the dark and dreary solitude of Glencoe, scarcely a mile removed."

one of his sons as a guide, we passed an hour or two very pleasantly ; nor on this occasion did we experience that avaricious disposition in the charge—that outrageous extortion, of which Thornton and others complain, and which Macculloch thus describes:—“ If you know how you may breakfast at Tyannilt, why should I not also tell you how you may hire a horse in Glencoe? I had taken the precaution of engaging mine on the preceding evening, and it was promised by six in the morning ; the distance to Rannoch being called twenty miles ; a day’s journey. The price for the horse and guide was two guineas ; which, for one day’s ride upon a Highland pony with two shoes, whose value was five pounds, and whose annual keep was nothing, while the usual day labour of the guide was a shilling, should have satisfied even a Glencoe conscience. The same sum would have procured a chaise and a man and two horses, for the same distance, or more, at London or York ; but Donald, no longer able to make a creach on Saxon cows, must now, he seems to think, compensate for it by a creach on a Saxon’s purse. In the morning, the equipage of course was not to be found ; as the horse had slept on the hill, and was to be caught, not before six, but after nine, and was then to be shod, and saddled, and haltered ; and as the shoes were to be made, the saddle to be borrowed from some one, three or four miles off, and the halter from some one else. There is a pleasing prospect in all these cases, a train of pithy reflections, by which you amuse the hours of waiting ; calculating at every hour that passes, in which of all the coming bogs you are to spend the night, on which mountain you will break your neck, or in which ford be drowned ; knowing that the longest day is too short, knowing that even the sun himself could not perform the journey in view in less than the time you have allotted for it.

“ After walking three miles in search of the horse, and waiting seven hours, he was found ; but it was plain to see, that, even then, all was not right : Sandy Macdonald ‘ could not leave his harvest to day,’ though he was paid for it. Let no man imagine that he understands the true nature of patience, till he has made a Highland tour on Highland ponies, and in Highland boots. I agreed to go on alone and sleep at the King’s House, to wait for his convenience. As usual, we were to start the next morning at six : but the Highland six—to day it was only nine. Even then, though the horse was ready, the man was not. I departed alone, and was speedily lost among rocks and bogs ; nothing was visible but the wide, flat, open blank waste, all round ; and, far away, the blue hills of Perthshire rising in the distant horizon. Not even the mountain bee was on the wing to give life to the scene ; nay, the very midges seemed to scorn the Moor of Rannoch : no water stirred to indicate that something yet moved or lived ; but the black pool stagnated among the scanty and yellow rushes of

the dark bog. The heart-sinking stillness of this solitude, the more dreary that it was so spacious, was undisturbed even by the rustle of the breeze; since there was not even a bush of heath in which the breeze could have rustled, had it been so inclined. I and the world were alone together, as some one says; always excepting the horse, who very sensibly refused to go any further. At length the guide appeared, and soon found a track, which, in no long time, neither man nor horse could follow; for, in no long time, there was no longer any track. What distance remained between this and Loch Rannoch I know not, and nobody knows; but at five o'clock, the guide, the patient, and the horse, found themselves severally at the head of the lake; having spent eight hours of hard labour in travelling twelve miles, as it is called. As to the horse, he might as well have remained at Glencoe. A ride, this was not, by any figure of speech: I cannot even call it a walk; for half the space was traversed by jumping over bogs, and holes, and ditches, and pits, which were generally so wide as to demand much serious meditation. I may fairly say that I jumped half the way from Glencoe to Loch Rannoch.

“Pray imagine the Moor of Rannoch; for who can describe it. A great level (I hope the word will pardon this abuse of it) one thousand feet above the sea, sixteen or twenty miles long, and nearly as much wide, bounded by mountains so distant as scarcely to form an apprehensible boundary; open, silent, solitary; an ocean of blackness and bogs, a world before chaos; not so good as chaos, since its elements are only rocks and bogs, with a few pools of water, bogs of the Styx and waters of Cocytus, with one great, long, sinuous, flat, dreary, black, Acheron-like lake, Loch Lydog, near which arose three fir trees, just enough to remind me of the vacuity of all the rest. Not a sheep, nor a cow; even the crow shunned it, and wheeled his croaking flight far off to better regions. If there was a blade of grass any where, it was concealed by the dark stems of the black, muddy sedges, and by the yellow melancholy rush of the bogs.”

This picture is somewhat overcharged, at least in the estimation of the sportsman; as upon the Moors of Rannoch I found abundance of grouse; though the shooting is rendered perhaps more than ordinarily laborious from the broken and boggy ground.

To proceed—The author continues—“As our trio proceeded in such a saltatory and disjointed manner, I had not much opportunity of talk with Mr. Macdonald; but if he thought he had caught a Saxon, I knew full well that I had caught a Highland Tartar. He talked of his harvest, and of the favour he did me by coming, and of the time he should lose in returning; with much more that I well knew, was, in no long time, to lead to some demand beyond his bargain. This, however, was a point not to be argued in a bog: I hoped that it would be reserved for terra



firma. On terra firma we at length found ourselves ; some whiskey and supper were ordered as an extra gratuity, and the two guineas were presented with all imaginable thanks in addition. "I shall lose another day of the harvest (said Sandy Macdonald) and I expect ye'll give me another guinea." I could only request him to excuse me, as he had named his own price, and as two guineas was not a bad exchange for the two shillings he would have gained by his harvest. He remained inflexible ; no, did not remain any thing ; but became insolent. At length, finding his eloquence unavailing, 'Then you maun give me aght shillings for carrying your umbrella.' The knave had carried this in his hand for a few miles, at his own desire. I went up stairs. In a minute, however, he was at the door, swearing that he would stay there all night, that I should have no supper, and that I should not stir till he was paid all his demand. Accordingly, I betook myself to my little Horace, listening to much objurgation and vituperation, both in Gaelic and English : the former having a very ferocious sound, but being, fortunately, a dead letter. But finding, after an hour, that he made no impression on Saxon obstinacy, he at length consoled himself by saying that I was not a gentleman, but that he would take the money. I assured him that he was right ; that I was not a gentleman, but an informer, and that, instead of paying him, I would lodge an information against him for letting horses on hire without a license. It was an astounding and an unexpected blow : and like oil on the stormy sea, in the *Nanfragium* of Erasmus, it caused the rage of the mountaineer to fall at once to a moderate level ; but not till after he had protested that he had been once ruined already by an information, and would be ruined again rather than submit to a *Sassenach*. The man got his money and departed, vowing revenge against the next Saxon who should fall into his clutches. It is not very wonderful that travellers in the Highlands call the people extortioners ; for, in the matter of horses, you will find nearly the same wherever you go."

As we never hired a saddle horse during our whole excursion, we did not place ourselves in a similar situation ; but we repeatedly engaged carts for the purpose of carrying our luggage, and had never any reason to complain of exorbitant charges—it is true, we uniformly made our own bargain before a full hiring ; and it is but justice to say, that, on these occasions, we experienced very little delay, and uniformly found the utmost civility from the person (generally a youngster) who attended the cart. One exception truth and candour compel me to notice :—I engaged a lad to attend me one day in *Caitliness* ; and at the conclusion of the day, I offered him half a crown, having well supplied him with provisions :—he hesitated, and went away grumbling dissatisfaction, saying that I ought to have given him five shillings. We expe-



rienced several gross impositions from the Lowlanders, but of the Highlanders we had no reason to complain; yet whenever the services of either the one or the other are required, it is advisable to make a bargain before hand.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### *Glencoe.—The Eaglets, &c.—Errors of Naturalists.*

We left Balahulish at nine o'clock the next morning, but not till we had made those inquiries from the landlord so natural to a sportsman, and having thus ascertained where we were likely to procure some good shooting, we retrograded in some degree, and in about an hour reached a kind of valley or plain (having a lad for our guide) which, after all, proved a very bad moor: upwards of an hour elapsed before we found a single bird, and indeed so much disappointed did I feel myself, that I should have removed to some other quarter, had I not been convinced from evidence sufficiently strong (droppings) that game was certainly at no great distance. At length my pointers drew, and I soon became convinced that I had an old cock running before me—he ultimately rose out of distance—but not to escape; for, though I could not reach him with my fowling piece, he was immediately pursued by a hawk, which I had not before observed. The chase did not last long: the bird of prey rose above his victim, and drawing his wings close to his side, darted upon him with almost inconceivable impetuosity. He struck the bird, and the feathers flew from its back in abundance; but it did not immediately come to the ground: yet its flight was thus impeded, and another stroke brought it to the ground, to rise no more. I approached with the intention of shooting the hawk, but he would not allow me to come sufficiently near for the purpose. At length I managed to bag a brace of grouse, after which we seated ourselves on the heath for the purpose of taking a little refreshment. That accomplished, we again set forward, and killed another bird, placing ourselves under the direction of our Highland guide, and desired him to take the nearest way to Glencoe.

The country is very mountainous, and the day was far spent before we reached the very spot whence we had set out. We determined, however, to pass on, and therefore crossed the ferry of Balahulish, and proceeded along a very good road for Glencoe. As you approach this vale or pass, celebrated for the massacre already mentioned, the road winds round the bottom of stupendous and craggy mountains; while the opening into Glencoe itself cannot fail to impress the mind with indescribable sensations, aris-

ing not so much perhaps from the recollection of the deeds of blood\* which were here perpetrated, as from the unusual and

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\* The last man to submit to government was Macdonald of Glencoe. Towards the end of December, he applied to the governor of Fort William, who refused, as not being a civil magistrate, to administer the oath ; but despatched him in haste, with an earnest recommendation, to the sheriff of Argyle. From the snows, and other interruptions, which he met with on the road, the day prescribed for submission had elapsed before he reached Inverary, the county town. The benefit of the indemnity was strictly forfeited ; the sheriff, however, was moved by his tears and entreaties, to receive his oath of allegiance, and to certify the unavoidable cause of his delay. But his oath was industriously suppressed, by the advice, particularly, of Stair, the president ; the certificate was erased from the list presented to the privy council ; and, it appears, that an extensive combination was formed for his destruction. The Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands he had plundered, and whose temporising advice he had betrayed to government, was inured to the most atrocious massacres, by the execution of letters of fire and sword against the Earl of Caithness, whose estate and titles he had formerly usurped. Dalrymple, the secretary, had imbibed the bloody spirit of Lauderdale's administration ; and, instigated by Breadalbane's resentment, he expressed the most savage joy at an opportunity to extirpate a thievish clan. They persuaded William, that Glencoe was the chief obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands. Perhaps they concealed the circumstance that he had applied within due time for the oaths to government, and had received them since. But they procured instructions, signed, and, for their greater security, countersigned, by the King himself, to proceed to military execution against such rebels as had rejected the indemnity, and had refused to submit, on assurance of their lives. As these instructions were found insufficient, they obtained an additional order, signed, and also countersigned, by the King, that if Glencoe and his clan could be separated from the rest, it would be a proper vindication of public justice to extirpate the sect of thieves. But the directions given by Dalrymple far exceeded even the King's instructions. In his letters to the commander in chief, he recommended the cold and long nights of winter as the season fittest for execution, when the Highlanders could not escape to their hills with their wives and children ; and when, without protection from houses, the human constitution was unable to survive ; regretted that the other clans in Lochaber, by their timely submission, had disappointed his vengeance ; directed with the local knowledge which he derived from Breadalbane, that the passes to Glencoe should be securely guarded, and exhorted even the subordinate officers to be sudden and secret in the plan ; and not to trouble the government with prisoners, nor to destroy the cattle nor houses, which might render the people desperate, unless the whole clan were utterly extirpated. Such atrocious sentiments, uttered, as usual, with an ardent zeal for public service, were communicated to the officers with full effect.

Glencoe, assured of an indemnity, had remained at home, unmolested for a month, when a detachment arrived from Fort William, under Campbell of Glenlyon, whose niece was married to one of his sons. The soldiers were received on assurance of peace and friendship ; and were quartered among the inhabitants of the sequestered vale. Their commander enjoyed for a fortnight the daily hospitality of his nephew's table. They had passed the evening at cards together, and the officers were to dine with his father next day. Their orders arrived that night to attack their defenceless hosts while asleep at midnight, and not to suffer a man under the age of seventy to escape their swords. From some suspicious circumstances, the sons were impressed with a sudden apprehension of danger, and discovered their approach ; but before they could alarm their father, the massacre spread through the whole vale. Before the break of day, a party, entering as friends, shot Glencoe as he rose from his bed. His wife was stripped naked

even appalling aspect which presents itself to the almost terrified stranger. As we enter Glencoe, the appearance is still more dreary, more barren, and even more frightful. There is a small river runs down the valley, if indeed that can be called a valley which impresses more the idea of an immense solitary pass or ravine, where all seems desolation. The pass is very narrow, but this is caused by the high and rugged mountains on each side, which rise so abruptly as to produce a sort of awful twilight even at noon day. Glencoe presents mountain, valley, and water; and yet the general picture, far from producing pleasing sensations, can scarcely be contemplated without horror. There is an awful

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by the soldiers, who tore the rings with their teeth from her fingers; and she expired next morning with horror and grief. Nine men were bound and deliberately shot at Glenlyon's quarters; his landlord was shot by his orders; and a young boy, who clung to his knees for protection, was stabbed to death. At another part of the vale, the inhabitants were shot whilst sitting round their fires; women perished with their children in their arms; an old man of eighty was put to the sword; another, who escaped to a house for concealment, was burnt alive. Thirty-eight persons were thus inhumanly murdered by their inmates and guests. The rest, alarmed by the report of musquetry, escaped to the hills, and were preserved by a tempest that added to the horrors of the night. While the end of the glen was guarded by Duncanson, with a detachment from Fort William, Hamilton, the colonel, to whom the superintendence of the whole was intrusted, had advanced with four hundred men to secure the eastern entrance, and to complete the massacre; but, from the inclemency of the night, he was retarded beyond the appointed hour. When he entered the glen at noon, an old man was the only victim that remained. But the carnage was succeeded by rapine and desolation. The cattle were driven off or destroyed. The houses, to fulfil Dalrymple's instructions, were burnt to the ground; and the women and children, stript naked, were left to explore their way to some remote and friendly habitations, or to perish in the snows.

The outcry against the massacre of Glencoe was not confined to Scotland; but by the industry of the Jacobites, it resounded with every aggravation through Europe. Whether the inhuman rigour, or the perfidious execution of the orders, were considered, each part of the bloody transaction discovered a deliberate, treacherous, and impolitic cruelty, from which the king himself was not altogether exempt. Instead of the terror which it was meant to inspire, the horror and universal execration which it excited, rendered the Highlanders irreconcilable to his government, and the government justly odious to his subjects. His friends endeavoured, by the plea of inadvertance and haste, to transfer the blame to his ministers; and his ministers were equally earnest to vindicate the orders as strictly legal; or as analogous to letters of fire and sword, which the privy council had been accustomed to grant. But when a second order, signed and countersigned by the king with such unusual precaution, is combined with the impunity which his ministers enjoyed, no doubt can remain that, however the execution might exceed his intentions, the measure was not concerted without his knowledge and previous consent. No enquiry was made at the time, no punishment was inflicted afterwards, on the authors of the massacre. On the contrary, it is asserted, that the officers most active in the execution were preferred. The best, and perhaps the just, explanation of the transaction is, that William, beset with ministers inured to the sanguinary measures of the former government, was betrayed for once into an act of cruelty inconsistent with his character, and with the mild and merciful tenor of his reign.



sublimity in the altitude and abruptness of the craggy mountains ; but as a sameness and continuity is presented throughout, the eye, in wandering over a scene, where the forms are similar, where the objects present a terrific uniformity, where all is dreary, desolate, and barren, and where a dense and heavy gloom pervades the whole, producing something more than irksome sensations, an impression which language can but faintly image to the mind. Yet desolate as Glencoe may appear, that hardy mountaineer, the goat, is seen dotted here and there on its black and appalling crags ; while the chilling horror of the place is increased by the shrill screaming of the eagle, which may be seen hovering over the dark rocks which form his abode.

About the middle of this solitary glen, a human habitation presents itself, and somewhat relieves that uniform and appalling continuity, which would otherwise prevail from one end to the other. It was in appearance a superior Highland cottage, and we entered without hesitation, fatigued as we were by our exertions, as well as by the contemplation of the most extraordinary landscape that was ever offered to my observation, extraordinary from its magnitude of horror, from its extent of dreariness, as well as for that predominant feature of gloom which so pre-eminently distinguishes Glencoe !

We were received with cheerful civility by Betty Campbell, who ushered us into her best apartment, and set before us a large bowl of goat's milk, and such other refreshment, as her house afforded. This was the first time we had been presented with this beverage, which was not so palatable (to me at least) as milk from the cow ; but the rocky and sterile character of the neighbourhood, though it afforded sufficient shrubs for the support of goats, was not calculated for grazing—of this its appearance was a striking proof. Yet, after I had converted the goat's milk into *toddy*, it formed a very refreshing and indeed a very pleasant beverage.

Night was drawing on apace ; and perceiving that our present accommodations were tolerably comfortable, we very soon came to the resolution of remaining here for the night. We turned out, however, to take another view of the solitary glen ; for though the prospect which it presents is not pleasing, nor the emotions which it awakens soothing ; yet there is sufficient to interest curiosity, particularly as the general aspect of the place seems so much in character with the atrocious deed, which must for ever distinguish Glencoe from every other part of the Highlands ; and in fact increase that repugnant and appalling sensation, which the very contemplation of the place cannot fail to produce. On turning the corner of the house, our attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of three eagles, which, from the surrounding stillness, appeared like statues or images. They did not



stir, and, after a few moment's consideration, I returned into the house for my gun. The women seeing me in much haste and anxiety, enquired what was the matter, and on being informed, said that the birds were young ones which had been taken from the nests in the rocks, and were each of them secured by a cord. This gave a different turn to the business: I had been anxious to get a shot at an eagle ever since I had seen them hovering over Ben Nevis already mentioned; and but for Betty Campbell, I should certainly have shot one or more of her eagles, without the least consideration. But these birds are not easily shot, near approach to them unless by accident is impracticable, they are for ever on the watch, and carefully keep at a distance, not only from the habitation, but the presence, of man. Of this I was afterwards abundantly convinced.

The eaglets in question had been taken from the rocks in the neighbourhood of Glencoe; and though they in general avoid the contact of man, yet, it seems, when their young are in danger, they will boldly approach a single individual, and perhaps endanger his life; and on this account whenever a nest is discovered in an accessible situation, more than one person is requisite for the purpose of securing the young; or, at least, while one secures the young, the other keeps off the parent birds.\* There is seldom more than two eaglets in one nest, and frequently but one; nor does it often happen that they are at all approachable; their habitations being generally found in some inaccessible cliff of the rock, and often shielded from the weather by jutting crags that hang over it. Sometimes, however, it is wholly exposed to the winds as well sideways as above; for the nest itself is nearly flat, though built with great labour.

The three young eaglets belonging to Betty Campbell, or rather to her husband, were fastened each by a separate cord, tied round one of their legs, and the birds were placed at a short distance, so that they could not reach each other. I seated myself on a stone, just out of the reach of the largest of the three, while my pointers took a more respectful station from these kings of the feathered tribe: they stood at the distance of a dozen yards or more, and though I called them, they answered by that sort of movement of the tail, and expression of countenance, which clearly indicated they were labouring under the impression of fear—

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\* A peasant resolved to rob the nest of an eagle, which had built on a small island in the beautiful lake of Killarney; and for that purpose, he stripped, and swam to the island, while the old ones were away; and robbing the nest of the young, he was preparing to return with the eaglets tied in a string; but while he was yet up to his chin in the water, the old eagles returned, and missing their young, quickly fell upon the plunderer, and in spite of all his resistance, despatched him with their beaks and talons.

in fact, they viewed these horrible creatures as dangerous companions, and therefore kept at a distance, which would ensure safety.

These particular birds had been taken out of separate nests, and were of three different kinds. That near which I had seated myself was a beautiful specimen, about two thirds grown, and appeared to be of that kind denominated the golden eagle; which in length, we are told, is three feet; the extent of its wings seven feet four inches; the bill is three inches long and of a deep blue colour; and the eye of a hazel colour. The head and neck are clothed with narrow sharp pointed feathers, and of a deep brown colour, bordered with tawney. The whole body, above, as well as below, is of a dark brown; and the feathers of the back are finely clouded with a darker shade of the same colour. The wings reach to the end of the tail. The tail is of a deep brown, irregularly barred and blotched with an obscure ash colour. The legs are yellow, short, and very strong. The toes are armed with formidable claws.

(*To be continued.*)

### *The ALPHABET of ANGLING,*

BY JAMES RENNIE, M. A.

A most excellent and cheap work on angling, under the above title, has just made its appearance, and, we have not the least hesitation in pronouncing it the best treatise on the subject which has ever been offered to the public. We give a short extract, and shall probably notice it more particularly next month.

*"Times of Feeding and Haunts of Fish.*—Most fish are peculiarly night-feeders, and though, like other night-feeding animals, they occasionally feed in the day time, it is not their constant or usual habit; and hence the very common disappointment of anglers, who often find, in spite of their most alluring baits, that "the fish will not bite." I have frequently remarked, that spiders, all of which feed in the night, are tempted to come abroad when the weather is dull and overcast, so as to resemble twilight, and it is precisely the same with most fish; with this further peculiarity, that even in bright sunshine, the muddy state of the water, from recent floods or other causes, will darken their light, and entice them to look out for prey. This, though one of the most important principles upon

which the angler must rely, has not hitherto, that I am aware of, been brought into prominent notice in books on angling, but is left to be gathered from vague and diffuse accounts of the water and the weather.

In bright weather, accordingly, during the greater part of the day, even in more dull weather, at least when the water is very clear, most, if not all sorts of fish keep their places of retirement, some amongst reeds, and other water-plants; some under banks, or the shade of overhanging trees; some under stones; and some squatting close to the gravel, sand, or sludge, at the bottom of the water.

When the sun begins to set, they quit their hiding places for the more open parts of the water, the river fish almost uniformly making for the centre of the stream, or the edges of a current or eddy where they find other fishes resort, and by coming behind the smaller ones, they often succeed in swallowing them before they are aware of their enemy's approach. It is in such eddies and currents also, where the more precarious supply of insect food is to be met

with; and here of course the angler is most certain of finding good sport, which, if he choose to follow it up, will continue all night, and for some time after sunrise next morning, this depending, of course, on the brightness or dulness of the water and the weather, as I have already explained.

In different waters, however, there are peculiarities of currents, eddies, and pools, the fish are fond of haunting, concerning which no practical general rules

can be laid down. The angler must therefore find these fish-haunts out by repeated trials, and store up the experience he may thus acquire in his memory. In the Ayr and the Lugar, I used to know every corner where I was likely to raise a trout; but on going to streams of a different character, such as the Cart, in Renfrewshire, I had to make many trials before I found out the peculiar haunts of the fish."

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*Authentic Letters from Upper Canada, with an Account of Canadian Field Sports, by T. W. Magrath, Esq.*

These letters are written in a simple style; but are not the less valuable on that account, as they contain by far the best information respecting Upper Canada, particularly in regard to settling in "the Bush," of any volume which has yet fallen under our notice. They are consequently very valuable to the Emigrant, and highly interesting to the Sportsman, as will be seen by the following extract:—

"Many new settlers have been surprised at not frequently seeing deer, bears, wolves, &c. in this country; as if these animals were to walk out of the woods, and shew themselves, as their keepers would present them in a menagerie, for public exhibition, not considering that they are of retired habits, not given to obtrude, nor much pleased at having their secluded haunts invaded. Therefore, except to the persevering sportsman, they seldom give demonstration of the numbers that really occupy our extensive forests. It is also an erroneous opinion with many, that no fat venison can be procured here; but though our family resided in a venison country, in Ireland, abounding with parks, I can aver, that I have repeatedly shot fatter deer here, than I ever saw there. What has given rise to this opinion, is, that when the bucks are in their prime, in August and September, the farm works are too important to be sacrificed to amusement. I have known the most devoted sportsmen, when once settled on their *own property*, and feeling the necessity of giving personal attention to its improvement, to have abandoned the fowling-piece altogether,

during the busy season, but, to have gladly resumed it in the Winter, (the Canadian's Jubilee,) while the ground is covered with snow, and sealed up by frost, to the prevention of all farming operations. This then, becomes the selected season for deer shooting, when the bucks are out of condition, which accounts for the foregoing remark.

The *Does*, however, though an inferior quality of venison, are at this time in high order, and very acceptable at the settler's table—nor is it necessary to be too fastidious, as to either sex—as the servants and labourers on the settlement, though they like plentiful meals, are not epicures, and will not object to a haunch of venison, although destitute of an aldermanic cut of fat.

My brothers and I are now become expert.

"If we have luck,

"We'll bring a buck,

"Upon our lusty shoulders home."

*Old Glee.*

In winter we make it a point to provide abundantly for the larder.

However, as you desire this sporting information for young settlers, I shall commence with our first day's work, and go forward in regular detail.

The winter after our arrival here, my brother and I made our first essay, about sixteen miles back in the woods behind our house.

However young at this particular sport, we were not inexperienced in the use of the rifle.

Mine was of the true Yankee cut—three feet, six inches in length—as heavy as a musket—the bore, calculated



for balls seventy to the pound; and his, a Spanish rifle—two feet, ten inches long—carrying half-ounce balls, thirty-two to the pound.

We took a wide range for the entire day, and never got a shot. We saw indeed, abundant tracks, and many *singles*\* as the deer darted off through the wood, but had no opportunity of presenting our rifles with any prospect of effect. In despondency we returned to the farmer's house where we were to sleep, disgusted with our sport, or rather with our failure. When the family were assembled in the evening, and talked over our disappointment, the farmer, a thorough-bred Yankee, said, "*Well—I guess you know nothing about this here deer shooting. I calculate I will go out with you to-morrow, and see how you get on.*" We thanked him, and having received from him, some preliminary instructions, and a good breakfast before day light next morning, turned out with our host, in the hope of a more successful day. He was even of greater value to us as a model, than as a monitor; for as soon as we got upon the track of a deer, we could at once perceive by our companion's manner of proceeding, the true cause of our own failure the preceeding day. *He* was all quietness. We had been all bustle. *He* walked silently and steadily along, taking special care not to break, or even touch the point of a branch, lest the sound would disturb the game. *We* had been slashing and smashing every thing before us, which could not fail to rouse at a distance, far out of view, or at least out of shot, a timid animal, most susceptible of alarm.

Upon holding a council of war, at the suggestion of our practised hunter, we agreed that my brother and I should separate, on distinct tracks, and our Mentor in an under-tone, said to us,—"*You may have pretty considerable sport, I guess, if it be not your own fault—be silent and steady—I calculate you will have to keep down your hands—well, step gently through the snow—if you see a deer running past, shout out, and I guess he'll stop—I wish you sport.*" Upon which he wheeled about, and returned to his farm yard.

We observed his directions, and when some time on the track which I had followed, I found by it, that at a particular place, the deer had stopped, and turned, and sprung off again, compassing a tremendous distance at each bound, leaving me but little hope of coming up with him, though, by the indication of the snow, as I went forward I could observe that he had frequently stopped, and turned, but, alas! had again continued his progressive course.

The snow being eighteen inches deep, and the walking very laborious, I sat down quite exhausted, to recover my fatigue, and to consider how I was to get back. Resting quietly, with my rifle across my knees, I heard some branches snap; and the next minute, a noble buck came dashing along, within shot. Springing up (as I had been instructed by the farmer) I gave a shout. That moment he stopped, snorted and looked at me—I fired; but, to my great disappointment, he bounded on, leaving me to conjecture how I could have missed so fair a standing shot, and within twenty paces!

Having loaded again, I went up to the place where he had stood, and found a large gush of blood upon the snow. I felt as if I had not walked a mile. In a little time I caught a glimpse of the poor fellow within fifty yards—the trees however, were too close. He moved slowly on, with drooping head and lagging step, and, stopping for a short space, lay down apparently in pain. Then taking deliberate aim at the head, I fired. The branching antlers, by a quivering movement, indicated a short and final struggle to rise—on coming up, I found him stretched on his side, and for the first time, enjoyed the savage, but instinctive delight, of seeing an American deer lying at my feet, brought down by my own hand—what was next to be done? I had left my knife behind me, and could not perform the necessary operations in *breaking up* the deer, as it is termed, and must of course be burdened with the entire weight of the interior—but how was I to drag along the first fruits of my deer hunting career.

By a clumsy and fumbling application of my ramrod to his nose, I succeeded in making a perforation sufficient

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\* The tails of the Deer.



to admit the end of my handkerchief—securing it there, I moved with difficulty along the snow: not having any means of tying his fore feet to his nose, (which is usually done) they caught in every log and branch I passed, by which I was both retarded and fatigued. Stopping to rest, I found that in the confusion of my joy, my rifle had been forgotten when I fired the last shot—and it should have remained there till the next day, but for the apprehension of its being covered by the snow of the night.

I returned for it; yoked myself again to my cumbrous but honourable burden, and was proceeding gallantly, when the head of the buck happening to catch on a stump; at a sudden pull the handkerchief giving way, down I went head foremost, rifle and all, into the snow. My sporting ardour would notwithstanding have made light of this, and of the weight I dragged along, had I not discovered to my utter consternation, that I was in a wrong track, and had completely lost my way. Still moving on, however, my ear was gratified by a distant shout to which, on my part I most joyfully responded.

This gave me new life to tug along the trophy of my successful sport—another shout! still nearer and more distinct—returned by me of course—"a louder yet, and yet a louder strain,"—one other shout—and all was still!

The parties mutually attracted by the approaching signals, had met and shaken hands—and *there* appeared my brother Charles, yoked to another deer!!

On asking him in what direction the farmer's house lay? I was mortified to find that he knew as little of the matter as myself.

He had a knife, however, which enabled me to lighten the buck to which I was harnessed, and to brace his feet and head in a more convenient manner for the draft. We then agreed to keep straight forward in the hope of crossing on some *Concession line*,\* which might direct us in our course; but the sun had disappeared; the twilight was receding fast, and a faint gleam of moon-

light through the trees, afforded us but precarious assistance; at one place, however, where they were not so close, a stronger light broke in, and Charles, in great joy, called out that he had come upon a track; but judge what my disappointment must have been, and let me have the sympathy of all brother sportsmen, who may learn that the buck, which had travelled behind me for so many hours, was again lying within a few yards of the very spot on which he had first fallen.

By this time, in sporting phraseology, I was completely *done up*, and obliged to abandon my game from downright inability to pull it after me another yard.—My brother still stuck to his—but saddled me with the weight of his rifle. Becoming, shortly, as exhausted as myself, *his* deer was also left behind; and struggling on a little further, so weak were we from fatigue, that we were deliberating upon ridding ourselves of the incumbrance even of our rifles, when a sudden shot was fired beside us—a horn sounded—almost in our ears, which we acknowledged by a double discharge—and to our great joy, discovered that we were close to our good quarters of the night before; whilst, to our utter amazement, we were informed that we had been all the time so near the house, that the people repeatedly heard our voices, and were surprised at our staying out so late.

Our guide of the morning received us hospitably, *guessing* "we had missed our way, and *calculating*, that it would be better if he had not left us, as he saw we did no good after all;" our point of honour, as sportsmen, being called in question, we averred that each had brought down his deer; two of the spunky boys turned out, and soon returned with both deer to confirm our veracity and triumph.

In the morning it was great amusement to review our *circuitous* tracks, (which, as they said, "had *bet* down the whole place pretty considerably,") and to perceive that we had gone *round and round* in rings, within the limits of *twenty* acres, that were never passed during the space of the last five hours, which terminated the hunting of our second day.

\* Concession lines are those on which posts are fixed to number the lots of the townships.

As I commenced with *snow* shooting, I will here add some useful directions to be observed by sportsmen, in this particular branch, and also the usual dress and apparatus to be adopted.

The dress should consist of a blanket coat, made to button up to the collar; a cap of the same material; a warm pair of light coloured cloth trowsers, *three or four* pair of stockings under the moccasins, or a piece of blanket rolled round the foot as a protection from stumps—thus, with a leathern belt to carry your hunting knife, and with a rifle of the following description, you are accounted for the bunting ground.

It should be two feet ten inches in the barrel, about ten pounds weight, and of a bore suited to balls, forty to the pound; a description of rifle shot, experience has taught me to prefer to any other. This, however, is a point upon which you will seldom find two sportsmen agree, as your fellows of light metal generally prefer a bauble.

I have invented a powder flask, to contain caps, balls and powder, to save the necessity of fumbling with cold fingers in different pockets, for the several articles—and will send you one as a model the first opportunity, for the benefit of my brother sportsmen, who may come out to this country.

If on arriving at the scene of action, you find the wood abounding with fresh tracks, stand steady for a time, and observe if any of the deer are in motion. If you spy one that does not see *you*, contrive to be concealed by the trees, whilst you approach him—should your step be heard, stand still, and never stir till he begins to move: when within shot, fix your eye on a space through which he must pass; your finger, rifle, and eye, all ready. If you require it, take a rest against a tree, but be sure to cover the spot, and as he passes, aim for the shoulder, and fire. Should you miss the deer, don't stand gaping like a fool, but load again at once, as he may be simple enough to give you a second shot, and you may have the luck to hit. Should he go off with his *single down*, he is wounded. Keep as close as you can, and if he do not fall from the effects of the first shot, you can make sure

of him by a second; your hunting knife must then be employed in the necessary operations—and lastly in opening the muscle of the nose, and sinews of the fore legs, so as to admit a gad of the blue beech to pass through, and connect them all together—then taking the rifle on your left shoulder, and the gad over your right, you may pull away to the next house—but should you object to this laborious work, and yet wish to secure the venison, till an opportunity offer of sending for it; the head must be first got rid of, and the skin, to preserve it entire, be stripped from the *fore*, and left attached to the *hind*-quarters, when, the carcass being cut across, you must look out for a tree of small diameter that will bend with your weight upon climbing up—as soon as it begins to spring, let go your feet, holding on with your hands only, and you will thus bring the top to the ground. The half deer fastened to this (as the tree springs back,) is put out of the reach of wolves and bears, as the former *cannot*, and the latter *will not*, climb a tree of such pliable dimensions. A stem calculated to rise but half a deer, could not fail to give way under an entire bear, besides, that to admit of being climbed, the tree should be of sufficient circumference to fill his embrace, and Bruin is too shrewd a fellow to take the risk of a failure, and a fall. The remaining half must be treated in a similar manner, on a separate tree.

When you cross a river or ravine, never expose your person suddenly, and instead of walking along its edge, make a circuit through the wood, coming out with caution, about three hundred yards below your point of entrance; and observe to examine the brow of the opposite hill, as the deer, in winter, always lie in a situation that commands a wide compass. If two sportsmen are in company—one, should show himself at a distance to attract the attention of the deer, whilst the other, making a circuit, may come round unnoticed, and have a fair and decisive shot. This has happened to me in many instances.

Should the snow be very deep, snowshoes become necessary. I have had occasion for them, however, but one

winter out of six—at first they are very unpleasant, experience only will teach to use them, without inconvenience.

The second variety of the sport is termed *deer stalking*.

This takes place in summer—at which time the deer are so much scattered over the face of the country, it becomes very difficult to find them.

This is best to be effected at the *salt licks*, or springs, whither they resort to drink.

The sportsmen should walk quietly along, in the direction of one of these—stopping occasionally to listen, and reconnoitre. By observing this precaution, and strict silence, I have frequently known the deer to walk up within ten yards of me.

In this mode of hunting, the arms should remain perfectly at rest; the body erect and steady—all motion limited to the legs and feet—no sawing of the air—no coughing—no brandishing the handkerchief—no sounding of the nasal trumpet—no flourishing the rifle from one side to the other, and above all, no *talking*—else the deer will be off. They have eyes, and ears, and a quick sensation of alarm. They dart away at a distance, and you will never get a shot.

A third method is termed *night shooting*.

The proper season for this sport is during the months of June and August. The time from midnight to day-break.

In this case the salt spring is again the scene of action. Besides, your rifle ready loaded, you bring thither, as appurtenances, a lantern with a concealed light, a bundle of pitch pine, split into small stripes, and a *flask of brandy*; on your arrival, seat yourself to leeward of the spring, that the deer, which are quick scented, may not perceive you on their approach. Let not a gleam of light escape, and remain quiet, “till you hear a deer leap into the little marsh, which always surrounds the spring, then, waiting a few moments, slowly produce the light, and taking the rifle in your right hand, and the faggot in the left, apply your light, and ignite it gradually, as a sudden flash would put the deer to flight. As the faggot of pine wood, formed like a Bavarian broom, spreads an increasing light, you begin to per-

ceive the game, the eyes first; which, from the reflection of the blaze, appear like balls of fire; you then take deliberate aim, and if you are not a *bungler*, you will bring down your deer.

Still move not further than to reload. They generally come in pairs; if not so now, drag out the fellow you have shot, resume your former situation, and you may probably bring home a second deer; avoid the does; the bucks are now very fat and in high season.

The fourth method is that of *Driving the Deer*.

This is in my estimation, an unsportsmanlike method, and is effected in the vicinity of lakes, by driving the deer with dogs, who pursue the animal through the woods, till he is obliged to take refuge in the water. There, a canoe is in waiting; and as the hunted deer comes bounding along, and boldly dashes into the lake, the aquatic hunters follow slowly, till he has made some way, and then press on the chace. Thus pursued, the deer makes for the next headland, at a rate of swimming, which seems to baffle his pursuers; but they contrive to intercept his landing, and he turns again to the expanse of water.

The sportsmen, (if they deserve that title,) not a little exhausted, still gain upon the wearied animal, he gives up his forward course, wheels again and again in narrower circles than the canoe can compass; yet makes no way—his nostrils distended—his head less raised above the water—his swimming slackened—he sees the canoe approach him—snorts wildly, but cannot escape the fatal noose thrown over his gallant head by his enemy in the boat, who twisting it on his neck, by means of the long pole, to which it is affixed, thus puts an ignominious termination to the poor deer's life, and to the inglorious chace.

Sometimes I have been gratified by seeing a novice take the deer by the horns. That moment, he strikes at him with his fore-feet, and unless the boat be a large one, invariably upsets it, or pulls the *Green-horn* overboard.

The common practice is, when the deer is perfectly exhausted, to seize him by the tail with one hand, and make use of the tomahawk with the other—a des-



cripation of butchery, to which I never have, or ever will be accessory. Having now detailed the various modes of deer hunting, I will hold out some concluding encouragement to sportsmen, by adverting to a day's sport which my brother and I enjoyed, very different from that which I reported at the commencement of this subject.

In December, 1830, having arrived at the hunting ground, early in the morning, we found the tracks of deer so numerous on the snow, as to resemble those of a flock of sheep.

Getting forward, in great heart, we came to a ravine, where we spied at least twenty deer, gamboling about a spring. Each singled out his deer, and fired. Without waiting to see whether they fell, we made off to a pass where I knew the herd would come out, and having re-loaded, we met them precisely at the expected place, bounding and clearing every obstruction.

Our alarm was, that they would run over *us*; but they stopped short, and we

pitched off two of them. Having bled, and collected together, those that we had shot, we parted company, taking different directions, in pursuit of the scattered herd, and fixing on a place of rendezvous for the night, we met there at eight o'clock, and on comparing notes, we found that my brother had ten balls at setting out; he had expended all, and missed but one shot. I had ten in the morning, but two on my return, and had missed two shots. Next morning we hauled all home, and never stopped till we ranged along the farmer's yard, thirteen fine deer, (two of them twice hit) which were duly transferred to the frozen larder, at Erindale, for winter *provant*.

Many weeks of similar amusement might be enumerated, since I became acquainted with the manner of *getting in* on the game. The young sportsman, however, must not expect the success which I have described, on his first arrival in the woods."

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### The SALMON.

This fish was known to the Romans: Pliny speaks of it as being in the rivers of Aquitaine: Ansonius enumerates it among those of the Moselle. The salmon is a northern fish, being unknown in the Mediterranean sea, and other warm climates; it is found in some of the rivers of France, which empty themselves into the ocean; as far north as Greenland; and is also very common in Newfoundland, and the northern parts of North America: salmon are taken in the rivers of Kamtschatka.

The salmon lives both in salt and fresh waters, quitting the sea by a wonderful instinct at certain seasons, to choose a proper situation for depositing its spawn in security, in the gravelly beds of rivers, remote from their mouths: there are scarcely any difficulties but they will overcome, to arrive at places fit for their purpose, ascending rivers hundreds of miles, forcing themselves against the most rapid currents, and springing with agility, almost incredible, over cataracts several feet in height. Salmon are frequently taken in the

Rhine, as high up as Basil; they gain the sources of the Lapland rivers, in spite of their torrents, and pass over the perpendicular falls of Leixlip, and Bally-shannon, in Ireland; and of Kennerth and Pont-aberghastyn, in Wales. "Of these last feats (says Mr. Pennant) I have been witness, and seen the efforts of many scores during the time of my stay; some successful, and others driven down by the current, for a more fortunate exertion: the fish seemed to spring up quite straight, and with a strong tremulous motion, completely refuting the vulgar error of taking their tails in their mouths when they make their spring." Mr. P. proceeds to relate other particulars of the salmon's natural history, aided by the observations of the late Mr. Potts, of Berwick. At the latter end of the year, and some in November, salmon begin to press up the rivers as far as they can reach, in order to spawn: when that period approaches, and they have accommodated themselves with a fit place, nature supplies the males with a bony excrescence,



growing out of the end of the lower jaw to the length of half an inch or more; this, it is said, aids him in the removal of the gravel, but both male and female assist in forming a proper receptacle for the spawn in the sand or gravel, about eighteen inches deep. In this the ova and milt are deposited, and carefully covered by the parent fishes, who afterwards hasten to cleanse and recover themselves; (the male loses the gristle at the jaw;) for, after spawning, they become very poor and lean, and then are called kipper. At their first entrance into the fresh water, salmon are observed to have abundance of insects adhering to them, especially above the gills: these animals denote the fish to be in high season, and die and drop off soon after the salmon's leaving the sea.

The spawn lies buried until spring, and, without any other care, is nourished and brought to perfection, if not disturbed by violent floods; or, by the depredations of other fish, of which the eel, roach, dace, and grayling, are dangerous neighbours. About the latter end of March the young begin to come forth, and gradually increase to four or five inches in length, when they are termed smelts or smouts; about the beginning of May, the river seems to be alive, and there is no forming an idea of the numbers without seeing them. A seasonable flood, however, hurries them to the sea, very few being left in the river; about the middle of June, the earliest of the fry commence their return from the sea into the river, (at that period from twelve to sixteen inches long) and progressively augment in number and size, until about the end of July, which is at Berwick termed the height of the gilse time (the name then given to the fish of that age). Early in August, they lessen in number, but advance in size, some being from six as high as nine pounds weight: this increase appears surprisingly quick, yet a gentleman of Warrington has given an instance of still more rapid growth: a kipper salmon, weighing seven pounds and three quarters, taken on the seventh of February, was marked with scissars on the back fin and tail, and turned into the river; he was again taken on the seventeenth of the following March, and

then weighed seventeen pounds and a half. In this case, the remark of Walton seems to have been more than verified, "that the samlet becomes a salmon in as short a time as a gosling becomes a goose."

All fishermen agree that they never find any food in the stomach of the salmon, which is certainly a fish of prey, having teeth in his mouth as other fish of prey have, and delighting to pursue and seize small fish: it is, however, very remarkable that, although a salmon be taken in the very act of chasing and catching the small fry, yet upon being opened, nothing of that nature will be found within it, neither has it ever been discovered by opening these fish, what they do subsist upon. It is likely they may neglect their food entirely during the time of spawning, as sea lions and sea bears are known to do for months together, during their breeding season; and it may be observed that, like those animals, salmons return to the sea lank and lean, and come from the salt water in good condition. It is evident that their food is both fish and worms, for the angler uses both with success, and also a large gandy artificial fly, which, probably, the salmon mistakes for a gay libellula, or dragon fly.

Scotland possesses numbers of fine fisheries on both sides of the kingdom.

Ireland (particularly the north) abounds with salmon: the most considerable fishery is at Cranna, on the river Ban, near Coleraine. The nets used are eighteen score, or 360 yards long, and are continually drawing night and day the whole season (nearly four months), two sets of sixteen men each, alternately relieving one another; the best drawing is when the tide is coming in.

The salmon are cured by being first split, and rubbed with fine salt, and after lying in pickle in great tubs or reservoirs for six weeks, are packed up with layers of coarse brown Spanish salt in casks, six of which make a ton; these are exported to Leghorn and Venice. Salmon dried are also sent to the London as well as foreign markets, and are sold (under the name of kippered salmon), at the former from nine to fifteen pence per pound. The mode of preparing the

dried salmon is as follows:—they are split down the chine, laid open, and salted for many days; then tied up by the head, and hung in an airy place, shaded from the sun, until quite dry. They are dried with the head upwards, that the essential oil, and the juices of the fish, more abundant in the jole, and on which its true flavour depends, are thus preserved in its interior substance: in a contrary position it would, from the head, soon be lost, and much injure its preservation: if not in warm weather even prevent its cure.

The salmon may justly be termed, among fresh water fish, the superior of the rivers, both from its size and excellence; it is, however, so universally known, that a brief description will serve: it is handsome in its make, the head small, with a sharp pointed nose; the colour of the back and sides are grey, frequently spotted with black, sometimes plain, the covers of the gills are subject to the same variety, the belly silvery (the female may be distinguished by having a longer snout and the scales being more dull, the flesh is said likewise to be drier, of a paler red, to have less flavour, and, according to Walton, she is of inferior size;) the teeth are lodged in the jaws and on the tongue, are slender but very sharp, the body is longish, and the tail a little forked.

The purging of the salt water is so essential to the salmon, not only in cleansing them from their impurities after spawning, but from every other acquired by their feeding all the summer in fresh water, that if any are prevented by weirs, &c. from reaching the sea, their heads augment, their bodies waste, and they pine away by degrees, and die for want of it: the porpoises are, however, their great enemy, and for fear of them they are cautious of entering too far into the salt water; therefore keep about the bays near the entrance of rivers into the sea, and this may in some measure account for what has often been asserted, “that salmons always re-enter the same river in which they had been bred.”

The largest salmon Mr. Pennant ever heard of, weighed seventy-four pounds. In Sep. 1795, one measuring

upwards of four feet from nose to tail, and three in circumference, weighing within a few ounces of seventy pounds, was sold at Billingsgate, and was the largest ever brought there: it was bought by a fishmonger in the Minories, and sold by him at one shilling a pound. The Severn salmon are much inferior as to their bulk; for one taken near Shrewsbury, in 1757, weighing only thirty seven pounds, is recorded in the *British Chronologist*, as exceeding in length any ever known to have been taken in that river, and being the heaviest, except one, ever remembered in that town. They have in many parts been caught by angling with an artificial fly, and other baits, upwards of forty pounds weight.

The salmon delights in large rapid rivers, especially such as have pebbly, gravelly, and sometimes weedy bottoms, and, when feeding, generally prefers the rough and upper parts of gentle streams, and the tails of large ones; after their feeding time, they retire to the deep and broad water, and swim very fast, usually in the middle of the river near the ground, and more at night than in the day, resting at convenient places, under bushes, weeds, banks, or stones, and then the whole shoal run again. Salmon bite best from six until eleven in the forenoon, and from three in the afternoon, until sunset, especially when there is a moderate breeze upon the water; the chief months to angle for them, are March, April, May, and June, although they will take a fly until October, but they are then out of season; they are to be fished for with lob-worms and minnows, but a large artificial fly is the most killing.

The rod should not be less than fifteen feet, longer according to the breadth of the river; limber, yet strong, with wire rings from the top, to within three feet where the reel is fixed, with a good running line, without knots, made of either silk or hair (the former is to be preferred), and the reel must be large enough to contain four score yards, or at least as much as will reach more than across the river fished in. Wherever the running line is directed, the reel is proper to be used; they are of various sizes, and may be proportioned to the

coarseness or fineness of the line. The being enabled to give the salmon, when hooked, plenty of line, is of great advantage to the angler; for the fish will at first run swiftly, and afterwards leap and plunge, so that he must be humoured, and the line slackened and wound up again with great skill, until he is quite subdued, when he may be led to some shallow, where, on his belly touching the bottom, he will turn on his side, and be so jaded, that he may be taken out by the gills. Salmon anglers, however, are generally provided with what is called a gaff, which is a stick something pliable, with a large barbed hook at the end, and which can be thrust into the head or gills of the fish, to lift him from the water; for which purpose a landing-net is too small.

The line from the reel, after being run through the rings, is to be joined to the foot or gut length, which must be looped at each end, the one to fasten it to the reel line, the other to the fly; this foot-length must be made of three strong silk-worm guts twisted together, three lengths will be sufficient, as only one fly is used; the link to which the fly is fixed, should be looped on the same way, for the convenience of changing it, if the fish refuse one sort of fly, and another is wished to be tried.

In trowling for salmon with minnow or grayling, the foot-length or links must be about three yards, with a swivel or two, as well to help the bait's playing freely, as to prevent the line from twisting and breaking; a large shot or two, about a foot from the bait, will keep it under water when played, and which may be either added to, or diminished, according to the strength of the current (for this kind of angling is chiefly in the streams, and is best when the water is clearing off after a fresh, or when upon the rise, before it becomes too thick). The rod must have a stiffer top than for fly-fishing, the hook large, and long in the shank, with a very small one fixed above, at nearly the distance of the length of the fish baited with; the bait is to be drawn upon the hook like a worm, by putting it into the mouth, and bending it round the curve of the hook, until it comes out a little above the tail, so as to keep the tail a

trifle bent; the small hook (which should be made blunt at the point) must then be put through the lips of the fish, to prevent its slipping into the bend of the large one. Some use a leaded, and others a snap hook; but the above method is preferable. When thus prepared, the line should be let out from the reel, about the length of the rod; the bait thrown across the stream, and the line drawn with a pretty brisk motion up it, which causes the bait to spin well, and entices the large fish to take it. Some anglers strike salmon as they seize the bait; but it is the surest way to let them go down with it for a time: those who use themselves to strike immediately, should be careful, when a salmon runs at the bait, not to snatch it away through surprise before he takes it, as is often done even by tolerable anglers.

In fishing for salmon with lob worms, the trolling tackle is to be used, and two of these worms well scoured, put on the hooks; the first should be drawn quite above the top of the shank of the large hook, and the small one run through its head; the second worm is to be run some way above the shank, and drawing the first down, let them hang with their tails one above the other, preventing the point of the large hook from appearing through the worm; lay in the worms at the bottom of a stream, holding the rod still, and keeping as much as possible out of sight: if in a short time there is no bite, move the line gently up the current, and the worms will play and shew themselves, by means of the swivels, and thus allure the salmon to take them; if no success follows after a few trials, seek another stream, and there repeat them. This mode is to be used when either the water is too much discoloured for the artificial fly, or when the day is bright, with scarce any wind stirring, and the water so clear, that the salmon can discover the deception of it; they can be taken by no other method of angling than this and minnow fishing, when the weather and water are in such a state.

Another way of fishing with lob worms for salmon, is to run the hook through the middle of a lob worm, well scoured, and pull it above the shank;



then take a second, and put the hook in an inch below the tail, drawing it on the hook about three-fourths of the length; the head of the worm being at its point, then draw down the first to the latter worm: a piece of lead with a small hole through it (which is called a plumb), must be fastened upon the line two feet above the hook; by which means the bait can be kept in any certain spot, and pulling the line tight, the plumb will be felt at the bottom, and the current will give motion to the bait with the link below it; when the bait has remained a few minutes, gently move it about a yard up the stream, and again let the plumb rest at the bottom; this will excite the attention of the fish, and frequently tempts them to seize the worms.

A third way, is with four (or more) worms: put the hook through three of their heads, and pull them upon the line; the last should be the largest, and the hook is to be thrust in an inch below the tail, and his head to cover its point; the rest of the worms upon the line, are to be slipped down to the shank of the hook, but not upon it; the worms will then play around the hook in a way the most alluring to attract the salmon. In trout fishing, this plan of fixing the worms is stated to have been very suc-

cessful, and when only one worm is used, the same gentleman directs the hook to be inserted at its head, and the tail left to play at the end of the hook.

Mr. Bingley, in his *Animal Biography*, notices salmon hunting, as it is termed, and practiced by a man named Graham, in the north. When the tide recedes, what fish are left in the shallows, are discovered by the agitation of the water: this man, with a three-pointed, barbed spear, fixed to a shaft fifteen feet long, plunges into these pools at a trot, up to the belly of his horse. He makes ready his spear, and when he overtakes the salmon, strikes the fish with almost unerring aim; that done, by a turn of the hand, he raises the salmon to the surface, wheels his horse towards the shore, and runs the fish on dry land, without dismounting. He has killed from forty to fifty fish in a day; ten are, however, no despicable booty. His father was probably the first person that ever adopted this method of killing salmon on horseback, and who was in October, 1811, living at Fish-house, in the parish of Dornock, near Gretna Green; and although ninety-eight years of age (armed with a trident, and on horseback) was so dexterous, as to strike and bring out of the water, a salmon of considerable weight.

## *BREEDING and REARING PHEASANTS.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

Sir,

It has been generally supposed a difficult matter to breed and rear pheasants under a domestic hen, or indeed, in a domestic manner. On this subject it has been observed, that the young ones must be supplied with ants' eggs, and to make these go further, they are to be chopped with curds or other meat, and the young ones are to be fed with great exactness, both as to the quantity, and the time of their supply. This food is sometimes also to be varied, and woodlice, ear wigs, and other insects are to make a variety. Further, the place where they are reared must be kept extremely clean; their water must be changed twice or thrice a day; they must not be exposed till the dew is off

the ground in the morning; and, they should always be taken in before sunset.—But more explicit and more detailed instructions have been given, which, for the complete illustration of the subject, I will just recite. We are told that, in a mew, the hen pheasant will drop many eggs, but will very rarely dispose them properly in a nest, or sit upon them; and in consequence, the task of incubation is generally performed by a common hen. According to Buffon, when first hatched, they should be fed with hard boiled eggs, crumbs of bread, and lettuce leaves, well mixed, to which should be added some of the eggs of meadow ants. At this tender age, two precautions are to be observed, namely, never to allow them any drink, nor carry them abroad until the dew is in-



tirely dispersed; then food is to be given frequently, and in small quantities, beginning at day break, and always mixing it with ants' eggs: before sunset, they must be placed under cover. In the second month, more substantial food is to be given them, such as eggs of the wood ant, ear-wigs, and other insects, and also wheat, barley, ground beans, &c. and the interval between the meals may be gradually prolonged. At this period, it seems, they begin to be subject to vermin: small heaps therefore of dry earth, or sand, should be placed, by rubbing in which, they will soon rid themselves of the itching occasioned by such troublesome companions. Water must also now be given frequently, and always clean, in order to prevent a disorder called the pip. The third month is attended with new diseases; the tail feathers then drop, and others appear; This is deemed a critical period: ants' eggs given in moderation are efficacious in hastening the trying moment, and lessening its danger. Wheat and white clover seed are afterwards to be given, and in a short time they may be fed in the ordinary way.

Another mode of hatching and rearing pheasants, intended as well, I apprehend, for eggs which have been exposed by the scythe, and which if thus suffered to remain, would, in all probability, become rotten, as from the eggs of pheasants kept on purpose. It is as follows:—In the first place, frames seven feet long, and two feet and a half wide, are to be procured, similar in form to those used for cucumbers, and without a bottom: the large end is to be made as a coop for the hen, the bars sufficiently wide for the young pheasants to run through, in order to feed in the frame, which is to be covered with a fine meshed net. If pheasants are kept from which the eggs are to be procured, there should be seven hens to one cock; and to forward their laying, white peas should be given them: when the birds drop their eggs, they should be placed in bran, with the small end downwards, until there are fifteen, which are a sitting for a hen. Small square boxes are also to be procured, wide enough for the hen to turn in, with covers to hasp down, and holes for the admission of

air, and a nest is to be placed in the box, of clean wheat straw: every morning take the hens off, and put them under small coops, allowing to each a quarter of an hour to feed and empty themselves, when they are to be replaced on the nest, and thus to remain till the following morning. When incubation has proceeded for a fortnight, the eggs are to be sprinkled with milk warm water, every morning, just before the hen is put upon the nest, to prevent them being shell baked; when hatched, the young ones are to remain with the hen for eight hours to dry, when they are to be moved into the coop in the frame, and placed upon gravel, in the eye of the sun; they are then to be fed with small ants' eggs; after the lapse of a week, the frame is to be removed, and placed upon grass, in a warm situation. Each frame is to have small pans for water, and that for the hen must be fixed to the coop, out of the reach of the young birds. Every morning the young pheasants are to be fed with curd, made from new milk, and small ants' eggs during the day: at the end of a month, a small piece of saffron is to be put into their water; and every morning a good sized toast, steeped in chamber lye, is to be provided for each frame, which, it is said, will keep the young birds free from distemper, and is also of essential service in causing an easy moulting. The young birds should be fed four times in the course of the day; and when they become large, there should be a hole in the small end of the frame to let them out and in, and a sliding board to pen them in at night, when they are always to be covered with mats. Before the hole is opened in the morning, there should be food, such as large ants' eggs, buck wheat, and other grain, laid near the frame; and every day this is to be moved further from it, by which means the young pheasants are to be taught to take care of themselves.

It will be readily allowed that much more than ordinary trouble attends these semi-artificial modes of breeding and rearing pheasants which I have just described, and after all, it generally happens, that half the young ones die. I will relate the manner in which I have several times hatched and reared phea-

sants, and leave the reader to form his own conclusion.

Eight years ago, some mowers in my neighbourhood having come in contact with the nest of a pheasant, the old bird was killed by accident with the scythe, and the eggs being carefully brought to me (twelve in number) I immediately placed them under a hen which happened to be sitting, and removed all her own eggs but three. Eight young pheasants were hatched in six days after, four pheasant eggs were added, and as the hen had only sat a week upon her own eggs, I removed them in order that the hen's attention might be wholly devoted to her adopted progeny. I resolved to use no artificial means whatever, and with this view the hen was left to manage the brood just in the same manner as if they had been her own natural chickens. The following day after the hatch took place, the hen led the young birds into the garden, and commenced a very assiduous search for insects, which she pointed out to the young pheasants, and they hesitated not to devour them. The first day was spent in seeking and devouring this sort of food, the hen clutching the young birds repeatedly in the course of it. On the approach of evening, the hen led her adopted brood to the place where they had been hatched (a sort of hutch). I secured them for the night by fastening the door, which at five o'clock the next morning I opened myself, in order that I might watch the operations of this interesting family. The hen eagerly led the brood to the roots of the fruit trees and other places where insects are to be found, upon which they feed with the utmost avidity. I continued to watch them for four successive mornings, and uniformly found that they breakfasted on insects: bread was also given to them; and in a little time they fed upon barley or other corn, just the same as domestic chickens. They became very familiar; and even when they were able to fly with ease, they never rambled far from the house, but attended with the utmost alacrity to the usual fowl call of "Chuck! chuck! chuck!" When the shooting had set in, finding they were in danger of being

shot, I killed them all in succession, as they were wanted. Like the domestic peacock, they preferred roosting in a tree; but, as they were plentifully fed, and always received their food near the house, so by thus accustoming them to human society, they became boldly familiar; nor have I the least doubt that in the course of a few generations, domestic pheasants might be bred with as much ease as our present poultry, and would, like them, in the course of time, lose, in a great degree, their power of flying.

It appears to me that the error, and consequently the great failure, in breeding pheasants in a domestic state, has arisen from an over care and anxiety, by which the order of nature has been perverted. As soon as common poultry are released from the shell, and have acquired strength sufficient to run, the hen leads them forth in search of insects, precisely in the same manner as I have just stated; but when it is attempted to breed pheasants, generally speaking, they are placed in a state of confinement, as described in the first part of this article, and are thus deprived of seeking that food which appears so essential to their well being, as well as of that liberty by which perhaps their health is equally promoted. They are in fact made prisoners; and being allowed to see few persons except their jailers, they never become generally familiar; their instinct seems annihilated by such restraint; and, in consequence, if set at liberty, they know not how to enjoy the blessing.

In fact, if domestic pheasants are to be bred, the nearer we can approach the natural habits of the bird, the more likely are we to succeed: confinement, however, is the very reverse; nor have I much doubt, where pheasants are hatched in a domestic state, were they suffered, like common chickens, to follow the hen in a state of freedom, particularly if allowed the range of a kitchen garden, where insects generally abound, that they might be as easily reared, and liable to as little casualty.

Your's, &c.

A LOVER OF NATURE.

*An AMERICAN PIGEON ROOST.*

It was in a portion of the forest, where the trees were of magnitude, and where there was little underwood; I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when the pigeons first made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sun-set. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russelsville, distant more than an hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. Here and there, the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds.

The dung lay several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting place, like a bed of snow. Many trees, two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado.—Every thing proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest, must be immense, beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Every thing was ready, and all eyes were gazing upon the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of "here they come." The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reeced vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were

soon knocked down by the pole men. The birds continued to pour in, the fires were lighted, and a magnificent as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted every where, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all around. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and, falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading. No one dared to venture within the line of devastation. The hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking of the dead and wounded being left for the next morning's employment.

The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those arriving. The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, accustomed to perambulate the forest, who returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day the noise in some measure subsided, and long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before; and at sun-rise, all that were able to fly had disappeared.—The howling of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, racoons, opossums, and pole-cats, were seen sneaking off; whilst eagles and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them, and enjoy their share of the spoil.—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography.*



**RABBITS and PIGEONS.**

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

Sir,

As I conceive the law relating to Rabbits and Pigeons is but imperfectly understood, or at least but partially known, I beg leave to present to you the following abstract, for a more general circulation of the subject, through the medium of your widely-spreading and interesting miscellany.

It is enacted by 3 James I. that no person shall hunt or kill conies, unless possessed of hereditaments of the yearly value of £40. or worth in goods, £200 (except he hath an inclosed rabbit ground, worth 40 shillings a year. Any person, not thus qualified, who shall hunt or kill conies, is liable to have his dogs or engines seized, by any person having hereditaments in fee, in tail, or for life, of the annual value of £100 in his own right, or that of his wife.

Further, by the 22 and 23, Charles II c. 25, it is enacted, that if any person shall enter into any ground lawfully used for breeding or keeping conies, whether inclosed or not, and chase or kill any of these animals against the will of the owner, he shall, upon conviction, by one witness, before one justice of the peace, forfeit to the owner of the ground, treble damages and costs, be imprisoned for three months, and find security for future good behaviour. But the prosecution must be commenced before the expiration of one month. The same statute also enacts, that no person (except the owner) shall kill or take in the night, any rabbits upon the borders of grounds lawfully used for keeping them. An offender may be convicted on the oath of one witness, before one justice of the peace, and shall make such satisfaction to the owner of the rabbits, as the said justice shall think fit; and forfeit, for the use of the poor, a sum not exceeding 10 shillings;

or to be committed to Bridewell for one month. Any person found setting or using any snares, or other engines, for the purpose of taking or destroying rabbits, is subject to the same penalty.

Also, by 9 Geo. I. c. 22, any person entering, armed and disguised, any warrens or grounds where rabbits are lawfully kept, and robbing the same; or shall, though not armed and disguised, rescue any person in custody for such an offence, or procure any person to join him in such an act; such person will be deemed guilty of felony without benefit of clergy. However, by 5 Geo. III. c. 14, the above is, in some measure, rendered a dead letter; and the crime punished by transportation for seven years; or such lesser punishment by whipping, imprisonment, or fine as the court shall think fit.

It is lawful, however, if rabbits come upon a person's ground, and damage his herbage or corn, for the owner to kill them.

Pigeons are in some cases very destructive; they are very voracious birds; and it is said, in twenty-four hours will devour their own weight of corn. In many parts, they are shot by the peasantry as a matter of course; nor are they always spared by those who wish at least to be thought sportsmen. Nevertheless by 2 Geo. II. c. 29, it is enacted, that any person who shall shoot or destroy any pigeon, shall, on the oath of one witness, before one justice, forfeit 20 shillings to the prosecutor; or be committed to the House of Correction, and kept to hard labour for any term not exceeding three calendar months, nor less than one. But if pigeons commit depredations on any person's corn, the owner of the corn may shoot or kill them when the birds are in the act of destroying it.

Yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.



THE FORCE OF GRATITUDE.—Brown, in his Sketches, says that a large setter, ill with the distemper, had been most tenderly nursed by a lady for three weeks. At length he became so weak as to be placed on a bed, where he remained three days in a dying situation. After a short absence, the lady, on re-entering the room, observed him to fix his eyes attentively on her, and make an effort to crawl across the bed towards her. This he accomplished, evidently for the sole purpose of licking

her hands, which having done, he expired without a groan. "I am," says Mr. Blaine, "as convinced that the animal was sensible of his approaching dissolution, and that this was a last forcible effort to express his gratitude for the care taken of him, as I am of my own existence; and had I witnessed this proof of excellence alone, I should think a life devoted to the melioration of the condition of dogs far too little for their deserts."

### HAMPTON RACES.

These races commenced on Wednesday, June 12; the weather was very unfavourable; yet a considerable number of persons of rank and distinction attended. The racing, during the three days, was not of a first-rate description;

and the only circumstance worth notice in this place was the death of Mr. Latour's bl. h. Ebony; who in running a match with Mr. Lindsey's ch. m. My Lady, bolted, fell over the rails, broke his leg, and was killed instantly.

### The LIVERPOOL TRADE CUP.

This glittering prize, which is to be run for on the 4th of July, arrived in Liverpool on Saturday, the 15th of June. We saw it at the Waterloo Hotel, on Monday, the 17th, and have no hesitation in stating that it is the

most splendid article of the kind that ever fell under our observation. What a contrast to the Epsom humbug!!! We shall give a copious account of the Liverpool Aintree Meeting in our next, and an engraving of the Cup.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

V.'s communications did not reach the hands of the Editor till the 15th ult. The business to which V. alludes is a legitimate subject of animadversion; but the charge being completely personal, cannot be allowed to appear in our pages under the dastardly disguise of an anonymous signature. Surely, on consideration, V. will feel himself too manly and too honourable to continue to skulk behind a masked battery: let him recollect that assassins stab in the dark: a Briton never fights under false colours: if V. will hoist his true ensign, his communication shall find a ready insertion in the Sportsman's Cabinet; but we cannot allow a serious personal charge to be made on the character of a private individual, unless it comes in a tangible shape—no cowardly skulking; the fight must be on fair ground, openly in the face of day.

Several communications are under consideration.

# THE SPORTSMAN'S CABINET, AND *Town and Country Magazine.*

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN INHABITANT OF EPSOM" appears to be very angry with us on account of the observations we thought proper to make on the Management of the late Epsom Races; but he does not attempt to disprove an iota of our statement. He is, however, lavish enough of low and vulgar personal abuse; "Let the gall'd jade wince." We shall not tremble, because this elegantly accomplished writer chooses to knit his brow.

*D's communication shall appear at our earliest convenience.*

We entreat "A VETERINARY SURGEON" to send us a fair copy of his communication, as we are unable to decipher that which we have received.

*Query to Shepherd, the jock in our next.*

"A SUFFERER" did not reach us in time for our present publication, but shall appear in our next.

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*Summary of the Season, with Illustrative Observations.*

*August 1.*—On the 12th of this month, the fowling piece will be called into active and interesting operation, as, on the day just mentioned, grouse shooting commences; but the red grouse only can be pursued; as the season for that beautiful variety of the grouse tribe, called black game, is fixed a few days later, namely, on the 20th.

In shooting red grouse, no distinction is made between the male and the female; but with black game, it is the custom to spare the grey hen, in the same manner as the hen pheasant is suffered to escape. Hence it might appear, that future breeding would suffer from thus selecting for destruction the males only; and I have no doubt that, in many instances, such is the case; yet it is, after all, surprising to observe the great number of black cocks which assemble during the winter in those districts where this fine bird is found.

Grouse, both black and red, are bred in various parts of England; red grouse are plentiful in many parts of Ireland, and also in Wales; but Scotland stands pre-eminent in the estimation of the shooter: in this country, black game and red grouse are not only abundant, but also finer than in any other parts of these islands; while ptarmigan (white grouse) are found on the grey mountains of the Highlands. This part of the kingdom is uncommonly interesting to the genuine sportsman, as the gallant Stag still roams amongst its hills in a state of freedom, and adds greatly to the interest of its enchanting and magnificent landscape. The beautiful Roe, (which may be regarded as the dwarf stag) the smallest of the deer tribe found in the United Kingdom, is also to be met with in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland. Hence, from the extraordinary attraction which these parts offer to the shooter, we find many establishments formed by English Gentlemen, who spend their time, from the early part of August, to the commencement of the hunting season, principally in the Highlands of Scotland.

England contains a countless number of shooting sportsmen. Hunting is attended with a serious expense; and therefore, many who have not the means of following the hounds, content themselves with *La Chasse au Fusil*, and an excursion to the moors may be perhaps regarded as the pinnacle of their wishes. On the Derbyshire and Staffordshire hills, black and red grouse are found, as well as in Devonshire, and some parts of the west; and may afford amusement for those who reside on or near these places; but for such persons as can spare only a short space of time, the mountains of the north of England are very far preferable. The range of the Staffordshire and Derbyshire hills continues through

Lancashire, where a few grouse are found ; but it is not till this continuity of mountains reaches Westmorland, that grouse are met with in abundance.—Shortly after passing through Lancaster may be seen on the right, hills that are well stocked with red grouse. At the small town of Sedbergh good accommodations may be obtained, and good sport in its immediate neighbourhood ; but as the moors are preserved, permission must be obtained, or the shooter will be interrupted : if I be not mistaken, the moors in this neighbourhood principally belong to the Standish family. Proceeding in the direction of Bowes, we reach Kirby Stephen, a small town embosomed in the mountains of Westmorland. These mountains are well stocked with grouse, and are preserved by the Earl of Thanet. Shooters, however, who have obtained no permission, assemble at Kirby Stephen, and contrive to bag some birds. Proceeding forward some distance, we reach the hills celebrated under the name of Bowes Moors. The right of ranging these mountains in pursuit of the moor cock, is divided amongst a great number of proprietors, many of whom find it their interest to encourage the visits of sportsmen ; and although some of the former have frequently testified the greatest anxiety to preserve these moors, they have never been able to succeed, nor indeed are they ever likely, for the reason already given. Bowes Moors may therefore be considered free ; and any person who visits them need be under no apprehension of experiencing successful opposition.

The main coach road runs through these moors ; and Old Spittal is situated on what may be called about the middle of them : it is a small inn, or rather perhaps an apology for an inn ; where the visitor will find, that if the accommodations are not of the first order, the charges are much superior to the London Tavern. Old Spittal is distant about four miles from Bowes ; and between these two places is situated New Spittal, the counterpart of its elder namesake. Bowes (Yorkshire) is a small town at the Barnard Castle, or north eastern, end of the moors, where there is a comfortable inn ; that is, it is comfortable on ordinary occasions, and the charges not unreasonable ; but on the 12th (on the 11th indeed) of August, it is absolutely crammed to suffocation with grouse shooters, who are regarded as *fair game*, and made to pay accordingly. However, I must in justice observe, that I always found Rudd's inn far superior in every respect to Old and New Spittal. Almost every house in Bowes is filled with sportsmen on the evening of the 11th of August. Several stage coaches pass over the moors (and through the town of Bowes) daily, affording an eligible and a cheap mode of reaching them.

The number of shooters which range Bowes Moors on the 12th of August, is astonishing.—The bustle of preparation commences long before day light ; and the mountains are literally



covered with impatient sportsmen, before the grey of the morn will enable them to discern the rising or the flight of a bird. The scene is interesting, nevertheless: although objects are not discernible at a short distance, the ear conveys that intelligence to the mind which the eye cannot accomplish. The humming of voices, the whistling of dogs, the calling of the moorcock, form a concert highly pleasing to the sportsman. In the murky dawn, guns may be seen flashing on all sides; and when at length daylight presents objects clearly to view, the stranger feels half disappointed that he cannot range many score yards without coming in contact with another party. Such is the picture of Bowes Moors on the 12th of August: yet, under such circumstances, I have heard sportsmen boast of bagging twenty brace!

To what I call the right of Bowes Moors, or looking towards Richmond, is situated the pretty little manor of Newsham, containing good moorlands, but of small extent; adjoining to which, on one side are Barningham Moors, and on the other Arkengathdale Moors; the former belonging to Mark Milbank, Esq. son in law to the Duke of Cleveland; and the latter to what are called the Lords of Arkengathdale. Newsham Moors belong to Mr. Hutchinson. The whole are preserved. A little shooting, however, is easily obtained, if applied for in a proper manner.

Near the beautiful town of Richmond, a very extensive range of moors commences, stretching far and wide, including Wensleydale, &c. &c. divided amongst Mr. Wyville and some other proprietors.

Proceeding on the left from the town of Bowes, in the direction of Middleton, we come to an extensive range of mountains belonging to Lord Strathmore, and adjoining to these, are the moors of the Duke of Cleveland, both of which are preserved. Then comes the wide expanse of moors belonging to the Bishop of Durham, (situated in the county of the same name). These moors are well stocked with game; but are abrupt, rugged, and very fatiguing to range; much more so than Newsham, Barningham, or Bowes moors; or indeed than any of the Yorkshire or Westmorland hills. The proprietor of these moors is very liberal in granting permission to shoot.

If, on quitting Lancaster, we leave the road to Bowes on the right, and proceed through Kirby Lonsdale, we come to Cumberland, the moors of which are well stocked with red grouse, and where black game are also to be met with. A great part of these moors belongs to the Earl of Lonsdale, and are preserved. Shooting, however, may be obtained in Cumberland by proper application.

Proceeding through Carlisle and over the border, through Annan, &c. we come to Nithsdale, on each side of which are fine moors, with plenty of black and red grouse; where consequently

excellent diversion may be procured, if permission be first obtained from the Duke of Buccleugh, to whom these moors belong.

The perfection of shooting, however, is to be obtained only in the Highlands of Scotland. But let the stranger who wishes to visit these parts obtain a letter of introduction; and *one* letter will be quite sufficient; for, to the honour of the Highlanders be it spoken, every possible attention is paid to the stranger; who, when *once* introduced, will find himself at home throughout the country. One exception only I experienced; that was from Sir James Colquhoun! How differently was I treated by Sir George Sinclair (then G. Sinclair, Esq. of Thurso Castle) his amiable and accomplished cousin.

Finally, I would advise strangers who are anxious to enjoy the superlative diversion of grouse shooting, to obtain permission before they commence the journey. After all, game preservers, generally speaking, are by no means so illiberal as ignorant clamour represents them; and it can rarely happen but that, either directly, or through the instrumentality of friends, the object can be accomplished. I would further advise them, never to visit the *free* moors of Bowes, as the incredible number of sportsmen spoils the diversion. Game may be obtained, it is true; since the poachers offer plenty for sale which they have previously obtained.

As far as relates to the breeding of grouse, the season has been propitious: the young birds are numerous, and remarkably well grown.

During the nestling and incubation of the partridge and the pheasant, the weather was uncommonly well calculated for the production of abundance. But the very violent and unseasonable storm, which occurred in the early part of June, and particularly the rain by which it was followed, had a very injurious effect upon the newly-hatched and tender young, numbers of which perished in the less sheltered situations. The keepers of a neighbouring Gentleman, whose lands are very open, found the young perished by dozens. Several nests near my residence, which happened to be formed rather sooner than usual, sustained no injury: the young were hatched at an early period; they weathered the storm, and were strong on the wing before the end of July. However, from personal and extensive information, I have reason to believe, that these birds will be found in at least an average number; for, although in exposed situations, they might suffer, yet, as the low lands were not overflowed, nor the ditches filled with water, the injury, in the aggregate, would not be to any very great extent. Partridges must have suffered more than pheasants, inasmuch as they form their nests in less sheltered places.

Hares, I am of opinion, will be found more numerous than usual. During the winter, several of these animals regularly visited my garden, and occasionally sat in it: further, they made more

free than welcome with what grew in it: nor was it till the month of June that I could no longer perceive indications of them. They then removed to a greater distance from my habitation; but hares are, at this moment, numerous all round me. In fact, they are generally numerous. The commencement of Coursing must be governed by the state of the harvest.

The unseasonable storm already noticed, was much more injurious to the fruit trees and the gardens, than to the young of the partridge and pheasant. The mischief which has been sustained by the fruit trees, particularly on the north western coast of the kingdom, is almost incredible. The young fruit was blown from the trees, particularly the stone fruit, while the effect on the leaves was similar to that produced by a sharp frost. Peas were much injured and even destroyed; the same remark will apply to French beans. Potatoes, which, prior to this period, did not promise well, suffered severely. The effects of the storm in the midland counties was trifling, compared to its ravages near the coast. In Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Leicestershire, very little mischief ensued. The growing crops of corn sustained very little injury in any part of the kingdom. I observed, prior to the heavy rains of June, that a considerable quantity of hay was carried home in Middlesex and Bedfordshire, and was well got in. The case was different lower down: where the greater part of what was cut in the middle of June, has been very seriously injured—some entirely spoiled. The crops of hay, except on the low grounds have been light, owing to dry weather throughout the month of May.

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### *The TURF.*

#### LUDLOW RACES.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26.

The Ludford Stakes, of 10 sovs. each; three years old, 6st. 10lb; four, 8st. 3lb; five, 8st. 12lb; six and aged, 9st. 3lb: mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Three Y. C. (7 subs.) It was won by *Kalmia*, beating *Harry*, *Fear*, and *Mr. Bodenham's* ch c by *Young Phantom*.

Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h ft; for three years old; Three Y. C.—A mile and a quarter (4 subs.) *Caroline* walked over.

Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h ft; for three years old; colts, 8st. 5lb; fillies, 8st. 2lb. Three Y. C. (3 subs.) It was won by *Mr. Tomes's* b c by *Sir Gray*, beating *Pacific*.

A Plate of 50 sovs. given by Vis-

count *Clive*, for horses that never won more than 50 sovs. before the day of entrance; three years old, 6st. 10lb; four, 8st; five, 8st. 9lb; six and aged, 9st; horses that have won 50 sovs. to carry 7lb. extra: mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, Three Y. C. It was won by *Captain Phillips's* b c by *Champion*, beating *Nell Gwynne*, *Mr. Spencer's* ch c by *Woful*, *Mr. Moss's* b f by *Lottery*, and *Fear*.

Thursday.—The Gold Cup in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Twice round. (7 subs.) Won by *Kalmia*, beating *Harry*.

The Oakley Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h ft; for half-bred hunters, 12st. each.—Heats, Three Y. C. Gentlemen

riders. (5 subs.) It was won by Dandina, beating Ploughboy, Jerry, and Acco.

The Oakley Stakes of 5 sovs. each; for three and four years old. Heats. Three Y. C. (10 subs.) It was won by

Lady Harrington, beating Jack Tar, Mr. Bodenham's ch c by Young Phantom, Mr. Williams's b f by Woful, Mr. Moss's b f by Lottery, and Mr. Patrick's b g by May Day.

### STOCKBRIDGE RACES.—Thursday, June 27.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h ft; for three years old; colts, 8st. 7lb; and fillies, 8st. 4lb: untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb; only one allowance.—One mile. (6 subs.) Dangerous walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; four years old, 10st. 4lb; five, 11st; six aged, 11st. 9lb: mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a half. To be ridden by members of a fox-hunting or racing club. (11 subs.) It was won by Pounce, beating Lady Elizabeth. 2 to 1 on Pounce.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h ft; for two years old; colts, 8st. 7lb; and fillies, 8st. 4lb. T. Y. C. (10 subs.) It was won by Myrina, beating Pigeon, and Mignon. 6 to 4 on Myrina.

A Plate of 50 sovs. given by R. Etwall, Esq. Steward; for three years old, 7st; four, 8st. 5lb; five, 9st; six, 9st. 3lb; and aged, 9st. 5lb: mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 300 guineas, &c.—Two mile heats. It was won by Kittums, beating Euryone, Blue Ruin, Miss Badsley, Mr. Pryse's ch c by Doctor Eady or Virgi-

lius, and Missetoe. 2 to 1 against Miss Badsley; after the heat, 5 to 4 on Kittums.

Friday.—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h ft; for regular hunters: four yrs old, 10st. 5lb; five, 11st; six, 11st. 5lb; and aged, 11st. 7lb: thorough-bred horses to carry 12lb. extra.—One mile and a half. To be ridden by members of a fox-hunting or racing club. (5 subs.) It was won by Lady Elizabeth, beating The Curate, and Caleb. 6 to 4 against Caleb; 2 to 1 against Lady Elizabeth; 2 to 1 against The Curate.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; three years old, 7st. 3lb; four, 8st. 5lb; five, 8st. 12lb; six and aged, 9st. 2lb: mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a half. (10 subscribers.) Pounce walked over.

Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft if declared, &c. T. Y. C. (5 subs.) It was won by Mr. Sadler's ch f by Middleton, beating Kittums, Lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Pryse's ch c out of Atalanta. 5 to 4 against Kittums; 2 to 1 against Lady Elizabeth.

### LIVERPOOL RACES.—Aintree Course, July 2.

In a racing point of view, Liverpool may be regarded as the rising Newmarket of the North. Although the establishment of races at this second commercial town in the world is of recent date, yet they are already become of immense importance. The Liverpool Aintree course, and its accompaniments, are a very superior—indeed a magnificent—establishment. The course was formed (five years ago) upon land belonging to the Earl of Sefton at Aintree, four miles from the town of Liverpool, close to the main north road. It is one mile and a half round, and the ground

altogether presents a plain of about 130 acres: upon which is also erected excellent stabling for seventy horses. The grand stand is large, commodious, and splendid—inferior perhaps to none in the kingdom; the expense of its erection amounted to £8,000. There are half a dozen minor stands. At the entrance of the race ground, is the Sefton Arms, an elegant, well-conducted, and comfortable inn; erected for the purpose. Also, a very superior cockpit; cricket ground, bowling green, fives court, &c. The whole got up principally by the spirited exertions of Mr.



Lynn, of the Waterloo Hotel, at an expense of £30,000. The training ground, the stables, &c. are under the superintendence and management of Mr. Bach, landlord of the Sefton Arms; to whom gentlemen may safely trust their studs or horses: he is a man of superior education and address; and as a trainer, inferior to none. Every thing has been executed with unsparing liberality. The race list is the richest in the kingdom. Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that the establishment should receive the countenance and support of the Nobility, Gentry, and the influential men, not only in the county of Lancaster, but of this part of England also: we shall therefore be excused for devoting an extra page or two to an account of the Liverpool Aintree Races for 1833.

Early on Saturday morning, June 29, I visited the race ground, where I found Mr. Alexander, and some Liverpool gentlemen, who, like myself, had come for the purpose of observing the horses take their gallops. The morning was cold and even stormy; and it was therefore some time before any of the "running horses" made their appearance. At length I observed Controller, accompanied by a bay two years old; twenty minutes afterwards John Scott emerged from the lane with Westport, Algiers, Consol, and Chancellor under his conduct. John Scott is a knowing hand; and though he was anxious to give Consol and Chancellor a bit of a trial in order to determine which to start for the cup, he kept his horses on the further side the course, and disappointed himself sooner than treat the spectators with the sight of a gallop. David was out, and looked well; but there was not a numerous shew of horses or of company:—some score of gentlemen, a few trainers, Calloway and Shepherd, the jocks.

The entry for the plates took place at the Sefton Arms, between two and four o'clock: there is something amusing in this previously-considered and mysteriously-calculated business. A large room (the dining room) was appropriated for the purpose, on the table of which was placed an abundant supply of wine, brandy, &c. It was not till after three that the attendance appeared

complete; when might be seen the clerk in the left corner with Dawson whispering into his ear the names of the horses he wished to enter; at the distance of two yards, sat Tom Shepherd and Billington, at what might be called the head of the table: ranged on each side were Calloway, John Blenkhorn, Forbert, Sir J. Boswell's trainer, Marquis of Westminster's trainer, who spent thirty years of his life in the service of the late Mr. Riddell: he is a solemn, lusty, good tempered man, and was placed nearly opposite his twin brother, Bloss, Lord Derby's trainer: both of them faithful and excellent servants. At the bottom, a little to the left, sat my very worthy friend, Richard Seed, Esq. supported on his right by John Scott; on his left by Brunton and Will Scott, endeavouring to ascertain how "coming events threw their shadows before." Clarke and a number of the brotherhood, argued and supported their philosophy, after the manner of the Peripatetics of old.

After all, the entry for the plates was but meagre, particularly when the very handsome sums given are taken into consideration. There were entered, for the Maiden Plate six; for the King's Plate nine; for the Farmer's Plate ten.

In taking a peep into the stables, I saw that playful pretty b c Vivyan, 4 years, and also Theresa by the Moslem, dam Wilful, sister to Whalebone, both the property of Sir J. Boswell. Theresa, though small, is remarkably handsome; she presents the true form of the racer, and goes well: many would say—"there's not enough of her." They were under the care of Forbert, the training groom, and their condition did him much credit.

I had also an interview with his infernal majesty, Satan, by Lottery: he very much resembles his sire (the best horse that ever appeared on the English race course) in form and appearance, but not in temper, which is very good: owner Mr. W. Crompton. I also saw this gentleman's br c The Prince, by Figaro, 4 yrs. Sir R. Keith Dick's ch f Miss Margaret, 2 yrs. was in the same stable: in one adjoining, I saw Allegro, Pestilence, and Mowbray Hill; Allegro is a dark grey, and, as far as regards

both speed and power, his form is superior : temper queer, and on that account he has been reduced to the neuter gender : he underwent the operation only five weeks since (and that too after the old fashion with the hot iron) yet he looks remarkably well—the same observation indeed will apply to all the horses under Dawson's care as I have applied to Vivyan and Theresa.

At this moment, as far as relates to betting, the Tradesmen's Cup is the all-absorbing object—Lady Stafford the favourite at 5 and 6 to 1, the field against her. Mr. Houldsworth's David is fancied by some persons. Pickpocket not mentioned this morning. This horse won two very severe races at Chester ; and when he came to start at Maghull (the Liverpool Spring meeting) he was beaten by far inferior nags : "too much had been taken out of him" at Chester, and he was not able to go in his own form. It is generally supposed that he will not start for the cup, on account of his forthcoming match with the Duke of Cleveland's horse Liverpool. But Pickpocket is here, as I saw him, in company with Birdcatcher (both the property of Sir R. W. Bulkeley) take his gallop this morning. *Nous verrons.*

Monday morning, July 1, the weather was uncommonly cold, wet, and stormy ; and it was not till a later period of the day than usual that the horses made their appearance. One of the first which excited my attention was Birmingham : he cantered up with Shepherd on his back, and looked much more like a racer than when I saw him at Chester. Pickpocket and a great number of horses made their appearance, and, amongst the rest, Ironsides, who, from the husky sonorous discords which he emitted, has evidently become a roarer. Mr. Houldsworth's b f 3 yrs. took her gallop ; her form of going is very superior : "she will be a bad one to beat."

The betting men mustered in moderate numbers. Pickpocket excited their attention, as it was understood to be decided that he should start for the cup. Revolution came into notice ; Lady Stafford receded several points.

The dreadful state of the weather prevented that numerous assemblage of

equestrians and bipeds, which generally visit the Liverpool Aintree course the day preceding the commencement of the races. In the afternoon, however, in defiance of the weather, the Sefton Arms became crowded : some few trifling bets were made on the cocking, General Yates the favourite. In the town of Liverpool, the same evening, some betting took place, but not to any great extent.

At nine o'clock on the evening of Monday, the heavens presented every appearance of an approaching storm. The night was most boisterous. The howling wind swept from the Irish channel across the low grounds like a tornado, fierce rain descended, sometimes almost in torrents ; and, although the morning of Tuesday was any thing rather than inviting, yet, at an early period, the road from the town to the race ground was thronged with people.

A few minutes past eleven o'clock, that highly respected and venerable nobleman, the Earl of Derby, drove up to the Cockpit, where he received the attention of the assembled gentlemen in a manner that must have been highly gratifying to his feelings.

Although the night had been most unseasonably boisterous, the morning, at this period (eleven o'clock) seemed to promise fair weather. Yet the company arrived but slowly, and at no period of the day amounted to half what might have been expected.

At two o'clock preparations were made for starting. The first contest a Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, half for the Produce of Mares covered in 1829 ; colts, 8st. 4lb ; fillies, 8st. 1lb : untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb. but not two allowances.—Two miles.

For which six came to the post ; eight paid forfeit. Calloway, upon the Marquis of Westminster's Controller took the lead ; and, very soon perceiving his superiority, like a man of good sense, he threw no chance away, but won cleverly, without the least distress to his horse. The horses came in thus ; Controller first, followed by Ratcatcher, Mr. T. W. Young's br f by Lottery, Mr. T. Legh's b c by Lottery, Arvonias, and Tiara.

Next followed the Croxteth Stakes

of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft 30 added; three years old, 6st. 8lb: four, 8st. 2lb; five, 8st. 9lb; six and aged, 9st: mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Birmingham was the favourite for these stakes, though little was done in the betting way upon them. Birmingham appeared in very good condition, and was ridden by H. Edwards. Six came to the post; two forfeited. H. Edwards took his place in the rear, judiciously anxious not to distress his horse in the early part of the race; but he altered his position, and appeared to lay out of his ground very unaccountably. He had, however, no chance; the last half mile, with a trifling rise, did not seem to suit Birmingham. Her Highness, at one period of the race, looked like a winner. The following was the manner in which they past the winning post:—Physician first, followed by Her Highness, Birmingham, Westport, Birdcatcher, and Caractacus. A beautiful race, won only by half a head.

In the weighing room, H. Edwards accused Templeman (upon Caractacus) of unfair riding; and I am of opinion without the least foundation. I observed nothing of the kind. H. Edwards is so old and too cunning to be outmanœuvred; at the same time, let it be remarked, that there is not a more respectable or a more honest jock on the turf than Simeon Templeman; H. Edwards would therefore have acted more wisely had he attributed his defeat to another cause.

The next object of contention was a

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, p. p. with 30 added; for two years old; colts, 8st. 5lb; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.

Eight paid forfeit; eight came to the post. Mr. Turner's b c by Peter Lely, out of Clinton's dam, manifested much of the evil spirit of his half brother. He was very unruly; nor was it till his competitors had gone at least one hundred yards, that he, with Garbutt on his back, could be got off; and consequently he could make nothing of it. The race was won easy by Vittoria. The following was the order:—Vittoria, Miss Margaret, Cashier, Theresa, Marquis of Westminster's b c by Camel, Roman, The Count, and Mr. R. Turner's b c by Peter Lely.

The racing of the day finished with a Maiden Plate of 80 sovs; for three years old, 6st. 12lb; four, 8st; five and upwards, 8st. 9lb: mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats: to start at the distance, and go once round.

For which six only were entered; and to one of these (Mr. W. Crompton's Satan) objections were made. It was stated, that, his infernal majesty having won £40 at Catterick could not be a maiden horse; while, on the other side, it was observed, that, as the original article mentioned "*any horse that never won £50.*" &c. Satan was entitled to start. This called forth the sententious aphorisms, the eloquently-overflowing oratory, of that eminently distinguished luminary, Mr. W. Lockwood, the accomplished judge, most discursively and voluminously learned in the logic and legal technicalities of the turf:

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge! how do I honour thee!"

After some minutes of elaborate, but remarkably lucid and pithy discussion, it was decided against the absolute ruler of the infernal regions. The following was the style of the matter:—Mr. W. Watmough's b c by Figaro, first, beating Miniature, Mr. Griffiths' b g by Antonio, and Mr. Lockey's b c by Lottery. Both heats beautifully contested.

Wednesday, July 3.—The grand day; yet the morning frowned upon it; the atmospheric influence was chilly beyond comparison. But the weather bright-

ened, and the day became beautifully fine, and continued so throughout. Course as fine as possible. The racing of the day commenced with the Foal Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h ft for three years old; colts, 8st. 6lb; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile. It was won by Controller, beating Sir T. Stanley's ch c by Waxy Pope; Sir Hugh paid.

This could scarcely be called a race, as Sir T. Stanley's colt fell lame in running, and Calloway, upon Controller, trotted in.



For the Sefton Stakes of 30 sovs. each, four were named, but produced no race. Mr. Skipsey's Eve walked over.

Next came on the race for the Tradesmen's Cup, which on account of its value, and every other circumstance attending it, was, as a matter of course, the most interesting in the list. The ground was thronged with people: there was a very great and a very orderly assemblage—not the least confusion took place. The stands were filled; the Grand Stand (which is a magnificent structure) presented a very numerous and enchanting display of elegance and beauty: it was completely filled; and, amongst the company, we noticed the Earl of Chesterfield and his Lady, Lord Stanley, Lord Molyneux, Sir T. Stanley, Lady Stanley, her daughter Lady Bulkeley, Sir R. W. Bulkeley, and many other persons of rank and distinction. That Prince of Noblemen, the venerable Earl of Derby, took his station in the stewards' commodious, very superior, and very eligible apartment, in company with the Earl and Countess Wilton, and several others. The bird's eye view, from the Grand Stand, exhibited a very animating and a very interesting scene. At length the bell rung for preparation. For the Tradesmen's Cup, or Piece of Plate, value 200 sovs. with 100 sovs. added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft and 5 only if declared by 1st March, 1833.—Two miles. Nine appeared, which, with the forfeits, amounted to £1025, attached to one of the most splendid cups I ever saw.

During the morning the betting had experienced some fluctuation: Chancellor had, however, become the decided favourite: he had been reserved for the occasion, and was fresh—he looked well. Lady Sarah had receded; and those who observed her canter up the course previously to starting, could have no hesitation in making up their minds that she could not win. Pickpocket, though apparently looking well, stepped short—it was evident this horse had not come round—it was injudicious to start him: at Chester he was the best horse in England. Primendorf shewed the family likeness of his sire, but did

not look like a winner. David looked well, and seemed right in his pace as he cantered up. Cantab was bestrode by Heseltine—"sure such a pair were never seen;" nature never intended this youth for a jock, and therefore Cantab had no chance—under any circumstance he could not be a favourite. Revolution had become amiss within the few previous hours: Shepherd had prepared himself for riding him.

At length the start took place. They came away slowly, Cantab leading, young Heseltine having placed himself in advance at starting, according to his usual practice. They went together past the grand stand, when the line became extended in single file, H. Edwards, on Physician, far behind; yet did he bring up his lee way, and at the bottom turn shot ahead: for the first two hundred yards of the last half mile, to superficial observation, he appeared like a winner; but I clearly perceived his brother (G. Edwards) holding Chancellor. Lady Stafford, with that superior jock, Calloway, upon her back, could do nothing. Pickpocket, a willing horse, had not the shadow of a chance. The struggle, however, was beautiful. Darling brought out David like a first-rate workman. After an admirable race, Chancellor won by half a length. The following was the order:—Chancellor, David, Mowbray Hill, Physician, Lady Stafford, Pickpocket, Vivyan, Primendorf, and Cantab.

Two only came out for a Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft for four years old.—Once round and a distance. It was won by Mowbray Hill, beating Miss Lytham.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three years old, 7st; four, 8st. 4lb; five, 8st. 12lb; six, 9st. 2lb; and aged, 9st. 5lb: mares and geldings allowed 3lb; maiden horses at naming 3lb. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded.—Once round and a distance. It was won by Algiers, beating Pestilence, Olive, Emily, Hawk, and Miss Lytham.

I did not hear that the winner was demanded; he is not a horse of the first order; on the contrary, I should think him dear at £30. He was in a lot of very indifferent nags, and in con-



sequence, a tolerably good race ensued. Which ended the business of the second day.

Thursday, July 4, the third day.—The morn was ushered in with every indication of fine weather, and many thousands might be seen on the race ground long before the hour of starting. —The assemblage at the cockpit was a few minutes later than usual. The first pair of cocks were placed on the sod at twenty minutes before 12 o'clock, a few minutes after the Earl of Derby had taken his seat, some requisite preliminaries having been arranged by Mr. Hornby and Captain White. Those who have never visited a cockpit can form no conception of the Babel clamour which ensues on the appearance of the birds; and to those who have no relish for the amusement, a peep into the cockpit cannot fail to be highly interesting.

Betting, Lord Derby the favourite for the main.

The first pair of cocks which made their appearance was—Lord Derby's a fine birchen duckwing, that of General Yates a rather dusky-red: the birchen duckwing, in appearance much the finer bird. After due examination of marks, &c. by the opposing feeders, the setters-to, on bended knees, placed the cocks opposite each other. It became evident, from the first fly, that the dusky-red had no chance, unless from some fortuitous incident: no such thing occurred; and therefore a few minutes decided the business.

The next pair of cocks produced was—the Earl of Derby's a black-breasted red, General Yates's a birchen, or silver grey. This battle was over in a few minutes, and ended in favour of Lord Derby.

For the third battle, General Yates's feeder produced a remarkably fine black breasted red; his antagonist a rusty red, with short wings, his feathers appearing dull rather than blooming and glossy; as far as appearances went, he had no chance; and in this case they were true indications.

I will not tire the reader with further detail, as it must necessarily consist of monotonous repetition: he will

see the result of the cocking at the conclusion of this article.

At two o'clock the note of preparation sounded; and in a short time after, four came to the post for a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added; for all ages; three years old, 7st. 5lb; four, 8st. 7lb; five, 9st; six and aged, 9st. 3lb. A winner of £50 in plate or sweepstakes in 1833, before naming, to carry 3lb. extra; if more, 5lb.—Once round and a distance.

This was a beautiful race, though it appeared evident, before they had gone half a mile, that Satan must win: nor have I the least doubt, had he not been disqualified, that he would have won the Maiden Plate: he can go the pace and the distance. Six were named for these stakes, Allegro and Contest forfeited: the others came in thus:—Satan, Puss, Falconbridge, and Sensitive.

The most interesting item in the list came on next:—The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, p. p. with 100 sovs. added; for three years old; colts, 8st. 6lb; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and three-quarters.

Eight made their appearance for the contest; ten forfeited. La Grace took the lead at starting; and from her going for some time looked like a winner. They all came away well together, La Grace leading till she came to the top of the course, when Eve most unaccountably came out and passed her. They went at a good pace till they came to the bottom, La Grace and Eve nearly abreast. The whole came round the first bottom turn well together, when La Grace shot out and the struggle commenced. Darling, however, more by good jockeyship, than the superiority of his horse, became the winner, after an excellent race. It was won by Jack Fawcet, beating Mr. Barrow's b f by Whisker, Controller, Sister to Miss Maria, La Grace, Allegro, The Mystery, and Eve.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages, (except two years old.) T. Y. C. did not produce a superior race. The following is the order:—Won by Sensitive, beating Falconbridge, Pluralist, and Kitty Fisher.

The racing of the day finished with His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas: for three years old, 7st. 5lb; four, 9st. 11lb; five, 9st. 11lb; six and aged, 10st. 2lb.

—Two mile heats. It was won by Satan, beating Mr. Watmough's b c by Figaro, Hope, and Contest.

This race was very severely contested. Heseltine rode Satan for the previous sweepstakes, upon this occasion Lye appeared on his back, a change much for the better. The first heat was given in favour of the Figaro colt, to the surprize of every person!

Lye was thunderstruck when he heard the decision, as he felt satisfied that he had won by half a neck! R. Johnson, who was close to him on Hope, was of the same opinion: while several wags archly inquired whether Mr. W. Lockwood was troubled with obliquity of vision? How strange things turn out sometimes! Darling, upon Contest, did not run for the first heat; but he tried hard for the second, and made a dead heat of it. Four severe heats were run, and Satan carried away the prize. Satan is a very promising horse; good young horses, however, are frequently called upon too often, and thus their racing powers are destroyed before they attain maturity: but well as I think of Satan, I should like him better, if, in going, he carried his head lower.

Friday, July 5, 1833, fourth and last day.—In the betting circle, the Stand Cup formed the principal feature, yet little was done upon it. It was doubtful, at an early period of the morning, if more than two would start, although twenty-one were named for it; long before starting, it was ascertained that Consol and Physician only would contend for the prize; and high odds were very freely offered on the former—few takers.

The racing of the day commenced with the Lancashire Stakes (Handicap) of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft and five only if declared on the 14th June; 30 sovs. added. The second horse to save his stake.—Once round and a distance: It was won by Westport, beating The Prince, and Henry Masterton. The following declared forfeit, and paid 5 sovs. each: Mowbray Hill, Cantab, and Her Highness.

Westport is a very indifferent horse; but happening to come in contact with two still worse, won without much difficulty.

The Stanley Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h ft with 30 added; for two years old, 6st. 8lb; three, 8st. 10lb: fillies allowed 3lb. T. Y. C.

Six well-matched nags started and produced the best race of the day. They came away well together, "best pace," as a fox hunter would say. The distance being only half a mile, the struggle soon commenced. Darling, upon Constance, placed himself well at starting; but his filly could not maintain it. Col. Crawford's br filly, by Lottery, made a good struggle; but the contest ultimately lay between Magus and Miss Margaret. I am of opinion, that I clearly saw the former win by half a neck, yet Miss Margaret was declared the winner by half a neck! I inquired of some few scores of persons who witnessed the race, and every one of them was indelibly impressed with precisely the same notion as myself. Even Tommy Lye was as much surprised when he was announced the winner, as when he was placed second the previous day in the first heat for the King's Hundred. The following gives a sort of bird's eye view of the matter:—Miss Margaret first, beating Magus, Col. Crawford's b f by Lottery, Lady Moore Carew, Mr. T. Barrow's b f by Whisker, and Constance.

The next in the order of succession was the Stand Cup, or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs. added to a Subscription of 10 sovs. each; three years old, 6st. 10lb; four, 8st. 2lb; five, 8st, 10lb; six and aged, 9st: mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles and a half. The winner of the Tradesmen's Cup to carry 3lb. extra.

But the interest of this race had subsided prior to the ringing of the bell, as it had been ascertained two only would start—any odds upon Consol. It was won by Consol, beating Physician.

Consol never went beyond his rate, and cantered in; he might have trotted in, as Physician could not get home.

John and William Scott brought four horses to these races, namely, Chancellor, Consol, Algiers, and Westport; and contrived to win with every

one of them, Chancellor and Consol carrying off the two cups. Algiers and Westport are animals of an inferior grade; but they were well placed. These brothers manage their business in a superior manner; they pay uncommon attention to it. They bring their horses well out, they know how to place them, and are therefore eminently successful.

The Farmers' Plate of 100 sovs. free for any horse; three years old, 6st. 9lb; four, 8st. 2lb; five, 8st. 8lb; six, 8st. 12lb; and aged, 9st.—Two mile heats. Maiden colts, at starting, allowed 2lb; fillies, 3lb: mares and geldings allowed

3lb; winners before naming 3lb. extra. To pay 3 guineas entrance, to go to the second horse.

Four out of ten came to the post. "Are we going to have five heats for this," said a by-stander to Darling, as the latter stepped from the weighing machine? "I will ride neither five heats nor four, to-night," said Darling. This race was won by David, beating Bullet, Mr. Lockey's b c by Lottery, and Ratcatcher.

It was a pretty race and cleverly won, more by Darling's superior jockeyship, than the superior qualities of his horse.

### THE COCKING.

A Main of Cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby (Potter feeder) and General Yates (Hines, feeder) for 10 guineas a battle, and 500 guineas the main.—23 mains, 7 byes.

	POTTER.	M.	H.
Tuesday	- - - - -	4	2
Wednesday	- - - - -	3	1
Thursday	- - - - -	2	2
Friday	- - - - -	4	1
Total	- - -	13	6

	HINES.	M.	H.
Tuesday	- - - - -	1	0
Wednesday	- - - - -	3	1
Thursday	- - - - -	4	0
Friday	- - - - -	2	0
Total	- - -	10	1

Thus concluded one of the most interesting, one of the most brilliant, meetings in the kingdom. The stand exhibited a great display of elegance and fashion: many splendid equipages were on the ground; the Earl of Derby's was conspicuous throughout. His lordship attended every day: Knowsley, his residence, distant four or five miles, was crowded with company. "*The Knowsley Stakes*," to be run for in 1835, were proposed over his lordship's convivial board. Fifteen subscribers (100 sovs. each) immediately appeared; and, by the time these lines meet the eye of the reader, I have not the least doubt that this number will be doubled. "*The Knowsley Stakes*," will become the largest and the most important in the kingdom. What an example does the princely Earl of Derby exhibit to men of rank, wealth, and distinction! We are willing to hope that the Marquis of Westminster will follow it for the benefit of the good old city of Chester—for its hospitable and generous inhabitants—for the good of the county at large.

Having, in the early part of this article, noticed the formation of the Liverpool Aintree race course, by the exertions of a few private, but public spirited, individuals, (amongst whom Mr. Lynn stands pre-eminent) I will further state, that, taken in the aggregate or in detail, it is the most comprehensive and splendid establishment in the United Kingdom, conducted, in all its ramifications, with a degree of unsparing and unparalleled liberality. What a contrast to Epsom!!! to which it forms a magnificent antipodes! Epsom! aye, Epsom! where brazen-faced and cunning extortion form the prominent, the all-pervading, feature! where every thing is conducted in the most disgusting and the worst possible manner; where thousands are exacted, and nothing given: where the horses are under the necessity, not only of running for their own money, but compelled to pay most enormously for the privilege of running upon the very worst race course to be found either in England or the Universe! Oh! shame! where is thy blush? This lan-



guage may perhaps not be very palatable to some of the Epsomians; but, let it not be forgotten, that those who exhibit themselves in a public capacity, whether with white hats or rusty topped boots, whether with the whining and effeminate squeak of flippant and flimsy authority, or the sonorous *haw!* *haw!* and *yaw!* *yaw!* of command, are legitimate subjects of animadversion. With private character we never interfere, we go to no man's fireside, we discuss no domestic affairs, we retail no private slander: public transactions we freely and fearlessly scrutinize:—"nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." At the same time, let it be recollected, that our pages are "open to all parties; influenced by none." For the truth of our observations respecting Epsom races, we ap-

peal to all acquainted with the subject; and in particular to the owners of horses, trainers, and jocks: also, to the *proprietors of the mines*, if necessary, who formerly paid forty shillings for their stands, and from whom, at the last races, sixty sovereigns were exacted for a few square feet of mother earth—a few square feet of the indurated flinty chalk which forms the upper stratum of Epsom Downs!

Under such circumstances, we trust the subject will be taken into consideration by the powerfully-influential supporters of the turf. If they will take the trouble duly to consider it, I have not the least doubt, that in a very short period, the races for the Derby and the Oaks will take place on the Liverpool Aintree Course!

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### PRESTON RACES.—Tuesday, July 9.

These races commenced on this day. They were tolerably well attended upon the cup day, but on the other two days there was a very indifferent muster. The Eighth Stanley Stakes were won by the Duke of Cleveland's Liverpool, beating Westport, Birmingham, Lady Bee, and Puss.—The Produce Stakes by Sir T. Stanley's b f by Lottery, beating Mr. Yates's Ironsides.—For the Gold Cup only two started; won by Consol, beating Liverpool. The betting upon this race was 2 and 3 to 1 upon the winner. Liverpool took the lead, and maintained it until within a few

lengths of home, when Darling made what is termed the *Chifney push*, and won by half a neck.—The Fifty Pounds Purse was won by Sir R. K. Dick's Allegro, beating Algiers, and Mr. Parker's gelding.—The Sweepstakes were won by Birmingham, beating Jemima, and Fitzdictor. 5 to 4 on the winner.—The Members for the Borough's £70 Purse was won by Mowbray Hill, beating Lady Bee and Jemima.—Upon the whole the races were well contested, particularly the race between Consol and Liverpool.

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### The LEAD MINERS POACHERS.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

Having seen occasional notices in your excellent miscellany of the mining Poachers of the North of England, I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the subject, acknowledging, in the first place, that your observations respecting these beings, are very correct as far as they have gone.

The chain of mountains, where, for the most part, grouse may be said to be found in England, commence in Derby-

shire, and running through Lancashire, very much expand when they reach Yorkshire, and ultimately spread over a considerable part of the last mentioned county, as well as those of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Durham. In some parts of these mountains there are lead mines, particularly in Durham, where, in the neighbourhood of Wear-dale, they are numerous. In this dale there is a succession of villages, inhabited almost solely by those who work in the lead mines; and whose cadaverous



and emaciated appearances manifest but too clearly the noxious effects of their employment. But, as it frequently happens that the mines are situated at some distance from the villages, the miners generally remain in the mountains several days or a week together, and for their sleeping accommodation above ground, a temporary building or shed is erected, where a dozen perhaps or more of these wretched beings may be frequently seen reposing on straw, covered sometimes with a tattered blanket:—so extremely pernicious to human health is the employment now under consideration, that by the time the miners reach the age of thirty, their skin is very much wrinkled, and they present altogether the appearance of advanced age—nothing can be more wretched than the appearance of the miners, gangs of whom may be frequently seen ascending the mountains to their unhealthy occupations. However, many of them are such determined poachers that they range the moors without the least disguise, while all the attempts hitherto made to stop these illegal practices have proved completely abortive, notwithstanding two or three instances of individual imprisonment. Nor can I help here remarking that the poaching portion of the lead miners is far more healthy and far more robust, than their more honest and more industrious fellows, whose time is wholly spent in their legal avocation or calling, as if traversing the mountains in pursuit of grouse for several months in the year discharged the pernicious metallic particles which they had absorbed while labouring in the dark and humid caverns in the bowels of the earth.

These men commence shooting three or four days prior to the 12th of August, and they commence with advantages which no other persons possess—as in the first place they are acquainted with all the localities of the ground, and by constantly traversing the mountains during the breeding season, they know the situation of almost every brood: at the same time their mode of operation is most effectual, and such as almost to command success. On their shooting excursions, they form themselves into parties of from four to a

dozen or even more, and range the moors abreast of each other at the distance perhaps of one hundred and fifty yards, each attended by a dog: thus, when a bird rises it is hardly possible for it to escape, as it has to run the gauntlet, as it were, should it be missed in succession, unless it flies straight forward, in which case, it is sure to be raised again. Moreover, these miners are good marksmen from practice; and the quantity of grouse they kill is the result of steady deliberate shooting rather than the effect of the instruments which they use for the purpose, as their guns in general are wretched looking engines, and their powder the coarsest that is manufactured. One day, in the early part of the last season, after ranging the mountains for some time, I sat down to rest by the side of a fine clear spring of water; after some time, a meanly-dressed fellow approached the same spot, and, after helping himself to some water from the spring, sat down at the distance of a few yards. There was something unassuming and even respectful in his manners, and on this account I felt no disposition to quarrel with him. At length, he asked me if I could give him a little "*gentlemen's powder*" for the purpose of priming. I was at a loss for the man's meaning, when he informed me that both he and his companions used "*blasting powder*,"\* and that though it answered very well for the charge, it formed but indifferent priming: I therefore filled a small bottle, which he presented, from my powder flask, with which he seemed much pleased, and asked me if I would purchase any game. This, however, I declined; but the man perceiving I was disposed to listen to him, very frankly gave me to understand, that he was one of a party of five, that the other four were within call, and that they had a considerable number of birds of which they wished to dispose. In fact, I learned that they were lead miners from Weardale, though they were at a con-

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\* Very coarse powder used in the lead mines for blowing up or loosening the ore—similar to the mode of blowing up the lime stone in the midland counties.

siderable distance from that place, and were then on one of their shooting excursions. Nothing could exceed the artless simplicity with which he apparently related his tale. The place where I encountered the mining poacher was on the border of the moors known by the name of Muker, which he informed me they intended to visit the following day. These moors were rented by a noble lord who has frequently experienced much vexation from these men, and all his exertions hitherto have not been able even to check their depredations.

I have already remarked that these poachers are good marksmen, but that the powder they use is of the coarsest description, which last remark may be also extended to their guns, if an opinion is to be formed by that which I saw in the possession of this man, which appeared something like an old rusty musket, the upper part of the cock of which was broken, and the flint tied in its place by a string.

At first view, it might appear an easy method to put a stop to the depredations of these men, but such has not proved the case when the experiment has been tried, and every attempt made for this purpose has either been render-

ed abortive, or successful only to a very limited extent. A nobleman's keeper in this neighbourhood, with whom I conversed on the subject, seemed to consider it as next to an impossibility, and remarked, that he and half a dozen others had great difficulty in escaping with their lives in attempting to secure one of these desperadoes. One may be occasionally surprised; but all attempts of the civil power have proved utterly unequal to the task of securing these men formally, nor would any thing less than a party of dragoons be able to effect it: and even this method would; in all probability, never succeed more than once. Soldiers might surprise and secure them once perhaps in their secluded and scattered villages, but they could not follow them among the mountains, nor could any military band pursue, with the most remote prospect of success, upon the moors, men like these, who, intimately acquainted with all the localities of the country, and used to the requisite mode of traversing these boggy inequalities, could not only distance their pursuers with the utmost ease, but disappear from them altogether whenever they thought proper.

A GROUSE SHOOTER.

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### *The TUFTED GOS EAGLE.*

Like the Griffard, the Tufted Gos Eagle is courageous, and, like him, he lives principally by hunting, only seeking offal, when, goaded by hunger, he can find nothing else to feed on and appease his voracity. This is generally the case with all birds of prey, to whatever genus they may belong. I have had so many opportunities of verifying this remark, that, whatever our historian-poets, and all those who copied from them, may have said, I must always maintain it to be false, that eagles, however they may be pressed by hunger, never prey upon carrion.

Like the Griffard, this eagle is also characterized by a crest, but a much longer one. His legs are likewise covered with fine down, which extends to the root of the toes. His curved beak, and his strongly-arched and sharp talons

—although he is not much bigger than our largest buzzards—proclaim him to be a bird of war and destruction. Not being sufficiently strong to seize and strike down such animals as the gazelle, the tufted gos eagle satisfies himself with smaller game, such as hares, ducks, &c. which he pursues with great swiftness and dexterity, his long wings, the points of which extend nearly to the extremity of the tail, enabling him to catch such birds, which are very swift, with tolerable facility.

I have named this eagle from the sort of crest which so particularly characterizes him. This tuft of feathers takes its rise upon the hind head (*occiput*), is prolonged five or six inches backwards, and descends gracefully, and with a slight curve, towards the back. It is so flexible and light, that the least

wind or slightest motion of the body, makes it play. The thousand different forms this tuft assumes, gives to the bird a peculiar air of gracefulness. Our ladies know well how to appreciate the value of such an ornament.

The general colour of the bird is dull brown, lighter upon the neck and breast, and deeper upon the whole mantle and the abdomen. The long feathers (*culottes*) of the legs are mottled, and the down which covers the shank in its entire length, to the origin of the toes, is still more mottled with the same colour. The large quill feathers of the wings are of a brownish-black, with some white in part of the middle of the external plumelets (*barbes*); all the other wing-feathers are waved with greyish-brown and white, as well as all those of the tail, the extremity of which is entirely blackish-brown. The tail is slightly rounded. The toes are yellowish, and the claws of a shining black; the beak horn-coloured; the iris yellow, more or less deep, according to the age of the bird.

I have only met with this species in the Auteniqua country and in Caffraria.

The tufted gos eagle builds his eyry upon trees, and lines it with feathers or wool. The female lays two eggs, nearly round, and spotted with reddish-brown. She is larger than the male; her colour is lighter, and her crest is not so long; she has also more white on the leg-feathers, and also a number of small white spots about her eyes, and on the top of her head.

The male and female are always sure to be found in the same district, and always together.

The tufted gos eagle has a plaintive cry, but it is very seldom heard except when he is in pursuit of crows, on whom he has no mercy when they approach too near his eyry. But he seems to be most inveterate against the species which I have named *Corbivan* (the ring necked raven—*Corvus torquatus*, SPALOWSKY); for these, better armed and more daring, frequently venture to attack the gos eagle, and take his prey from him; when strong in numbers they will even endeavour to beat him from his eyry, that they may devour the eggs or young birds. It sometimes happens that his brood thus becomes the prey of these plunderers; but it is never, till overpowered by numbers, and after a defence which has cost the life of more than one of their enemies, that the unfortunate pair can be forced to abandon their eaglets, frequently still too feeble to defend themselves except by the cries of despair.

The young tufted gos eagles are at first covered with a whitish-grey down, which becomes gradually replaced by brownish feathers bordered with red. I have examined three of the nests, in neither of which did I find more than two young ones, one of which was always a male and the other a female, a circumstance easily known, from the difference of their size. On leaving the nest, the crest is apparent in the male.—*Field Nat. Mag.*

THE HORSE AND THE STAG.—As every thing in which the horse is concerned must be interesting to most of your readers, I take the liberty of communicating the following anecdote, received from Col. W. a celebrated sportsman of Alabama. Being one of a party on a hunting excursion, some years ago, and mounted on a favourite horse, his constant companion on such occasions, the colonel had not been long at his stand when the hounds approached in full cry, led on by a fine buck of gallant bearing. The proper moment arrived; the colonel, who had previously dismounted, levelled his unerring piece

and drew the trigger. At the sound of the gun the deer showed symptoms of a wound, and the horse put off, in pursuit, at full speed. The party saw the buck, whose strength began to fail, put into a distant thicket, closely pursued by the horse; and, on entering it, the animals were discovered in close combat—the horse, ever and anon, rearing on his hind legs and pawing to the earth his feeble antagonist; who, though overpowered by numbers and sinking from the loss of blood, continued to rally and return to the charge, till his life was exhausted.



*On the Mode of Aiming, Sympathy of the Eye and Hand, &c.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

Through the medium of your miscellany, I wish to bring before the notice of your numerous readers, a few observations on the beautiful science of shooting, but particularly as to the method, or rather the various methods, of taking aim. By way of exordium, it may be observed, that the science of gunnery, both in the army and navy, has been reduced to something approaching precision, and a tolerable estimate may therefore be formed of the range of great guns. The calculations are according to given distances, and beyond point blank distance, an elevation of the muzzle becomes indispensable, in order to effect the desired purpose; however, absolute precision is far from having been yet attained, and in all probability is altogether unattainable, as a number of opposing causes seem to render perfection impossible. A very slight glance at a few of these will at once convince the man of reflection, of the apparently insurmountable difficulties which lie in the way; and though they do not absolutely choke up the passage, they present obstacles of no ordinary nature to the experimentalist. For instance, the mode of charging the gun, the various qualities of gunpowder, as well as the variations of the atmosphere, may be enumerated as among the principal difficulties to be surmounted.

The fowling-piece offers, in some degree, a different object for contemplation. It is true, the fowling-piece, like the great gun, will be influenced by those causes which we have just enumerated; but as it is so much smaller, and as the use of it is confined to point blank distance, it will consequently be less liable to perceptible variation.

The antiquated notion, however, of using a large quantity of powder and shot, particularly of the former, in order to increase the force of the discharge, has given way, in a very great degree, to the well ascertained facts, and superior knowledge of modern times. Yet so

strongly does custom adhere to human nature, that it is with difficulty many sportsmen of the old school, can be induced to believe that a more than necessary quantity of powder lessens, instead of increases, the projectile force, and thus injures the effect it was meant to promote.

A sportsman will do well therefore, prior to taking the field, to ascertain the trim of his fowling-piece; or in other words, by shooting repeatedly at a mark, and varying the proportions of powder and shot in the charge, thus ascertain the precise quantity of each that gives the most satisfactory result: there is a particular charge best calculated for every gun, which can only be discovered by repeated experiments; and all who take this trouble, will find that a much smaller quantity of powder than is generally used, will be found best to answer the purpose.

A young sportsman, however, taking the field on the first of September, well acquainted with the trim of his fowling-piece, will find he has still an important point to acquire—he has still to learn the mode of *taking aim*, or levelling at his object, which will be found a task of greater difficulty than a superficial observer would be induced to suppose, as from no previous tuition or practice, can he gain a true idea of the matter. He may have practised at marks, he may have become an excellent pigeon killer, or swallow shooter, and yet the whirring of a partridge will scarcely fail to disarrange all his studied preparation. The fact is, that while little dexterity or skill is required in levelling the fowling-piece at a stationary or silent object, the most deliberate and philosophic coolness will become indispensable, when the deadly tube is levelled at game. There are few persons (whether sportsmen or not) who will not, at some time or other, have experienced the sudden alarm or start, which seldom fails to be produced by the unexpected rising of a covey of partridges; and, strange as it may appear, a young shooter, when he approaches the steady



point of a staunch setter, the alarm I have just mentioned cannot exist certainly, and yet the tyro's heart palpitates to such a degree, that he becomes almost breathless; the statue-like appearance of the dog, and the awful stillness which at that moment envelopes him, create a degree of anxious suspense, that the shooter is almost choked with intense expectation. Some seconds perhaps elapse in this state of things, when up spring the birds, in the wildest disorder, and, with tremendous whirring and loud screams, seem to make their way through the air, with unparalleled velocity!—Amidst the general din and confusion, the unfortunate tyro becomes so bewildered, that his fowling-piece is discharged not only too soon, but altogether at random; and he has the mortification of seeing the game fly away, and his previous fondly-cherished anticipations annihilated.

Therefore, to become an expert shot, the utmost coolness seems indispensable; and in this consists the great and principal secret of shooting game:—a little practice, added to the quality I have just mentioned, will seldom fail to produce a good shot.

As to the mode of taking aim, various opinions will be found to exist upon the subject; and though, at first view, these opinions appear the very opposites of each other, yet, by a close examination of the subject, I think it will be found that they bear a much greater degree of analogy, than might be at first suspected. Some persons assert, that the best mode of taking aim, is to close one eye, and look directly down the barrel with the other; others will assert, that the best plan is to look steadily at the object only, without even regarding the barrel of the fowling-piece; while there are not wanting those who are of opinion, that the true and correct method, is to stare directly at the object with both eyes wide open. A friend of mine shuts both eyes when he pulls the trigger, and I have once or twice known him to bring down a partridge; but as this peculiarity is not held up for example, and, as it will evidently not bear the test of reason, I will confine my observations to the three modes which

I have before mentioned, leaving the last out of the question altogether.

In the first place, then, by reasoning upon the subject, it would clearly appear, that, supposing the object is first selected, and flies directly before the shooter, the butt of the gun should be firmly placed against the shoulder, one eye being closed, the other should be run directly down the barrel, and the moment the muzzle appears to ride, as it were, upon the back of the bird, the trigger should be drawn. Beyond all question, this is an unerring method, and would, at first view, appear as the only plan by which the art of shooting game can be reduced to certainty; yet, strange as it may appear, I have met with excellent shots, who shut neither eye, but stare at the object as earnestly as possible with both eyes wide open; while others assert, that, though they close one eye, they do not look down the barrel of the fowling-piece with the other, but keep it steadily on the bird, till they draw the trigger. At the first glance of the matter, it seems not a little strange, that this apparent paradox should obtain the same result; or, in other words, that there should be such very different modes of attaining the same object; and, in order to elucidate the subject, and reconcile these seeming contradictions, I must here make a short semi-digression on sympathy, though I shall by no means push the subject to the extravagant length of animal magnetism.

If we carry our ideas a few centuries back, before gunpowder had superseded the use of the bow, we shall find, that the old English archers, who were celebrated, not only for the superior impetus which they gave to their arrows, but also for the certainty of their aim, neither closed an eye, nor yet run their sight down the shaft at all; but, fixing their eyes steadily on the object, with Herculean strength of arm, they drew the arrow up to the head, the shaft flew with almost irresistible force, seldom missing the mark at which it was aimed. Hence, it is clear, that, by practice, these archers had acquired a degree of perfection in the responsive sympathy between the hand and the eye,

which enabled them to attain the same object which is now effected in a different manner, by the use of the musket, or the rifle. Commodus, the Roman Emperor, brought the responsive sympathy I have just mentioned to such consummate perfection, that, with an arrow, on which was fixed a kind of broad, barbed, cutting head, he was able to decapitate an ostrich at full speed. Even at this period, in those uncivilized wilds, where the use of the fowling-piece or fire arms is not known, or at least not understood, the savage is still equally skilful in the use of the bow; and, without being able to reason upon the cause, will manifest the very perfection of that responsive sympathy, which I have mentioned above.

Nor, is it exactly to this description of projectile force, that this responsive sympathy seems indispensable: Fly-fishing is another art, where it will be found highly necessary, though an equal dexterity seems no way demanded: however, the hand must answer the eye, as it were, or the fly would seldom fall on the desired spot.

An admirable illustration of this subject is also given in Vaillant's Travels in Southern Africa:—"Among the diversions in which we were accustomed to engage together, there was one that, at the time it was proposed, and even after I had made the experiment that singularly astonished me. They had promised to procure me some birds, which were not in my collection, and which were unknown to me. Whenever a novelty of this kind was the question, I was always prepared the instant it was started. Accordingly, I took up my fowling-piece, and was ready to be gone:—"Stop (said they) leave, if you please, your fire arms, which will only incommode us. The chase to which we invite you is of a new kind; having never seen it, you will make but a sorry figure. Follow us then, and be satisfied for once, with being an humble spectator.

"My guide yoked his oxen, and we set off; he with a long and enormous whip, which the planters make use of; I with nothing but a stick, which served me as a cane. Arrived at the scene of action, he took his plough, and

began to trace a furrow. The new earth no sooner appeared, than I saw a vast quantity of very small birds flock together from every side, and almost alight upon the plough shares, which they eagerly followed. Of what could these birds be in pursuit, that neither the instrument that was in motion, nor the man who directed it, could terrify them?—Alas! they darted to the ground to devour creatures animated like themselves, the maggots, worms, and insects, which the plough exposed to their view. So unexpected a sight was almost perfect ecstasy. It had one alloy, however. Empty handed, and without weapons, I was obliged passively to contemplate these devourers of insects, without being able to secure one of them. These birds were killing animals weaker than themselves; I was desirous of killing the birds; while perhaps, behind me, was some more ferocious beast longing to treat me with the same kindness. Without the slightest preamble, Haber coolly asked me which of the birds I should like to have. I ventured to point out one, though I had no doubt he was laughing at me. Immediately, flourishing his enormous whip, he brought to the ground the very same bird. In twenty instances that I put his skill to the proof, he never once missed his aim. This dexterity of the whip, indeed, is an acquirement general among the planters; but Haber was an adept in the exercise, whom I never saw surpassed."

This dexterity of the whip is nothing more than the responsive sympathy of the eye and the hand; and according to the degree of perfection in which a man may possess this essential quality, his shooting with the fowling-piece will be found precisely to correspond. The mode of levelling with the fowling-piece which I prefer to all others, and which I would consequently recommend, is the one which I first described, viz. after selecting the object, place the butt firmly to the shoulder, with one eye closed, run the other down the barrel of the fowling-piece, and the moment the muzzle appears on the back of the bird, the trigger should be drawn: this is supposing a straight shot. If the object proceed to the right or the left, the

muzzle must be raised rather higher\* than the exact level, and pointed six or eight inches before the head of the bird, at the moment the trigger is drawn. If a percussion gun be used, as the discharge is much more instantaneous, half the distance, that is, four inches in advance, will be sufficient.† Here, however, let it be remarked, that though I have laid down rules with mathematical precision, as it were, still we must not leave sympathy out of the question. For, whether the shot is straight forward or across, the finger and the eye must not only correspond, but this correspondence must be accompanied by a motion of the arms, and indeed of the whole body, in unison with the progress or flight of the bird. It is true, in a straight shot, this motion will be felt rather than be seen, but in a cross shot, it will be plainly perceptible. In fact, this motion, which is not very easy to define with precision, may be best understood perhaps, by saying that it is the spontaneous action of an animated body, in contradistinction to mechanism, or inanimate objects.

Although, in the foregoing remarks, I have supposed the partridge, or at least a flying object, yet they are equally applicable to the hare or the rabbit; the latter, when it accidentally starts up before the sportsman, I regard as one of the most difficult shots; but, in my opinion, feathered game of any description is more easily shot than either the hare or the rabbit; but this may arise from the circumstance of feathered game being generally the object of the shooter's attention.

The partridge, I conceive, is the easiest shot in the whole catalogue, as it will suffer the near approach of the sportsman, it rises, for the most part, in the plain, and its flight is regular.

\* I am supposing the gun has not an elevated breech. Keeping this idea in view, where the elevated breech is used, the shooter must be guided by the degree of elevation with which his fowling-piece is mounted.

† I am supposing the distance to be 30 yards; as of course the length of the barrel in advance, must be regulated by the distance of the object.

The grouse is a larger object, and its flight is also regular; but it is more difficult of approach than the partridge. It is true, to use a sportsman's phrase, grouse will sometimes *lie like stones*; yet it must be very well known to all those acquainted with the subject, that they are a shy bird, and generally rise at longer distances than partridges. For the diversion of grouse shooting, steady dogs seem indispensable, at the same time, as little noise as possible should be made by the sportsman.

The pheasant, which is a large bird, and flies with difficulty, would appear, on a superficial view, as the easiest of all shots; but I am doubtful on this point:—certainly, with an old sportsman, and where the bird rises at a distance from cover, nothing can be easier than to bring down a pheasant: but the case is widely different with the juvenile shooter. Pheasants, for the most part, are found in thick hedgerows, about thickly sheltered pits, or other strong covers, and frequently get up under the very nose, not only of the dog, but the shooter also. These birds, it is true, are often pushed by springers, but, when a pointer sets a pheasant, the bird will often lie so close, as not to rise till the very bush under which it has hid itself is shaken, or the dog makes a rush perhaps to catch it: for a few seconds prior to this important moment, the shooter has tremblingly stood over his dog, scarcely able to breathe, and almost choaked with expectation:—the very sudden and violent rush of the game, attended with the most tremendous struggle, and whirring, utterly annihilate the young shooter's preparation—he fires too soon, quite at random, and has the mortification, to watch the heavy motions of his object, wing its way unhurt. A pheasant rises and flies with difficulty, but the hurried flutter accompanying its motions, induces an unexperienced sportsman to suppose, that the bird is getting away with amazing rapidity, and he is almost sure to fire before the proper moment arrives. The cock pheasant generally rises more boldly than the hen; that is, on being pushed, it rises higher, in a perpendicular manner, before it assumes a horizontal position, and goes away. Generally



speaking, a pheasant should be suffered to gain its altitude at least, before the discharge takes place, unless local circumstances, such as the immediate vicinity of trees, &c. render an earlier shot indispensable. When the bird is thus rising, the muzzle of the fowling-piece should be levelled, rather above the head, in order to insure the game.

I have before remarked, that "the partridge is the easiest shot in the whole catalogue;" but this must be understood in a general sense, or subject to qualification, as far at least as relates to the woodcock. This bird rises with less noisy confusion than the partridge, and flies more slowly, and consequently, when met with on the open plain, or where the hedges are low, is more easily brought down, than any other of the feathered tribe which comes under the denomination of game. However, this bird is generally found under different circumstances; and, from being for the most part, flushed in thick hedge-rows, copses, and woodlands, is on the whole, I am inclined to think, a more difficult mark than the partridge. Further, although a woodcock is easily approached, and flies slowly when first flushed, he will, on being repeatedly disturbed, not only become shy, but take longer flights, and wing his way with greatly-increased rapidity.

The snipe is uniformly regarded as the most difficult shot, from which opinion I am no way inclined to dissent. This grotesque, though pretty, little bird,

on rising, describes, in its flutter, a sort of zig-zag, which renders it difficult, to bring the gun to bear upon it; yet, when it has reached the distance of thirty or forty yards, its flight becomes perfectly steady. But forty yards is too long a shot for a snipe, so small an object cannot be well secured at such a distance. An accidental snipe is unquestionably a difficult shot; but where snipes are plentiful, or at least when snipe-shooting is the object, the sportsman should pursue his game *down the wind*, (contrary to the pursuit of all other kinds of feathered game) as a snipe will seldom fly far, with the wind in his tail; but will, after being sprung, fly fifteen or twenty yards perhaps, when it will turn, and present the sportsman with a much-improved mark, as well as continue within reach for a greater length of time. The zig-zag flutter of the snipe, appears merely the effort of getting on the wing, as the flight very soon becomes as steady, as that of any other bird. It is generally supposed, the snipe rises from its bill; which I am inclined to doubt, as, though the bill is of an enormous length, yet the legs are not so short, as to deny that motion to the wings, which is indispensable, in order to raise the bird from the ground. There are three sorts of snipes found in this country, the jack-snipe, the common snipe, and the solitary snipe; the latter is considerably the largest of the three. Your well-wisher,

JOHN THOMSON.

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THE ADVENTURES OF A BUCK AT CLARKSVILLE, TENN.—In the month of November, last, a large three point wild buck, paid this village the compliment of a familiar visit. He was first seen crossing Cumberland river, and next coming half speed up Main street, crossed the public square, and jumped into a saddler's shop. A lad, who was at work in the shop, immediately closed the door, and ran up stairs; leaving the buck in quiet possession. The crowd, however, who were in pursuit, soon

pushed the door open; when they found the deer standing on the saddler's bench. This elevated position, he seemed to have acquired, by attempting to jump through a window, situated over the bench. No person discovering any great curiosity, to become more familiarly acquainted with the proud gentleman of the forest, he presently gave them a proud significant toss of his antlers, bounded out at the door, and made his escape, notwithstanding the *posse comitatus* were in full cry at his heels!



**CROWS**.—In October, 1829, on the island of Calabah, while sitting one beautiful morning in a verandah, I observed a sparrow leading its young ones; a crow pounced upon it, held it between its claws, and instantly tore it to pieces, &c. as would a bird of prey. When the meal was completed, it began its cawing noise, and flew to the sea-side in search of further prey.

The audacity of crows is well known. At the Camp, near Poona, I saw three picking a bone; a vulture flew down to it and drove them from their prize. Though they dared not contend with him for mastery, one flew upon his back, another was endeavouring to steal the bone if he should allow it the opportunity, and the third, in sulky mood, sat upon a rugged rock, indifferent as to the result.

**HEDGEHOG**.—In the autumn of 1817 I was taking a ramble in some fields adjoining Dosthill Spa, near Tamworth, when my dog discovered a nest of these animals. I had sufficient opportunity to examine it, and therefore could more readily vouch for the facts. In it were five young ones, and the mother giving them suck at the moment, and beneath it were about ten or twelve crab apples, as fine as ever I saw. The entrance to the nest was similar to some of those formed by the field mouse, in thickset hedges for their winter habitation, being rather underneath on one side, with a covered way to it among the decayed sticks and leaves. To convince myself that the fruit had not fallen from any tree in the vicinity, I examined the hedge minutely, and the nearest one to the nest was at least twenty yards off. There was no appearance of bruises on them to justify the vulgar belief that the animal rolls itself underneath the crab trees to cause the wind-fallen fruit to attach itself to their quills, and as this fruit could not possibly have been in the situation found without the conveyance of the creature itself, it is only reasonable to conclude that it had stored them there as food; whether to supply present wants, or as a provision for the

future, when nothing of the kind could be procured, remains a question.

A few years before, I observed a gang of gipseys busily employed in roasting a hedgehog, and waited to see them partake of it, which they assured me was very good: they invited me to the feast, but my stomach was too nice to accommodate itself to unknown luxuries.

I have repeatedly had them in my possession whilst a lad, and when we wanted to make them unroll themselves, we did not resort to the method mentioned of sprinkling *hot* water, replete with cruelty; our's was to put them in a pail of *cold*. They say it is not possible to save their skin unless they are starved to death, but I have had several dogs that would fetch them out of a river and kill them, and even destroy them by pressing on one end of them, and forcing their mouths into the part where their belly was concealed, despatching them in the course of a few minutes, without breaking their skin or causing them to bleed. In the parish where I was born, and passed my childhood, from a belief that they injure cattle by milking them or wounding their udders, the churchwarden would pay 8*d.* a head for old ones, and 4*d.* for young ones, out of the parish funds, when taken to him, by any one who chose to demand it.

**WADDING FOR RIFLES**.—We are informed by one of the best rifle shots in Pennsylvania, that common parchment makes the very best wadding for rifles. He affirms, that in its ingress and egress it wipes the barrel, and that a thousand balls may be discharged in succession without the necessity of washing.

**TREE CREEPER'S SONG**.—The creeper (*Certhia familiaris*), is usually represented in books to have no song; but this is a mistake, as it has a very pleasing song, executed in the high shrill key of the hedge sparrow. It may be described as intermediate between the song of the wren and that of the gold crest.

### The REPEATING GUN, &c.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

I find it stated in a New York paper, that, among the various inventions of the present age, the *repeating gun* is certainly not the least, in point of utility, either for public or private use. This invention (observes the writer) is now brought to that degree of perfection that no doubt remains of its importance. The guns are perfectly simple, safe, and convenient, containing from five to twelve charges each, which may be discharged in less than two seconds to a charge, with the same accuracy and force as the ordinary fire arms. The number of charges may be extended to twenty or even forty, if required, without adding any thing to the incumbrance of the piece. The principle applies equally well to muskets, rifles, fowling pieces, and pistols. These guns possess all the advantages of the ordinary fire arms, for loading and firing single charges, with the additional advantage of priming themselves, and keeping in reserve any number of charges that may be required to meet any emergency, which charges are as completely under the distinct and separate control of the gunner as a single charge in the ordinary gun. It is easy to imagine instances (continues the writer) where men armed with these muskets, containing twelve charges each, would be equal to twelve times their number; as, for instance, had Captain Allen's boat's crew, of 18 men been armed with these guns, they would have been more than a match for the 150 pirates that came against them; and a gallant officer would probably have been saved; for they would have been able to have discharged 216 shots, (18 muskets,) in less than 20 seconds. If 500 men could have been armed with these muskets at the time the English army of 5,000 men attacked Washington, the capital, with the other public buildings, would probably not have been destroyed; for the 500 men would possess 6,000 charges, which they could have fired in less time than a common musket could have been reloaded, giving

the 500 men the advantage of 1,000 charges over the 5,000 men.

Now, induced as I generally am, to view extraordinary accounts which reach us from the other side of the Atlantic, with a degree of suspicion, I might have entertained doubts of the above, had I not been aware that something of this sort had been attempted many years ago in this country, and that it was not successfully brought into general use arose from any thing rather than defect in the invention. A person of the name of Ryland, a watchmaker of Ormskirk, fitted up a musket so as to enable the shooter to fire 30 times in one minute. This engine was shewn to several officers of distinction in the British army, and ultimately to the late Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden memory. Ryland was so scrupulously jealous of retaining the fruits of his ingenuity, that he would scarcely trust the gun into other hands than his own; and on no account would he suffer it to be taken out of his sight. He was offered one thousand pounds for the gun, which he refused; and when it was presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, it happened to be the very morning that he set out on his unfortunate expedition to Germany: the Duke expressed his approbation of the invention at the same moment that the carriage drove up to the door—he expressed a wish to take the gun along with him, which Ryland positively refused. Ryland died before the Duke's return from Germany, and the gun has remained in the family ever since. It will naturally enough be asked, why the family of the deceased Ryland did not endeavour to introduce a matter of such vast importance to public notice? To which it may be answered that this same Ryland was one of those inventive geniuses who frequently impoverish themselves by neglecting their regular employment in search of the philosopher's stone; and as the family of this man had suffered from his unprofitable speculations, they have allowed the subject harmlessly to sleep in the corner of an old cupboard.

The gun just mentioned has been

repeatedly seen by the writer of this article. In form it is merely that of a common musket, with a moveable breech; and over the pan is fixed a magazine sufficient to contain a number of primings. By the same movement which acts upon the sliding or moveable breech, the priming is deposited in the pan. The moment the gun is discharged the breech slides back to receive the cartridge—the movement just mentioned forces the breech forward and the gun is again discharged. I am no mechanic, Mr. Editor, and on this account perhaps my description of this invention may appear confused and unsatisfactory; but should any of your readers feel more than ordinary interest in the subject, they may procure a sight of the gun in question by calling on the daughter of the inventor, Mrs. Mary Walsley, Moor Street, Ormskirk.

Important, however, as the invention of which I have just been speaking may appear, I do not rank it as the most important of the age, even as far as regards fire arms. In this respect, the application of percussion powder must take the lead: its introduction was merely a chance thought; and even the mechanism employed in its first application to the fowling piece evinced any thing rather than genius, though the most exorbitant charge was made for it; and indeed its first appearance in the sporting world was so strongly tinged by an avaricious feeling, as almost to stifle it in its very infancy. It has, however, at length, improved the fowling piece in a most surprising manner; and as it is equally applicable to every description of fire arms, no doubt, it will ultimately, very much influence military tactics. Several naval officers of high rank have expressed to the writer, their unqualified opinion of the decided superiority which it would give to a man of war, whose guns should be mounted with percussion apparatus; and the Americans, aware of the circumstance, are mounting their great guns in this manner; and will no doubt apply it to their small arms also.

In 1811, Captain Thomas Dundas, of the Royal Navy, invented a new inflammable ball, applicable in besieging a town, and peculiar for its small weight,

by which means it may be thrown to a great distance, and takes fire on a very curious plan. It spreads a flame in three distinct openings, which is so strong, that the fire extends a full yard in length from the ball itself; and is so powerful that any thing over, under, or near, cannot escape its effects. And in 1812, a resident of Portsea submitted to government a shell, that, at the immense distance of three miles, will explode twenty balls of combustible matter, of three inches diameter, and upwards of one thousand musket and pistol balls; these will be scattered on the horizon within a circle, the diameter of which is fourteen hundred yards. The weight of the shell will be upwards of two hundred and a half.

The report of a gun very far outstrips the ball in its course, which, however, is contrary to the general opinion; and sailors think, when they have heard the report of the enemy's gun, that the ball is passed, and feel as secure as we generally do when hearing thunder after the flash of lightning. It is true, the ball gets the start, and going quickest at first, arrives at a short distance sooner than the report; which is not made till the ball has been expelled from the piece, and is on its way; but the sound shortly overtakes the ball, and passes very speedily before it. "I have seen (says Dr. Walker) the approach of balls, two at a time, as well as of shells; and observed that the report from a gun very far outstrips the ball in its course; and, I noticed off Algeziras that the ball came after the report, though not so long as the report was after the flash; and that death was threatened through the eye and ear, before it can possibly reach us in the shape of a ball. During the coming of a whizzing ball, I have observed a general seriousness of countenance, with silence; on its passing over the ship, a smile; on its falling short, a laugh. To people not employed with something, to be exposed to danger is very trying—they have time to fashion their fears into a thousand shapes. Some of them herd together and talk, rather in a low voice, on indifferent subjects, neither serious nor laughable. Others keep alone and seem careless of what may happen; one is ashamed to

appear frightened, although willing to get, as it were by accident, to the leeward of a mast or capstan, if the firing be to windward. In such situations, one is apt to have the company of boys belonging to the vessel, if they can contrive any thing to do there: they seem to be in a great stir, but are in fact proving that self preservation is the first law of nature. Many, from habit, appear to have had this first sensation

almost extinguished in them:—wholly engaged in the business and bustle of the battle, they have not time to think of their danger, and not suspecting fear in others, they do not discover the symptoms of it, which is so readily detected among these different classes, by the sympathizing and consequently discerning passenger.

G. H.

## TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

(Continued from No. 9, page 201.)

Another was of the common brown kind and tethered; and on the left, at about the same distance, there was a full fledged specimen of the rough footed eagle, which was feathered down to the toes; but these were not so large as the golden eaglet. These birds were thus kept alive for the purpose of sale, and in order to effect this, the woman made inquiries of us as to the best mode of conveying them to London, or some large town or place where a customer was likely to be met with. I regretted that, in this respect, I was unable to render Betty Campbell the least service. The year before, they were able to procure only one bird, but were fortunate enough to sell it for five pounds to some tourist who happened to pass through Glencoe.

Previously to visiting this country, I had no idea of the number and variety of eagles which are to be met with in the Highlands; but they are chiefly to be found in the wildest and most mountainous parts, where they may be constantly seen, as they appear for ever on the wing, and at an immense height. There is something peculiarly unpleasing in the noise or screaming of them, which is rendered still more disagreeable from the accompanying gloom and solitude, amidst which it is generally uttered. It resembles, in some degree, the loud wail emitted by the peacock; but is harsher and more shrill; and seems altogether to impress on the mind the idea of a creature that lives by rapine. Of all animals (we are told) the eagle flies the highest; and thence the ancients have given him the name of *the bird of heaven*. Of all others also, he is said to have the quickest eye; but his sense of smelling is far inferior to that of the vulture: and he therefore never pursues but in sight; and when he has seized his prey he stoops from his height, as if to examine its weight, always laying it on the ground before he carries it off. As far as relates to the high flying of the eagle, those who have written on the subject are perfectly correct, as I can testify from personal observation; but, at the same time, his flight is very slow, much resembling that of the common buz-



zard, and hence I am induced to suppose, that, like that bird, in seeking his prey, he is rather a prowler than a pursuer; that he takes it more by surprise than pursuit; at all events, he could not, when flying, overtake a grouse, or scarcely any other bird; but he would of course find no difficulty in seizing a lamb, a kid, or any quadruped which he was able to carry away.\*

From inquiries which I made in Glencoe and at other places, as well as from its appearance, I have no doubt of the eagle being able to carry away young lambs or kids; but in doing this he requires an eminence from which to rise. His wing is uncommonly powerful, and the bird altogether seems very elastic, muscular, and remarkably strong; but as his pinions are of great extent and his legs short, he is unable to rise from the level ground with any weight, not being fitted by nature to take a sufficient spring upwards so that in striking his wings may be clear of the ground: however, to use the language of Betty Campbell, "as soon as he can get the wind under his wings, he will fly away with a young lamb or a young kid with great ease."

An instance is recorded of two children having been borne off by eagles in Scotland; but, fortunately, it is said, they received no hurt by the way; and, the birds being pursued, the children were restored unhurt out of the nests to their affrighted parents. Now all this may appear well enough on paper—it may amuse the credulous, and form an interesting story for the nursery; but it is not true. Admitting that the eagles could have carried away the children, the latter must have been dreadfully lacerated, if not absolutely killed.

"On the island of Vaeroe (says M. Boie, in his *Tour to Norway*) there are in winter an extraordinary number of eagles. They are at this season (winter) quite a nuisance, as the inhabitants cannot venture, on their account, to suffer the cattle to leave the stable. One of these eagles once attacked an old man upon the beach, and, having entangled its claws in his jacket, was taken. In order to deliver themselves as much as possible from these ravenous guests, they build small stone huts, in which only a small opening is left, after the hunter has concealed himself in it before day-break. The bait, a dead animal, or only a piece of meat, is fastened to a rope, which may be drawn in from the hut, and this is done as soon as the bird has pounced upon his expected prey. This motion of the bait makes the eagle still more eager; it fixes its talons still deeper, and is at last drawn quite into the hut and killed. In this manner, a single boy last summer, caught six and twenty eagles, which may give some idea of their number.

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\* In order to extirpate these pernicious birds, there is a law in the Orkney Islands, which entitles any person that kills an eagle, to a hen out of every house in the parish in which the plunderer is killed.—MAJOR.

Probably the great flocks of the white alpine partridge (ptarmigan most likely) cause them to remain in the winter in such northern latitudes, for all the sea fowl that breed here except a few gulls, have already disappeared."

Colonel Thornton remarks that his falconer attempted to train the eagle for the chase, but his efforts were unsuccessful, principally on account, as the Colonel seems to say, of his being too heavy to be carried on the fist. There is another more powerful objection—an insurmountable obstacle, namely, his flight, which is too slow for winged game. He may be swift enough for quadrupeds; and authors inform us, that the eagle was anciently used in the East for falconry: he was trained, no doubt, to fly at the stag or the antelope; and is perhaps still used for the same purpose in some parts of the world.

The eagle has been generally considered by mankind to bear the same dominion over the birds, which has been, almost universally, attributed to the lion over quadrupeds. The celebrated Buffon, taking up the idea, is also of opinion that they have many points of resemblance:—"Magnanimity (he says) is equally conspicuous in both; they despise the small animals, and disregard their insults. It is only after a series of provocations, after being teased with the harsh notes of the raven or the magpie, that the eagle determines to punish their temerity or their insolence with death." So far from this being the case, the eagle and the raven are seen inhabiting the same mountains, if not in the greatest harmony, at least without molesting each other. They are both birds of prey, and ravenous birds are seldom, if ever, found to interfere or meddle with each other; and as to the magpie, it is rarely, if ever, seen in those mountainous, rocky and frightful solitudes, where alone the eagle is to be found.—During our progress through the Highlands of Scotland, I repeatedly saw the raven, the eagle, and the Royston crow upon the same mountain, but I never saw them attempt to quarrel, though they were in the immediate vicinity of each other. Yet, in contradiction to this, Buffon asserts, that the eagle, "like the lion, is solitary, the inhabitant of a desert over which he reigns supreme, excluding all the other birds from his silent domain. It is more uncommon perhaps (he continues) to see two pairs of eagles in the same tract of mountain, than two families of lions in the same part of the forest. They separate from each other at such wide intervals as to afford ample range for subsistence; and esteem the value and extent of their dominion to consist in the abundance of the prey with which it is replenished." In opposition to this doctrine, I must oppose the incontestible evidence of facts—I one morning, not far from the top of Loch Lomond saw seven eagles hovering over the very same mountain, and I many times saw more than two in the immediate vicinity of each other.

Without doubt Buffon contributed much towards our knowledge of natural history ; still he wrote much from hearsay, and published fanciful theories, the offspring of his own prolific brain, but which, however, will not bear the test of experience. In this same spirit he remarks, “ the eyes of the eagle have the glare of those of the lion, and are nearly of the same colour ; the organs of sound are equally powerful, and the cry equally terrible.” So far from this, the eyes of the eagle are keen and piercing, but by no means resemble the deadly glare so remarkable in the eye of an angry lion, for when this animal is in a quiescent state, his eyes are dull and heavy. Nor can I admit that the shrill scream of the eagle is half as terrible as the deep, tremendous roar of the lion. In fact, in my excursions, I have frequently had occasion to notice the inaccuracies of naturalists ; I am convinced, that, though we have made considerable progress in the history of animals, we have still much to learn on the subject ; and that of all publications, nothing is more wanted than a natural history, written as much as possible from personal observation, instead of those productions from the closet which have been chiefly put together by writers who scarcely knew one bird from another.

In the year 1737, it is recorded, that a boy more than two years old, was carried off by an eagle, in the parish of Norderhongs in Norway ; while the child was running from the house to his parents who were at work in a field at no great distance :—the bird of prey, it is said, pounced upon him, and flew off with him in the sight of his distracted parents, who beheld their child dragged away, and all their efforts to prevent it were in vain. Anderson, in his *History of Iceland*, says that, in that island, children of four or five years of age have been sometimes taken away by them. I do not believe a single word of all this ; nor was there an eagle ever seen in Europe, or in all probability in the world, half strong enough to carry away a child two years of age. *Munchausens* live in many countries !

The recorded accounts of the longevity of this bird seem more probable. One that died at Vienna, we are told, had been in confinement above one hundred years. Their power of sustaining abstinence from food is equally remarkable : an eagle that was in the possession of a gentleman of Conway in Carnarvonshire, was, from the neglect of a servant, kept without food for three weeks. All predaceous birds (and perhaps predaceous quadrupeds also) I am inclined to think, are capable of sustaining abstinence for much more than an ordinary period : their food is precarious ; when they have secured a victim, they gorge to repletion, and seldom go again in quest of prey till they are forced to it by the imperious calls of appetite.

The largest of the three eaglets in Glencoe was complete in his plumage, and formed in appearance a striking contrast with

those which are met with in exhibitions, where, from close confinement, and being forced into a mode of life so repugnant to natural habits, the eagle droops, loses his feathers, and sinks into insignificance, compared with his species in a state of freedom.

After satisfying our curiosity by twenty minutes' contemplation of the eaglets, we again entered the house, intending to pass the night in Glencoe, the scene of slaughter, the valley of death; but the birth place, if we are to believe what has been written on the subject, of Ossian. The room which Betty Campbell appropriated for our accommodation was better fitted up than similar apartments in many of the Highland cottages; and that it was intended for the accommodation of travellers and tourists, was evident from several circumstances, particularly from that convenient article, a bell, the pull of which was formed of the foot of a stag. A broad sword, among other things, ornamented the apartment; it was of modern workmanship—of Birmingham manufacture most likely:—at all events, it was not an Andrea Ferrara.

Before we retired to rest, we went out to take a nocturnal peep at this doubly sombrous valley:—it was ten o'clock, the night was fine; yet the general character of the scene is always appalling:—when I looked down the glen through the thick gloom, and marked the dark shadows of the craggy and projecting rocks, I confess I felt a peculiar kind of shudder—as by a little stretch of fancy I could almost have supposed that I beheld the spirits of the murdered Highlanders assuming terrific forms, and moving grimly amidst the lengthened shadows of the valley!

I have already remarked that the apartment was tolerably well fitted up; the beds had a neat appearance; and instead of feathers, were stuffed, I apprehend, with heath, stripped from the stalk which is probably in general use throughout the Highlands for the same purpose: two good blankets were laid on each bed—sheets were out of the question:—I rolled myself in these and lay down; but I could not sleep—my position became uneasy; and I tried another.—My friend F—— had been snoring for some minutes, when he suddenly awoke, and raising himself up, in a low voice, asked if I had heard nothing at the window? and this interrogatory was immediately followed by—"Is your gun loaded?"—I sprung up, seized my gun, and darted to the window, not, I candidly acknowledge, without alarm. But all was quiet; and on looking through the window, I beheld nothing but the deep shadows of night, reflecting the forms of the dark and jutting crags which immediately faced me. A single moment's reflection indeed would have convinced me that all was right, as my two pointers were lying beside the bed, and would unquestionably have given notice of any hostile approach.

I again folded the blankets round me and lay down: my friend F—— snored, and I tried to sleep. I was weary, and yet refreshing



sleep fled from my embrace. I tumbled about; but, at length, after the lapse of several very heavy hours, I sunk into a sort of perturbed slumber, from which I awoke at half-past four. I rose with a determination of ascending the hills for the purpose of shooting an eagle. I awoke my companion from a profound sleep; we dressed ourselves, turned out; and as the mountains are uncommonly steep in these parts, we devoted a few minutes to the selection of a convenient avenue by which we might ascend to their summits.

I observed an eagle fly from one of the crags as we ascended; but he was at too great a distance for the object I had in view. The ascent was very laborious, and we sat down to rest several times before we reached the top; and when there, nothing was presented to repay the labour: as to eagles, though we saw several, yet we soon became abundantly convinced that these wary birds could only be shot by accident or by ambuscade. We therefore descended to breakfast.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

*The Alpine Hare.—The King's House Inn.—The Highlanders and the Lowlanders.—Grouse Shooting on the Moor of Rannoch.—Incident on the Moor.—Fulminating Mercury.—Per-cussion Powder.—The Magazine.*

As the immediate neighbourhood of Glencoe was not likely to furnish much diversion, we proceeded towards the King's House Inn, situated on the Moor of Rannoch; but as soon as we had emerged from the dismal valley or pass of which I have been speaking at the end of the last chapter, an eagle flew screaming over our heads, and by no means at so great an elevation as these fierce birds are generally seen. I watched him; he gradually descended, and I at length felt a perfect conviction that I saw him alight by the side of a craggy mountain to the right, (that is, looking towards the Moor of Rannoch) and conceiving that I might possibly approach within gun shot, by making my advances cautiously, and under cover, as it were, of the various projecting stones, I turned in the same direction for the purpose of attempting it. I had a considerable space of low ground to cross before I reached the base of the mountain, upon the side of which I supposed the eagle had perched; and this intervening distance proved not only much greater than first appearance, or casual observation, seemed to predict, but the ground was extremely boggy, and so rough and uneven, that I frequently lost sight of the spot to which my attention had been originally directed; the hill assumed new

features on my approach, till I at last wandered in uncertainty. However, I did not remain long in suspense; for I observed the bird rise at the distance of two or three hundred yards, and winging his flight slowly up the mountain, altogether disappeared. My companion, Mr. F—— had continued to follow me at some distance, and I seated myself on a stone till he came up. He rested himself also (travelling in these parts is excessively fatiguing) and for a few minutes we contemplated the wild and dreary scenes by which we were surrounded. We sat with our backs to the mountain (or rather chain of mountains) Glencoe being on our left, other hills on our right, the Moor of Rannoch obliquely in our front, at a considerable distance, and the intermediate space consisting of a rocky, swampy moor, tolerably well stocked with goats, a dingy cottage at some distance, with three men lounging about it, whose appearance, under other circumstances, might have afforded some degree of suspicion; but from every thing which I could observe, I think I may venture to say, that nothing like robbery or danger from thieves, is to be apprehended. In making this assertion, I am aware of the predatory character of the Highlanders of other days; yet the Catherans regarded the Lowlanders as legitimate spoil,\* and therefore a foray was not considered disgraceful; and even the very Catherans themselves were actuated by what they regarded as the strict principles of honour.† At present, however, it may be very justly asserted

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\* “So far indeed was a *creagh* or foray from being held disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to shew his talents for command as soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the *Sassenach*, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael great traditional historians never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages which they could make on the unfortunate districts, which lay within their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant, is in possession of a letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had committed some depredations upon a farm called Moines, occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that, however the mistake had happened, his instructions were precise, that the party should foray the province of Moray (a Lowland district) where, as this chieftain coolly observes, “*all men take their prey.*”

† Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Catheran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied *black mail* up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About night-fall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation, he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised

that highway robbery is a crime of very rare occurrence indeed in the Highlands of Scotland.

Before we rose from our seats, we swallowed a small quantity of excellent oat bread and butter, and after a libation of the best whiskey in the world, turned our faces towards the summits of the craggy mountains near the bottom of which we had been seated, and resolved to ascend to the top, though climbing such rugged steeps is no little labour to an Englishman. There was not much to remunerate the trouble of the ascent, if we except the extensive prospect which a fine clear day gave us when viewed from the altitude which we had attained. We observed eagles at some distance to the number of five, sailing in circles at a great height, and with that slow progress (the wings scarcely seeming to move) for which the bird would appear remarkable. We heard the hoarse croaking of the raven too, and saw several of the smaller kinds of hawk; but none within reach—indeed I was not anxious to kill either hawk or raven, however I might have longed for a nobler quarry: in fact, curiosity led us to ascend these steeps, where every view which presents itself offers so different a character from those which are familiar to English recollection, and where, on this very account, the novelty seldom fails to be interesting.

It was noon—the King's House Inn (as it is called) was at no great distance, and we began to think about dinner. Just as we prepared to descend, a hare sprung up, a few yards from us, and owing to the inequality of the ground, was quickly out of sight. It was of a grey colour, and was evidently one of those alpine or mountain hares, which are said to be white, and which most likely are so in winter, though in summer, when the snow is melted from the mountains, they assume a colour more nearly approximating the colour of their abode. I was anxious to shoot this hare, and I suppose my anxiety frustrated my object, as I fired and missed her, and I evidently fired too soon.

On reaching the base of the mountains, my pointers seemed

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his business and charge, nor his apprehension of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning, and in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide; and without waiting for an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer and his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of the question, and who were well armed. "Stranger (resumed the guide) I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause; for I came to the inn last night for the purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you, that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unplundered and uninjured." He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

much inclined to range the lower ground, and I continued to follow them for some time; in fact, after ranging for two hours, I never saw a single bird, that is, a grouse. It was three o'clock, when we reached the King's House Inn, and nearly an hour elapsed before we were provided with dinner. I was hungry and somewhat fatigued: I made a hearty meal, chiefly of some excellent mutton, while my friend F—— was loud in his praises of the well fed salmon. I felt no inclination to move when dinner was over; and as it began to rain (and continued to rain till night) I enjoyed myself over my favourite toddy till I felt in very good spirits, and, on the whole, remarkably happy.

The King's House Inn affords good accommodations; that is, to speak by comparison; since it cannot be expected, that the fashionable luxuries of the London Tavern, are to be met with in these thinly inhabited, and, in many parts, sterile regions. The house of which I am speaking, is well built, and of tolerable extent; but is not highly finished; and as the window frames, doors, and indeed all the wood work, is destitute of paint, it gives a raw and uncouth appearance to the interior, more striking to those who have been accustomed to a country where comfort forms one of the principal studies of domestic life, where it is better understood than in any other part of the globe, and where cleanliness is regarded as a very virtue. However, the King's House Inn, such as I have described it, is a good, if not a superior, sample of Highland Hotels, at least of such as are met with in the interior, or *country* parts of the kingdom. In some of the towns the case is different, as at Inverness for instance, where we found the accommodations at the Caledonian Inn (kept by one Wilson) superior to those at Glasgow; though I have been since told, that there are several good inns in the place last mentioned, and therefore we might be regarded as unfortunate in our choice. But there is a marked, and a very obvious difference between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland; and the difference of manners and character of the inhabitants, are as dissimilar as the face of their respective abodes. There is much solemn cant and hypocritical cunning (almost amounting to genuine Methodism) among the Lowlanders; they are scandalously exorbitant in their charges; and seem to experience more than ordinary pleasure, when they have succeeded in their sinister designs upon an Englishman's purse. The Highlander is more frank, more generous, and more hospitable: though necessarily restrained from the nature of his rugged mountains, to what may be regarded as the mere necessities of life, he is ever ready to share his little comforts with the stranger who happens to pass his lowly cabin, and is content with a trifle by way of remuneration. I speak as we found the inhabitants of Scotland, and I consider what I have stated as the general characteristics, though, in each, exceptions may be found, beyond all



question. Macculloch states a gross imposition which he experienced in the hire of a horse, (which I have already noticed)—we never were put to that hiring necessity, but we repeatedly engaged a cart and horse for the purpose of carrying our luggage, and on these occasions we found the demands of the Highlanders very moderate.

We felt ourselves very comfortable at the King's House Inn, and I was by no means displeased at the rain falling, as it was an excellent excuse to make to oneself for proceeding no further till the next day. Why this place was called the King's House Inn, I know not: it stands by the side of a military road, with the Moor of Rannoch directly in front, where I was told there were plenty of grouse, though upon the ground to the left of the house and stretching away to the very entrance of Glencoe, I had not been able to raise a single bird.

That other persons were travelling through the Highlands besides myself and Mr. F—— was evident, for when we arrived at the King's House Inn a carriage was standing before the house; but we scarcely obtained a glimpse of those to whom it belonged, as they occupied another apartment and kept themselves exceedingly close. Another carriage also arrived towards the evening, not so splendid as its precursor, a sort of van or covered cart, indeed, and which excited my attention principally from the circumstance of its being attended by a large he-goat, as well as a two-legged driver. Idle curiosity led me down stairs\* to the door. I found the said goat remarkably familiar, but for what purpose it attended the cart I did not stop to enquire, as the rain fell fast:—We passed the evening in pleasant conversation, and retired to rest at ten o'clock.

It was past the same hour, when we turned out the next morning for the purpose of a little diversion upon the Moor of Rannoch. We found that spot very boggy, with much broken ground, and the walking upon it consequently troublesome and fatiguing: but I was soon convinced, from infallible indications, that there was plenty of grouse at no great distance; nor was it long before my dogs pointed and five fine birds rose before them, one of which I killed. We continued our sport; and in about one hour and a half I had bagged three brace. The day was very fine—indeed it was oppressively hot, and we pursued our diversion rather lazily than otherwise. After having loaded my gun, on killing the sixth bird, we halted for the purpose of refreshing ourselves with a little of the genuine mountain dew.† While in this situation, we perceived

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\* On entering what are called Inns in the Highlands, we were generally conducted into a room up stairs, the lower apartments being appropriated apparently to the domestic purposes of the family.

† It may not be amiss here to remark, that whenever the sportsman is desirous of making a laborious and a long day's shooting, he should abstain as much

a person approaching at some distance, having a gun in his hand, and accompanied by one dog. He was evidently making for the place where we had seated ourselves; in fact, it was evident we were his mark. On his near approach, I perceived that, in stature, he was above the ordinary standard; and as a few seconds brought him within a few yards of us, I had a full view of his countenance, which was strongly marked with anger; his eye brows were thick, heavy, and remarkably flexible; they moved rapidly for a short period, and then settled in one of the most dense and determined frowns I ever witnessed on the human countenance. It was evident that his object was to address us in language of severe disapprobation, and yet he laboured under some degree of hesitation as to the most advisable method of commencing the wordy war. "Good morning, Sir," said I; and observing his dog, at the same moment, stagger and fall—I remarked, "Your dog is ill, Sir!" He instantly turned round (the dog was behind him) and became evidently much alarmed. The dense frown which overspread his countenance instantly disappeared, and the expression of alarm which his aspect displayed might be said to occupy its place. I had already risen from my seat, and had advanced to the place where the dog was struggling; and perceiving the perplexity under which the owner of him laboured, I took a lancet from my pocket, and without ceremony set about bleeding the animal. I could clearly perceive in the countenance of the stranger that he was fearful, lest I should injure his dog, though he appeared thankful for my prompt and officious atten-

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as possible from drinking. On such occasions (the 12th of August, for instance, with hot weather) I have always found the following plan to answer better than any other:—I make as hearty a breakfast as possible, and avoid tasting either meat or drink till about eleven o'clock, when I sit down, make as hearty a meal as possible, and do not move again for several hours, (as under a meridian sun, the birds become stationary and lie close; consequently, there is little or no scent; while ranging, under such circumstances, is distressing beyond measure to dogs.)—I then continue till night, if possible, without taking any other refreshment. I have uniformly found, that whenever I began to sip at the liquor flask, that one taste or swallow begot or produced another; and that, having once commenced drinking, it was scarcely possible to abandon it, while any liquor remained; and even then I have drank cold water, than which nothing can be more dangerous. It is not advisable to drink any spirituous liquor undiluted; but, on the contrary, to dilute it so much as merely to have the taste of the liquor: I always provide myself well with refreshments, when going on the moors, but have recourse to drinking as seldom as possible: it may seem strange, perhaps, but it is not less true, that I have always found myself much sooner exhausted (or *knocked up*) upon repeated applications to the liquor flask, than when I have abstained from drinking altogether.—There are some sportsmen, who shoot till they are fatigued or satisfied, return to their house or quarters to dinner, and do not go out again till the next morning. This is perhaps the best, as well as the pleasantest, plan; but it is not suited to all dispositions, and particularly to that ardent impulse so frequently the leading characteristic of a young sportsman.

tion. Although the operation of bleeding a dog is very simple, and what I have many times performed, yet, on the present occasion, when I was a little anxious perhaps to shew my dexterity, I was much more awkward than usual. At length the blood began to flow, and by pressing my finger upon the vein below the orifice I caused it to gush more freely; but it was not without some difficulty that I took from the animal, as nearly as I could guess, seven ounces. The alteration in the dog was evident: the stranger, no doubt, conceived I had saved his life—and he seemed embarrassed: he had approached us with a very lowering brow, and a threatening aspect; an unforeseen incident had disarmed his resentment, and rendered him, in some measure, my debtor. He was at a loss how to act; and in order to relieve him from his awkward predicament, I advised him to give the dog a spoonful of syrup of buckthorn, and never to range the moors, particularly in hot weather, without a lancet in his pocket. He thanked me very heartily, walked away, and was soon out of sight. Kindness disarms anger, but opposition is fuel to a fire.

Dogs, like human beings, are subject to disease; and those who visit the moors in particular, where professional assistance is rarely to be obtained, should be provided, as far as possible, for any casualty which may happen to so important an assistant. They are liable to attacks, similar to that above described; and I have uniformly found copious bleeding of the most essential service on such occasions; I have indeed, always found it a complete restorative.

We continued our diversion; and, after killing seven brace, we returned to the King's House Inn to dinner. The moor was well stocked with grouse, so much so indeed, that I could easily have killed three times the number—the quantity of grouse, which is found in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland is truly astonishing, and the slaughter that sometimes ensues, prodigious!

It was our intention to proceed to Inveronan, after dinner, where we intended to remain for the night. The distance was nine or ten miles, which we proposed to walk towards the close of the afternoon, when the intense heat of the sun had somewhat abated. We left the King's House Inn at five o'clock, at which time there was a drizzling rain: it continued to increase, and before we had proceeded a mile, fell fast. My pointers set steadily by the side of the road, and the temptation was too great to be resisted. I approached, the birds rose very fairly—I discharged each barrel in succession, at two excellent shots which were presented to me; and I missed them both. I was mortified at my awkwardness; and, as the birds did not fly any great distance, I resolved to follow them, notwithstanding the rain. Having reloaded my fowling piece, I placed caps on the nipples (touch holes) which had been presented to me by Mr. Wright of Hereford, which were primed



with *fulminating mercury*,\* and which that gentleman informed me, were impervious to wet. I found them so, or, at least, my gun never missed fire: I picked up three birds, for which, however, I expended six discharges, and got well wet into the bargain.

As far as I am able to form an opinion from this experiment, as well as from several similar opportunities which afterwards occurred, I have every reason to believe that *fulminating mercury*, as far as regards the discharge of the fowling piece, is precisely what Mr. Wright represents it. At the same time, I am of opinion, that if percussion powder† were placed in the copper caps in the same manner as described by Mr. Wright, with a solution of

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\* Mr. E. G. Wright, of Hereford, was the first to apply *fulminating mercury* to the discharge of the fowling piece; and to the kindness of this gentleman I am obliged for the following directions for preparing it:—"My method of preparing the *fulminating mercury*, (says he) is as follows:—I place two drachms of quicksilver in a Florence flask, and pour six drachms (*measure*) of pure nitric acid on the mercury: this I place in a stand, over a spirit lamp, and make it boil till the quicksilver is taken up by the acid: when nearly cool, I pour it on an ounce (*measure*) of alcohol in another flask: sometimes immediately, effervescence ensues, with the extrication of nitrous ether; and often I have been obliged to place the mixture over the lamp, till a white fume begins to rise, when the effervescence follows. I suffer the process to continue, (removing the lamp) till the fumes assume a reddish hue; when I pour water into the flask, and the powder is found precipitated to the bottom. I pour off, and add fresh water, permitting the powder to subside each time before the water is poured off, so as to free the substance as much as possible from the acid; and then I pour it on a piece of filtering paper, and place the powder in an airy room to dry. It should be kept in a corked (not stopper) bottle. Sometimes the powder is quite white, and often light brown, in colour; but this is of no consequence. To fill the caps, I use a small ivory pin, scooped at one end to take up the powder, and flat at the other end, to fit the bottom of the cap: I place a very small portion of the powder in the cap, just sufficient to cover the bottom, and then dip the flat end of the pin in a strong tincture of gum benzoin, so as only to moisten it, (if I may be allowed the expression) and press the pin so moistened, on the powder in the cap, and gently turn it, so as to secure the powder in the cap, the tincture acting as a varnish on the surface of the powder. After a little practice, a great number of caps may be prepared in a short time, in this manner; and I have no doubt, the *fulminating mercury* will be preferred, on trial, to the percussion powder at present used."

Mr. Wright also observes:—"Its advantages are:—it does not create rust so rapidly, as the powder now used; it is not affected by damp or moisture; and from every severe test I have given it, I do not believe it so liable to explode; and, in case of such accident, as its force does not extend so far, its effects would not be so destructive." "*Fulminating mercury* (observes Mr. Wright) ought to be made in an outhouse, or in an unfurnished room, under a chimney, on account of the nitrous fumes extricated in the first, and the nitrous ether in the second, part of the process. It may be made into paste, with weak tincture of gum benzoin, and granulated for the magazine locks of Forsyth, and other makers, but must not be mixed with any other substance."

† It may not be amiss here to observe, that *fulminating mercury*, and that preparation of oxy muriate of potash and antimony hitherto more commonly used for priming to the fowling piece, are equally *percussion powder*, as they both ignite by a blow.



gum benzoin, it would resist wet in a great degree, though not perhaps so effectually as fulminating mercury. The latter appears very little, if at all, corrosive: and indeed percussion powder is much less so than when originally introduced. When Forsyth first applied percussion powder as priming for the fowling piece, a solemn sort of mystery was attempted to be thrown around it, in order to induce a supposition that enchantment, or something far out of the ordinary course, was indispensable in its composition; and this sort of juggle answered one important purpose to the vender—it enabled him to charge an enormous price for a very indifferent article. Forsyth's percussion powder was composed of oxymuriate of potash, sulphur, and charcoal, and was found so excessively corrosive, that I have little doubt this mode of igniting the charge of gunpowder in the barrel would have been ultimately abandoned, had not a very great improvement taken place in its component parts. Forsyth was not the first philosopher that discovered a composition that would ignite by excessive friction, for a blow, in such case, amounts to merely this and no more; but he was certainly the first who used it as priming to the fowling piece. However, when the matter came to be investigated, it was discovered that oxymuriate of potash and antimony in equal portions formed a percussion powder much superior to the composition of sulphur, charcoal, and oxymuriate of potash—its ignition was equally rapid, and its combustion more complete; while that excess of corrosion, so conspicuous in the former composition, was very much reduced indeed, though not absolutely neutralized. Fulminating mercury may perhaps be justly considered as a further improvement. Mr. Wright seems to think that its use is not more dangerous than that of the common percussion powder: when placed in the caps, I am not aware that it is so, yet as it will ignite with much less friction, I still conceive it must be more liable to spontaneous or accidental explosion. In a letter, which I some time ago received from the gentleman I have just mentioned, he observes:—"It has been asserted by some that fulminating mercury is a dangerous substance; every detonating compound is so certainly, and so is gunpowder, but the fulminating mercury is not so dangerous as the percussion powder made from chlorate of potash, and from every severe test I have given it, I do not perceive any risk from its use beyond what attaches to the common percussion powder—both require care in using them." Nothing is more true; but, as I before observed, since fulminating mercury is more easily ignited than the preparation of oxymuriate of potash and antimony, so it would appear more dangerous. If a little fulminating mercury be placed upon a stone and merely rubbed (and gently too) with the poker, it will explode; the common percussion powder will not; on the contrary, it requires a blow, or at least an excess of friction far more than is requisite to ignite

the former. The explosion of fulminating mercury (as Mr. Wright very justly observes) is by no means so powerful as that of the preparation of oxymuriate of potash and antimony; and on this account perhaps the fowling piece may drive the shot with more force when the charge is ignited by the latter. The difference will be very trifling in all probability, but, still I am inclined to think the results will not be exactly the same.

I cannot help supposing, that fulminating mercury would be highly dangerous, if granulated and used with a magazine, from the very circumstance of its becoming so easily ignited:—I should be apprehensive of its explosion from the movement of the magazine, or the shock occasioned by the recoil of the fowling piece; but when once the fulminating mercury is deposited in the cap, I consider all danger at an end. In regard to magazine locks, I trust they will, ere long, be altogether abandoned: there is always danger to be apprehended from them, whatever the makers may assert to the contrary. I was once prevailed upon to have one of these magazine contrivances applied to a fowling piece: the plan seemed very feasible and very pretty, and I suffered myself to be persuaded that it united all possible advantages: it was repeatedly tried in my presence in the gunmaker's shop, and appeared to act remarkably well. I took out this specimen of united perfection, I well recollect, on the first of September, and having found a covey of birds, it missed fire—it missed six times in succession, and I was mortified beyond measure: however, by some further assistance from the maker, it was made to act tolerably well; but, although it was expressly intended to be a self primer, yet there was no dependance on its firing unless I first ascertained that the percussion powder was absolutely deposited in the place intended for its reception; and even then I was not always certain of my shot. I continued its use, however, for several days; but going out about the middle of the same month, in discharging the piece (the right barrel) the whole of the percussion powder in the magazine exploded, and tore away the lock—and this too in defiance of a *safety* valve, and all other mechanical precautions.

(To be continued.)

## (FROM THE GAMEKEEPER'S DIRECTORY.)

*Mode of Hatching the Eggs of Pheasants or Partridges,*

*When the Parent Bird has been Killed, or the Nest Forsaken by her ; and also of Rearing the Young ; with Observations on the Breeding of Game in general.*

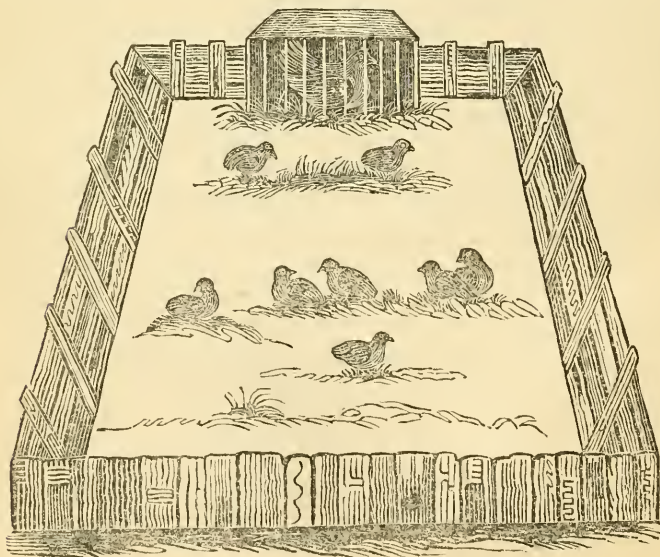
Under this head, I shall proceed to shew that the eggs of pheasants and partridges may be very easily hatched, and the young reared with much less trouble than is generally supposed, by means of a foster mother. I am well aware, that, from the numerous failures which are constantly occurring in hatching and rearing these young birds when deprived of their parent, that it is regarded as of difficult accomplishment. This arises, however, merely from ignorance of the proper mode to be pursued ; hence any undertaking may become difficult, where the method of effecting it is not understood.

When eggs are mown over, or otherwise deprived of the attention of the female, they should be carefully removed. And it may not be amiss to state, that eggs upon which the bird has sat but for a short period, are much more liable to destruction by removal, than

when they are near hatching : if, at the former period, they are *shook*, they are destroyed : a good plan, therefore is to place them in bran or saw-dust, by which means they may be safely conveyed from one place to another. I need scarcely observe, that as little time as may be should be wasted in the business ; though, when the eggs are near hatching, they appear to sustain little or no injury even if a considerable period should elapse from the time of their exposition till they are again placed in a state of incubation. The eggs, thus removed, should be put under a domestic hen or tame pheasant, and the hen and eggs covered with a lutch, which, while it protects the foster mother from the inclemencies of the weather, will admit of the egress and regress of the young birds—

From the annexed wood engraving, the reader will be enabled to form an

*The Hutch, Frame, &c. for Rearing Young Partridges and Pheasants.*





idea of the hutch. It should be sufficiently large for the hen to turn and move, and from it should proceed a frame about a foot high (as seen in the engraving) to prevent the young birds from rambling away before they acquire sufficient strength, though by this means they will be able to exercise themselves in the little area formed by the frame. A net should be covered over the whole, if any danger be apprehended from birds of prey. However, when the birds become strong, both net and frame may be taken away.

It may be said, that the hen is not in the humour to sit upon them, though it generally happens at this period of the year that little difficulty is experienced in this respect: however, should it so happen that a hen willing to sit cannot be found, by pulling a few feathers from her belly, and stinging her bare skin with nettles, she will be induced to seat herself on the eggs without further trouble.

The situation chosen for the business should not of course be in the poultry yard, as the young partridges or pheasants would be killed by the domestic poultry, or otherwise destroyed. The hutch should be placed in an orchard or some such place, where there is grass, as the insects which adhere to the blades and bents of grass are greedily eaten, and constitute good food for the young birds, whether partridges or pheasants. In gentlemen's parks and grounds, there are generally to be seen small places, where several trees perhaps are enclosed with posts and rails: such are good situations for the purpose; where the hen will sit and hatch in security, and where the young birds will find insects as well as grass, upon both of which they feed: in addition to which, however, ants' eggs should be procured for them, or maggots, or both; or, if these cannot be had, the white of an egg boiled and chopped small will answer the purpose. But, as at this season of the year, ants' eggs are very easily to be got and maggots also; they are to be preferred to the white of an egg. In a state of unlimited freedom, young partridges and pheasants feed upon grass, insects, and also upon ants' eggs; and mag-

gots\* when they can find them; consequently, by adopting this system of diet, we are providing the birds with what nature intended for their use; and they will not fail to thrive upon it.

But the maggots should be prepared for them, and indeed may be produced also. Expose a piece of carrion in the open air, and it will soon produce maggots in abundance, which, in the first instance, will appear dark coloured. If given to the birds in this state, they will be found injurious, as they purge excessively; therefore, when the maggots are taken from the carrion, they should be placed in bran, and in the course of about twenty-four hours, they will be completely scoured, will become white, and may be freely given to the young brood.

In the course of a short period, crumbs of bread may be given them, and even corn as they grow larger. As to insects, these they will seek for themselves amongst the surrounding grass, and they will, at the same time, eat some of the grass also. To shew the fondness of these birds for insects, place a few flies before them, and they will be greedily devoured. Should insects be found numerous on the bents and blades of grass, (which will be the case when showers frequently fall, or when the atmosphere is lowering or what is called heavy) the young birds, it will be perceived, will feed much less greedily on the ants' eggs, or other food, which

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\* The pheasant (observes Goldsmith) seems to feed indifferently upon every thing that offers. It is said, by a French writer, that one of the king's gamekeepers shooting at a parcel of crows that were gathered round a dead carcase, to his great surprise, upon coming up, found that he had killed as many pheasants as crows. The evident inference in this case is, that the pheasants were feeding upon the carrion; it forms a striking example of the incorrectness of closet naturalists, and points out the propriety of receiving their accounts with the utmost caution. The fact is, the pheasants had approached the carcase in search of maggots.



is offered them, in consequence of their devouring great quantities of the insects in question. It will easily be perceived when the young birds are in health from the bright appearance of the eye; also, the feathers will grow fast and appear smooth and glossy. Young partridges, when very healthy, will be observed to twitch or move their little tails very often. Place some sand or light earth near them, in which they may bask.

They may be called together by whistling; but as they become strong and are able to fly well, they begin to ramble away from their foster mother, and at length provide for themselves. However, they never depart to any great distance; and therefore, where many pheasants and partridges are thus hatched, they will always be found in the immediate domain or neighbourhood.

It is a general remark, that a dry spring and summer are favourable to the breeding of game, which is undoubtedly a fact; but the subject may be thus divided:—If very little rain falls during the months of May and June, young pheasants and partridges will be found very numerous; and if, after this period, frequent showers descend, the young birds will be healthy and thrive very fast, since the winged insects will be pressed to the earth, as it were, by the state of the atmosphere, and their favourite food will, in consequence, be found in abundance. Hence, if the farmer studied his own interest, he would encourage the breed of partridges at least, since his growing crops of corn derive the utmost benefit from them, and are perhaps occasionally preserved from *blights*, the latter generally arising from a superabundance of the insect tribes.

In rearing the young of partridges or pheasants by means of a foster mother, a *tame pheasant* will be found preferable to a domestic hen, if such a bird can be obtained. By *tame pheasant*, I do not mean one which is kept in an aviary; on the contrary, a bird which is quite at liberty, but which will nevertheless suffer itself to be caught. The following will shew the matter as clearly as possible. In the year 1829, one of

Mr. Scarisbrick's keepers (W. Margerison) hatched a number of pheasants under hens, from eggs which had been mown over. I saw these birds many times. They were allowed their entire liberty; and when they were well able to provide for themselves they gradually disappeared, and no doubt took up their abode in the neighbouring plantations. In the following year (1830) in the breeding season, one of these hen pheasants returned to the place where she had been hatched, when twenty-five partridges' and pheasants' eggs were placed under her, which she hatched, producing twenty-five healthy birds, which I repeatedly saw, and which to me were highly interesting. On the approach of the breeding season of 1831, the same bird formed a nest near to the spot where it had been hatched itself, into which it deposited sixteen eggs. The keeper removed the bird to another situation where it brought forth sixteen young birds, which I repeatedly saw, and which were well grown and could fly early in July. The reason why a hen pheasant of this sort is preferable to a domestic hen is, that she can cover more eggs, and the young thrive better with her: her form is more elongated than that of the domestic hen, her wings are longer, and she is thus furnished with superior means for clutching the young brood.

It would appear that, for the first three weeks after hatching, the young birds do not require water. By way of experiment, I, in the same year (1831) allowed four young partridges, which had been hatched under a domestic hen, to drink as much water as they pleased—they all died. I took one of the same brood entirely from the hen into the house when it was five days old, and fed it as already described. At three weeks old, it had become a strong bird. I then allowed it to drink water freely, and occasionally indulged it with milk, of which it was very fond. It ran about the house during the day, and at night was placed in flannel warmed for the purpose, where it reposed till the morning. It became uncommonly familiar. It would follow me into the garden or homestead, where it would feed on insects

and grass, and I have occasionally observed it swallow large worms. Of all things, however, flies appeared to be its favourite food; and it was the most dexterous fly catcher I ever saw. The summer of this year happened to be remarkable for abundance of flies, of which the bird devoured vast numbers. Before he was able to fly, I frequently lifted him into the window, and it was truly amusing to witness his dexterity in fly catching; he can now lift himself into the window. He was named *Dick*, to which he answered as well as possible. Dick was a very social being, but he could not endure being left alone; and if it so happened (as it occasionally did) that the bird found every person had quitted the room, he immediately went in search of the family; if the door was shut, and his egress thus denied, he uttered the most plaintive noise, evidently testifying every symptom of uneasiness and fear in being separated from his friends and protectors. Dick was a great favourite, and on this account was suffered to take many liberties. When breakfast was brought in, he used to jump on the table, and very unceremoniously help himself to bread, or to whatever he took a fancy: but different from the magpie or jackdaw, under similar circumstances, Dick was easily checked. He was fond of stretching himself in the sun beams; and if this was not attainable, before the kitchen fire. On being taken into the house, he was presented to the view of the cat, the latter, at the same time, given to understand that the bird was privileged, and that she must not disturb him. The cat was evidently not fond of Dick as an inmate; but, though jealous, she abstained from violence: I have seen her, it is true, give him a blow with her paw; but this only occurred when the bird attempted to take bread, &c. from her; and not always then, as she frequently suffered herself to be robbed by him. Dick also made friends with my pointers. He slept in my bed-room, but was by no means so early a riser as his fraternity in a state of nature: however, when he came forth, his antics were amusing enough: he shook himself, jumped and flew about the room for several minutes, and then descended

into the breakfast room. Dick was a healthy strong bird, and was never more than two yards from my elbow during the time which I was occupied in writing his *Biography*.

Young partridges and pheasants are tender for some time after they are hatched; but, when three weeks old, may be considered as out of danger.

If hatched under a hen, and she at liberty, and suffered to lead them into the yard or elsewhere, they will all die in a very few days.

There has been some ridiculous nonsense put forth about the breeding of partridges and pheasants under a domestic hen; of which the following is a specimen:—"when she (the hen) has sat the regular time, if the young do not appear, the feathers are glued to the inner surface of the shell from being exposed to too great heat from the hen. To remedy this, dip the eggs five or six minutes in water, and the moisture will soak through the shell and loosen the feathers."

Young partridges and pheasants should be fed often for several weeks after they are hatched; but the method usually practised for hatching these birds under a foster mother is not only very troublesome, but much at variance with the natural process, and consequently seldom successful, never completely so. In all operations of this sort, we can never do better than adhere as strictly to simple nature as possible. The directions already given have been written from practical experience & observation, and the most unqualified reliance may be placed on them. However, to make this publication as complete as possible, I will detail the instructions on this head which have been given by those who very evidently did not understand the business. Thus we are told that, "when first hatched, they should be fed with hard boiled eggs, crumbs of bread and lettuce leaves, well mixed, with an addition of the eggs of meadow ants. At this tender age, two precautions are essential, viz. never to allow them any drink, nor carry them abroad until the dew is entirely off (every kind of humidity being hurtful (and that their food be given frequently and in small quantities, beginning at day break and always

mixing it with ant eggs: the place must be kept extremely clean, and they should be taken in before sunset. In the second month, nutriment more substantial may be given, such as eggs of the wood ant, wheat, barley, ground beans, wood lice, earwigs, and other small insects, to make a variety; and the intervals between the meals may be gradually prolonged. At this time, they begin to be subject to vermin; place small heaps of dry earth, or fine sand; by tumbling in which, they will soon rid themselves of the painful itching occasioned by them. Water must also now be given frequently, and always clear, else the *pip* may be contracted, which must be removed, and the bill rubbed with bruised garlic, mixed with tar. The third month is attended with new diseases; the tail feathers then drop and others appear. Ant eggs given moderately, are efficacious in hastening the trying moment, and lessening its danger. The young birds may now be carried into the field where the colony is to be dispersed. They must at first be fed in the field with some favourite food, but never twice in the same spot, and the quantity may be diminished daily; and thus, by degrees, they will be enabled to provide for themselves." I might detail more *old womanish methods*, equally troublesome, and equally inefficacious; but it would be time worse than idly spent. Those who follow the instructions which I have given will have little trouble, and will rarely lose a bird; while those who follow the *old womanish* method must take more than ordinary pains, and will not rear half the young birds.—If the feathers of the young birds do not appear smooth and healthy, give them some bread which has been soaked in water wherein a little salt has been melted.

When partridges and pheasants, reared under a foster mother, acquire strength, they ramble away; but if it be wished to stock any particular preserve or plantation at a distance, they should be placed there from the first.

Pheasants are fond of white pease; and when it becomes necessary to feed

these birds, when grown, there is nothing better.

It is generally supposed that grouse do not breed well in a dry season, but are found more numerous when it is moist. I am decidedly of opinion that the same observations which I have just made respecting pheasants and partridges are equally applicable in this case also. In a dry season, grouse are supposed to suffer from a want of water; while I am decidedly of opinion that, if they do suffer in a dry season it is rather from a want of food, than lack of water: the food of young grouse consists principally of insects: if, therefore, the state of the atmosphere continue to be such that insects are enabled to keep out of their reach, the young birds may perhaps perish by hunger, not from thirst. I have visited the moors for a considerable number of years, and have uniformly found grouse more abundant in a dry, than in a wet, season; and, I am of opinion, that if those persons acquainted with the moors would reflect on the subject that they would come to the same conclusion.—As far as relates to incubation, we well know that a certain degree of warmth or heat is indispensably requisite to produce a satisfactory issue; and therefore a wet season cannot be otherwise than highly injurious:—it is equally evident that continued wet must be very detrimental to the young brood, particularly for the first fortnight after it is hatched.

In respect to hares, as far as my observations will enable me to form an opinion, it would appear, that they are very little affected by a wet breeding season; for instance, the season of 1830 was remarkably wet and cold—there were fewer young partridges and pheasants than I ever recollect, yet hares were found in abundance.

These animals sometimes suffer from a disease called the rot, which makes its appearance, not during the breeding season, but in winter. It principally afflicts hares which lie on low or marshy grounds, but is not of frequent occurrence.



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AQUATICS.

**SAILING MATCH DURING THE LATE STORM.**—On Tuesday, 18th of June, a sweepstakes match took place, from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, between Mr. Gunston's *Sabrina* (of 21 tons), Mr. Stokes' *Victorine* (of 16 tons), and Mr. Smith's *Lady Louisa* (of 13 tons)—boats belonging to the Royal Thames Yacht Club. The match was pounds for tonnage, and excited much interest, inasmuch, as it tended to give the *Lady* another opportunity of coming alongside the *Sabrina*, by which yacht she was defeated in a late contest. The *Lady Louisa*, on the following day, sailed and beat the *Victorine*. The latter yacht, at that time, we considered, would not do any good without plenty of wind, but many were of opinion, that even then she could not beat the *Louisa*. The *Sabrina*, in running and reaching, was always a fast boat, and, since she has undergone several important alterations, she turns better to windward. This was perceptible in her match with the *Lady*, and on Tuesday she was backed to win against the field. W. Harrison, Esq. the Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, hoisted his flag on board the *Oberon*, Gravesend packet, which had taken its station off the Tower for the reception of the members of the Club, and their friends. The vessel was crowded with company, all of whom, fortunately—as the result will tend to show—were of the masculine gender. About nine, the *Oberon* got under weigh, and, after some difficulty, cleared the crowded Pool, which was rendered more arduous to pass through, in consequence of the wind being exceedingly fresh. On arriving at Greenwich, the Commodore adjusted the preliminaries, and the *Lady* took her station on the north shore, the *Victorine* next, and the *Sabrina* abreast of the *Victorine*. At an early hour, the freshness of the wind indicated an approaching gale, and while at anchor off Greenwich, it blew with much severity from about W. and W. by S. There was not a chance of the wind lulling at any time during the day, indeed it was more than probable that it would increase in violence on the flood tide, and

under these circumstances, the Commodore very judiciously delayed starting the yachts, until nearly twelve o'clock. The start was well managed by all the yachts, but the *Lady* as usual, showed the way down, followed by the *Victorine* and the *Sabrina*, in the wake of each other. They went away at a spanking rate, with three reefs in their mainsails, accompanied by the *Yda*, *Giaour*, *Alert*, *Earl Spencer* (with a private party on board), *Ellen*, and several other yachts. A flotilla of yachts of minor tonnage had rendezvoused at Greenwich, for the purpose of going down with the match; but, with one or two exceptions, they were deterred by the "snuffler" that prevailed. As the contending boats approached Blackwall, they drew nearer together, and kept close company, until rounding the point, when the *Sabrina* went clean by her opponents. It was something like a match: there was no whistling for a puff of wind to fill their sails; every boat had as much, if not more, than she knew what to do with; and beautifully did each and every one carry on, in the most gallant style—the *Sabrina* evidently *walking* away from her opponents, and the *Victorine* pressing her *Ladyship* more closely than she or her friends could, under the circumstances, possibly desire. While running through the next reach, the pump on board the *Lady* was put into requisition; but, although she had shipped some water, she continued to keep her position a-head of the *Victorine*. The *Sabrina* gradually went in advance, and, as it appeared evident she would reach Gravesend first, we directed our attention principally to the two remaining boats, between which an interesting struggle had commenced. They were running alongside the *Essex* shore admirably, and almost stem and stem with each other, the *Victorine* being to leeward. In this manner, they contended till off Barking (the *Lady* still being to windward), when the *Victorine* got her jib-sheet clear of the *Lady*, and went by her. The wind, which had previously been most outrageous, had now increased to a gale, and it was a matter of much



surprise how the boats could stand under it. We passed two dismasted yachts, and saw several others in great distress; but still the contending boats rapidly approached Gravesend, and at a quarter to two, the Sabrina rounded the flag-boat stationed off the lower part of the town, being five minutes in advance of the Victorine, and six minutes and a half of the Lady Louisa. In rounding the flag boat at Gravesend, Mr. Smith had a narrow escape, for while jibing the Lady's sail, he got entangled with the gear, and was dragged overboard: he was, however, happily rescued. In beating up against as stiff a "dead noser" as has been witnessed for many years, some tremendous, and certainly most hazardous, work ensued. The yachts, both large and small, observed all due precaution; but, notwithstanding, great fears were entertained for the safety of many. The Oberon laid to for the boats a short time, and there was scarcely an individual on board who escaped a complete drenching. Those who had left their foul weather clothing on shore, presented a pitiable, and at the same time a laughable, sight. Their apparel adhered to their backs most pertinaciously; but, instead of taking the *shine* out of it, the repeated contacts with the waves gave a gloss to the woollen which it never had before. In fact, one and all appeared as if their habiliments had been in the hands of some Jew renovator of black and blue "toggerly": a glow-worm for its brightness was not to be compared to them. How could it be otherwise, when there were occasionally about three tons of water floating over the deck; and when the vessel went about, some one was sure to be immersed up to the pockets of his inexpressibles in the brackish element, amidst the laughter of those who had the good luck to escape. The gale had now become a perfect hurricane, and it was considered impossible for any vessel to live in it. Many took shelter in the cabin, which was ankle-deep in water; but our duty compelled us to be upon deck, more especially as something fearful was anticipated. Our fears, we are sorry to state, were shortly verified; for in the distance, we saw a boat upset, and we have since learned that it was a peter-

boat, with a fisherman and boy on board, both of whom were drowned. The gale increased in violence, and it was evident that many boats were in the utmost distress, and that a general panic prevailed. We had scarcely time to look after the contending yachts, before we heard the cry of "Our mainsheet's gone." All hands aft were in instant readiness, and the damage was shortly rectified. We again turned our attention to the contending yachts, and observed that the tug of war had commenced. The wind-ing point had certainly been gained, but it remained a matter of extreme doubt, not only whether the Sabrina could maintain her advantage, but whether all or any of the yachts could keep under weigh in such a storm, which had been brewing with the flood-tide. The Sabrina's power seemed to promise her backers ample success, notwithstanding the gallant efforts of both the other yachts, especially the Victorine: for the delicate little Lady (whose frequent victories have made her so famous, and so formidable to all antagonists) showed symptoms of distress, and it became evident that she could not much longer "bide the pelting of the pitiless storm." The Lady has borne as much as ever thirteen tons did in the Thames, and she ultimately withdrew from the contest in Grays, and ran for anchorage at Gravesend. The Victorine still maintained the dreadful struggle, but it was for a considerable time very improbable that she should weather on the Sabrina. At the head of Long Reach, however, she made excellent play, and the Sabrina having missed stays in Erith Rands, the Victorine made a rapid advance upon her. The position of the vessels continued until they made Half-Way Reach, where the very Spirit of the Storm had concentrated its utmost violence; and it appeared that the fate of the match must be decided; for at this point the whole fleet was brought to a stand-still. Here the Sabrina became crippled by the bolt-rope giving way, and the thimble coming out of the jib, which circumstances, combined with their not being enabled to reduce their canvass sufficiently for so tremendous a gale, by reason of the reefs in the mainsail not being made large enough, is to

be attributed to the Sabrina not proceeding on her course. The danger wore a most threatening aspect, and vessels of superior tonnage adopted the course which prudence appeared to demand. But the heroic Victorine seemed reckless of the danger, and deaf to the howlings of the tempest: Honour hailed her on, and she appeared to be determined not to lose the chance of renown which must be her's should she survive the perils of that day. She, with her storm jib set, continued to buffet with the heavy and suffocating sea, in which she was, at times, quite buried. She now had the field to herself, and if she could save the tide to Greenwich the day must be her own. Not even one of the numerous and powerful vessels which had started with her was now disposed to accompany her in her lonely way. By this time, we had passed several yachts which had been driven on shore, and among the number were the Alert and Ellen. The Yda was prevented continuing her course by her gaff being carried away. The Giaour, Earl Spencer, and the rest of the fleet which had ventured thus far, came to anchor under the Half-way House Point. It was evident that we (Oberon) could not long continue on our course, for at this period we felt the vessel scraping the ground. In an instant, a voice exclaimed, "Go on shore we must!" "Lower the foresail," cried a second; "Let go the jib," ejaculated a third; but it was all to no purpose, for the packet was, in a few moments, completely *shelved* on Barking Shelf, and rather above the Half-way House. Confusion now became "worse confounded:"—not that there was any serious danger to be apprehended from so untoward an event, but more from the inconvenience which was likely to result by the vessel going a-ground. After an ineffectual attempt to prevail upon the Dart and Rose, steamers, to stop and take the Oberon's company on board, the whole were landed, as were also many on board the other yachts. It would be impossible to convey to our readers any thing like an idea of the miserable appearance which the whole of us presented, on entering the Half-way public house. Not one escaped a thorough drenching, and what added to our unenviable condition

was the fact of having to make the best of our way to Woolwich on foot. Cruickshank, had he been present, might have made an admirable subject from a group of such *picturesque* bipeds. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed before the landlady gave information that the whole of her stock of brandy had been consumed. This intelligence, to the many who were waiting for a *small* quantity "to keep out the cold," added considerably to their dismay, but to none more so than to several whose "outward and visible signs evidently showed the inward and *spiritual* grace which was working within"—or, in other words, those with flushed *phixes* and grog-blossom noses. The proverb, that "misfortunes never come singly," was in this instance verified: for, while several of the company were going at a sort of jog-trot across the meadows, on their way to Woolwich, they mistook a ditch, overgrown with long and thick grass, for *terra firma*, which added much to their personal appearance. However, ultimately, all accidents, both by "flood and field," were surmounted, and a numerous party assembled at Mattison's, the Old George Tavern, Greenwich, where they were most kindly received by the worthy host and fair hostess, and every attention paid them which their miserable condition required. On our arrival at Greenwich, we found that the Victorine had not yet made her appearance, and it was generally rumoured that something fatal had happened to her. We were, however, shortly relieved from our suspense by the Victorine showing herself in Blackwall Reach, cracking away in a style which proved that her crew was composed of "good men and true." Having rounded the flag-boat, we ascertained that she had been some time ashore below Woolwich; but, at length being made all right by the rising of the tide, she resumed her course. The only vessel which afterwards followed the Victorine was the Giaour, a beautiful yacht belonging to the Loyal Yacht Club, whose owner had been compelled by indifferent health to rest awhile, to recruit the exhausted strength of himself and company. This vessel, whose admirable power this day was peculiarly calculated to develope, was the only one which

accompanied the match throughout the whole distance, no other having gone round the distance-boat at Gravesend, or returned to Greenwich, at which place the Giaour arrived just in time to hail the conquest of the Victorine, as she bore up round the winning-boat, at eight o'clock. The match was at once the most distressing and the most interesting scene of the kind we have ever witnessed: for, while we trembled with apprehension for the lives of those engaged in it, we were excited to the

highest degree of admiration by the unshrinking courage and wonderful skill of the parties who manned the yachts. Had we not witnessed the prowess of our amateurs, we should not have thought it possible they would have attempted so desperate an undertaking as the sailing of this match in such a severe storm. The stakes were given up in the course of the evening, at the George Tavern, by the Commodore, in the presence of many admirers of the river sports.

### *The CAPERCALI, or COCK of the WOOD.*—(Plate.)

(From Lloyd's Field Sports of the North.)

The capercali, as it is supposed, was an inhabitant of the British Isles within the last century; and as it is not improbable that those birds will again be introduced, the few particulars I am now about to give regarding them, may not be altogether uninteresting. To describe their form and plumage\* would be superfluous, as they are now to be met with in the shops of most of the London poulterers.

The capercali is to be found in most parts of the Scandinavian peninsula;—indeed, as far to the North as the pine-tree is seen to flourish, which is very near to the North Cape itself. These birds are, however, very scarce in the more southern of the Swedish provinces. The favourite haunts of the capercali are extensive fir-woods. In coppices, or small covers, he is seldom or never to be found. Professor Nilsson observes, that “those which breed in the larger forests remain there all the year round; but those which, on the contrary, breed on the fjall† sides, or in a more open part of the country, in the event of deep snow, usually fall down to the lower grounds.”

The principal food of the capercali, when in a state of nature, consists of the leaves of the Scotch fir (*Tal*), *pinus sylvestris*. He very rarely feeds upon

those of the spruce (*Gran*), *pinus abies*. He also eats juniper-berries, cranberries, blueberries, and other berries common to the Northern forests; and occasionally also, in the winter-time, the buds of the birch, &c. The young capercali feed principally at first on ants, worms, insects, &c.

The capercali hen makes her nest upon the ground, and lays from six to twelve eggs; it is said she sits for four weeks. Her young keep with her until towards the approach of winter; but the cocks separate from the mother before the hens.

Excepting there be a deep snow, the capercali is much upon the ground in the day-time; very commonly, however, he sits on the pines. During the night, according to Mr. Nilsson, “he always roosts in the trees.” But this is not quite correct; for, if the weather be very cold, he not unfrequently, as I myself have very many times witnessed, buries himself in the snow. Mr. Nilsson says also, “the capercali flies heavily, and with much noise, and neither high in the air nor for a long distance. I cannot quite coincide in this opinion, because, taking the size of the bird into consideration, I do not think his flight particularly heavy or noisy; and because I have not only seen the capercali a very considerable height in the air, but I have known him to take a flight of several miles at a time. Mr. Nilsson farther observes, that “the capercali seldom sits on the tops of the pines.” This is certainly a mistake, as during the winter-time he is, in most instances, to be seen perched

\* The colour of the male is black, the female, brown grey.

† Elevated mountains, the summits of which are above the limits of arborescent vegetation.



on the very uppermost branches of these trees.

The capercaili lives to a considerable age; at least, so I infer from the cocks not attaining to their full growth until their third year or upward. The old ones may be easily known from their greater bulk, their eagle-like bill and the more beautiful glossiness of their plumage. The size of these birds, I have reason to suppose, depends, in a great degree, on the latitude where they are found. In Lapland, for instance, the cocks (the hens being much smaller) seldom exceed nine or ten pounds. In Wermeland and adjacent parts, again, I have never heard of their being killed of more than thirteen pounds; whilst, in the more southern provinces of Sweden, (and I have three several authorities for my statement,) they have not unfrequently been met with weighing seventeen pounds and upwards. The hen capercaili usually weighs from five to six pounds.

With the capercaili, as with other birds, occasional varieties in plumage are to be found; indeed, I have a drawing by me at this moment, representing a hen that was shot in one of the southern provinces of Sweden, during the autumn before last, which, with the exception of a few grey feathers on different parts of the body, was perfectly white: this bird had several young ones, the plumage of all of which, however, was of the usual colour.

The capercaili occasionally breed with the black game; the produce of which are in Sweden called *Racklehanen*: these partake of the leading characteristics of both species. But their size and colour greatly depend upon whether the connexion was between the capercaili cock and the grey hen, or *vice versa*. Out of twenty *Racklehanar*, which is the male, two, according to Mr. Falk, are not alike; and the difference of colour observable among the *Racklehanar*, which is the female, but which are very rare, is still greater. *Racklehanen* are very seldom to be met with. During my stay in Wermeland, however, Mr. Falk had two of these birds in his possession, and I myself shot a third.

It is a pity that attempts are not

made once more to introduce the capercaili into the United Kingdom, for, if the experiment was undertaken with judgment, it would most probably be attended with success; the climate, soil, &c. in Scotland, at least, not being very dissimilar, in many respects, to the South of Sweden. In Scotland, besides, independently of the natural forests, there are now considerable tracts of land planted with pines, from which trees, when the ground is covered with snow, these birds obtain nearly the whole of their sustenance.

It is true that, once in a while, an odd brace of living capercaili have been brought over to this country from Scandinavia, though, from some cause or other, and nothing more likely than over or improper feeding, these in general have soon perished. But the experiment, to have a probability of success, should be made with a more considerable number of birds; and then not entrusted to an ignorant person, but one fully conversant with their habits.

This I recommended some years ago to the present Duke of Gordon, to whom I am under some obligation; but his Grace declined acting upon my suggestion, on the ground of there being too little wood in the part of Scotland where his estates are situated. Had this plan been adopted at the period I speak of, it is not improbable but that at the present time there might have been a sprinkling of these noble birds in the Highlands.

The capercaili is often domesticated in Sweden; indeed, at both Uddeholm and Risater, as well as in other places, I have known these birds to be kept for a long period in aviaries built for the purpose. These were so perfectly tame as to feed out of the hand. Their food principally consisted of oats, and of the leaves of the Scotch fir, *pinus sylvestris*, large branches of which were usually introduced into their cages once or more in the course of the week. They were also supplied with abundance of native berries, when procurable. They were amply provided at all times with water and sand; the latter of which was of a rather coarse quality, and both were changed pretty frequently.

It has been asserted, that the caper-



cali will not breed when in a state of domestication: this is altogether a mistake; repeated experience has proved the contrary. Indeed, a few years ago, I procured a brace of these birds, consisting of cock and hen, for a friend of mine, Mr. Thomas Fowel Buxton, the Member for Weymouth, then resident at Cromer Hall in Norfolk. After a lapse of a few months, the hen laid six eggs, and from these, in process of time, six capercali were produced. The chicks lived until they had attained a very considerable size, when owing to the effects, as it was supposed, of a burning sun, to which they had been incautiously exposed, the whole of them, together with the mother, died. On this mishap, the old cock, the only survivor, was turned loose into the game preserves, where he remained in a thriving condition for about a year and a half. At last, however, he also met his doom, though this was supposed to be owing rather to accidental than natural causes.

In farther corroboration of the fact, that the capercali will breed when in confinement, I make the following quotation from Mr. Nilsson's work. That gentleman's authority was the Ofwer Director of Uhr; and the birds alluded to were at a forge in the province of Dalecarlia.

"They were kept together during the winter in a large loft over a barn, and were fed with corn, and got occasionally a change of fresh spruce, fir, pine, and juniper sprigs. Early in the spring, they were let out into an enclosure near the house, protected by a high and close fence, in which were several firs and pines, the common trees of the place. In this inclosure they were never disturbed; and during the season of incubation no one approached, except the person who laid in the food, which at that time consisted of barley, besides fresh sprigs of the kinds before-mentioned. It is an indispensable rule that they shall have full liberty, and remain entirely undisturbed, if the hens are to sit and hatch their young. As soon as this had occurred, and the brood were out, they were removed to the yard, which was also roomy, and so closely fenced that the young ones could not escape through; and within this fence

were hedges, and a number of bushes planted. Of the old ones, one of the wings was always clipped, to prevent their flying. I have seen several times such broods both of black game and capercali, eight to twelve young ones belonging to each hen. They were so tame, that, like our common hens, they would run forward when corn was thrown to them. They should always have a good supply of sand and fresh water.\*"

According to Mr. Nilsson, "when the capercali is reared from the time of being a chicken, he frequently becomes as tame as a domestic fowl, and may be safely left at large. He, however, seldom loses his natural boldness; and, like the turkey-cock, will often fly at and peck people. He never becomes so tame and familiar as the black-cock.

"Even in his wild state, the capercali occasionally forgets his inherent shyness, and will attack people when approaching his place of resort. Mr. Adlerberg mentions such an occurrence. During a number of years, an old capercali cock had been in the habit of frequenting the estate of Villinge at

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\* Regarding the rearing of young capercali, Mr. Greiff makes the following remarks:

"They are to be supplied with ant-eggs in conjunction with the materials of which the hills of those insects are composed; hard-boiled eggs are to be chopped and mixed amongst fine moistened barley-meal; also pea-haum and trefoil grass. They must have plenty of water, which must be placed so that they cannot overturn the pitcher, for they suffer very much if they get wet when they are young. Dry sand and mould they never should be without: when they get larger, and cabbage-leaves, strawberries, and cranberries, and blueberries are to be had, they are fond of such food; and when they are full-grown, they eat barley and wheat; and in winter they should get young shoots of pine and birch-buds. I have seen many people who thought they treated young birds well by giving them juniper-berries; but they never resort to this kind of food but in case of necessity."

Wermdo, who, as often as he heard the voice of people in the adjoining wood, had the boldness to station himself on the ground, and during a continual flapping of his wings, pecked at the legs and feet of those that disturbed his domain.

“Mr. Brehm, also, mentions in his Appendix, page 626, a capercali-cock that frequented a wood a mile distant from Renthendorf, in which was a path or roadway. This bird, as soon as it perceived any person approach, would fly towards him, peck at his legs, and rap him with its wings, and was with difficulty driven away. A huntsman succeeded in taking this bird, and carried it to a place two miles (about fourteen English distant;) but on the following day, the capercali resumed its usual haunt. Another person afterwards caught him, with a view of carrying him to the Ofwer-Jagmastare. At first the bird remained quiet, but he soon began to tear and peck at the man so effectually, that the latter was compelled to restore him to his liberty. However, after the lapse of a few months, he totally disappeared, probably having fallen into the hands of a less timid bird-catcher.”

At the period of the year of which I am now speaking, I usually shot the capercali in company with my Lapland dog, Brunette. She commonly flushed them from the ground; where, for the purpose of feeding upon berries, &c. they are much during the autumnal months. In this case, if they saw only the dog, their flight in general was short, and they soon perched in the trees. Here, as Brunette had the eye of an eagle, and the foot of an antelope, she was not long in following them. Sometimes, however, those birds were in the pines in the first instance; but, as my dog was possessed of an extraordinarily fine sense of smelling, she would often wind, or, in other words, scent them from a very long distance.

When she found the capercali, she would station herself under the tree where it was sitting, and, by keeping up an incessant barking, direct my steps towards the spot. I now advanced with silence and caution; and as it frequently happened that the attention of

the bird was much taken up with observing the dog, I was enabled to approach until it was within the range of my rifle, or even of my common gun.

Mr. Greiff, in speaking of dogs proper for capercali shooting, says, “They ought to be rather small; not to bark violently, but only now and then; to hunt only at a short distance from the sportsman; to have a good and sure scent, and to be easily called in.”

That gentleman observes further, “When the frosty nights commence, the capercali sits better to the cocker, than at other times.”

In the forest, the capercali does not always present an easy mark when he takes wing from the trees; for, dipping down from the pines nearly to the ground, as is frequently the case, they are often almost out of distance before one can properly take aim. No. 1 or 2 shot may answer very well, at short range, to kill the hens; but for the cocks, the sportsman should be provided with much larger.

The above plan of shooting the capercali is very commonly adopted throughout Scandinavia; and during the autumnal months in particular, is occasionally attended with considerable success. But I do not speak from much experience, as, at that period of the year, my time has in general been otherwise occupied. I have, however, killed five of those birds in a single day.

In the early part of the autumn, cocks and hens sit nearly equally well to a dog; but as the season advances, the cocks become so excessively wild, as usually to take flight the instant the dog begins to challenge. This is not always the case with the hens, for these will often remain in the trees, during all periods of the year, until a person approaches immediately near to them.

Towards the commencement, and during the continuance of the winter, the capercali are generally in packs; these, which are usually composed wholly of cocks, (the hens keeping apart) do not separate until the approach of spring. These packs, which are sometimes said to contain fifty or a hundred birds, usually hold to the sides of the numerous lakes, and morasses, with which the Northern forests abound;

and to follow the same in the winter time with a good rifle, is no ignoble amusement. But enough of this for the present, as hereafter I shall have occasion to revert to the subject.

I never had much opportunity of using pointers when in search of the capercali; though, if these were steady, and under good command, I should think they would answer the purpose exceedingly well, in the early part of the season; perhaps, however, I shall give the preference to such dogs as the one of which I have just spoken, for, in the event of the capercali being in the trees in the first instance, or that he has been flushed, in which case, unless wounded, he always takes into them, pointers would be nearly useless.

Among other expedients resorted to in the Northern forests, for the destruction of the capercali, is the following:—During the autumnal months, after flushing and dispersing the brood, people place themselves in ambush, and imitate the cry of the old or young birds, as circumstances may require. By thus attracting them to the spot, they are often enabled to shoot the whole brood in succession. The manner in which this is practised, may be better understood from what Mr. Greiff says on the subject.

“After the brood has been dispersed, and you see the growth they have acquired, the dogs are to be bound up, and a hut formed precisely on the spot from whence they were driven, in which you place yourself to call; and you adapt your call according to the greater or less size of the young birds. When they are as large as the hen, you ought not to begin to call until an hour after they have been flushed; should you wish to take them alive, a net is placed round him who calls. Towards the quarter the hen flies, there are seldom to be found any of the young birds, for she tries by her cackling, to draw the dogs after her, and from her young ones. So long as you wish to continue your sport, you must not go out of your hut to collect the birds you have shot. When the hen answers the call, or lows like a cow, she has either got a young one with her, or the calling is incorrect; or else she has been frightened, and

will not then quit her place. A young hen answers more readily to the call than an old one.”\*

In speaking of the various devices adopted in Scandinavia, for the capture of the capercali and other wild fowl, Mr. Greiff makes the following observations:

“Most of the forest birds are caught in autumn, by birdlime, or the usual snares, and also by nets. In all these methods, it is necessary to lead the bird by low rows of bushwood, into small pathways. With snares of fine brass wire, suspended over these, he is easily caught. One of my own methods, by which I have amused myself, and taken many birds alive, is by a simple knotted square silk net, of thirty inches width in the square, and the meshes so large, that the capercali can easily put his head through: this is to be hung over the pathway, and fastened slightly to small branches, by weak woollen yarn, just sufficient to support the net in a square form, with some small twigs and leaves of the fir spread over it; round the net a silk line is passed through the extreme meshes, and fastened to a stout bush. When the capercali has got his head into a mesh of the net, and finds that something opposes him, he always runs directly forward, when the silk line is drawn close, and the bird lies, as if in a reticule, with his wings pressed to his body, unable to move himself, or to tear the net, however weak it may be, although it always should be made of twisted silk. In autumn, when the cranberry is plentiful in the forest, by strewing these berries on each side of the net, you entice the birds to advance eagerly. This sport produces much amusement. Of the supply this bird furnishes to the larder, and the delicious dish it forms when brought to table, every one knows the value.” In a note,

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\* I have made the above as well as some subsequent quotations of a similar nature from Mr. Greiff, not under the impression that the means he recommends are always the most desirable; but to show the ideas entertained on this and like subjects, by Scandinavian sportsmen, among whom that gentleman holds a high rank.



Mr. Greiff adds : " One night, when a sufficiency of snow fell to enable me to trace them, three wolves passed within ten paces of a capercali, who had been caught in the net the night before ; still the wolves never injured the bird."

In other instances, the capercali is shot in the night time, by torch light. This plan, which is said to be very destructive, is, I believe, confined to the southern provinces of Sweden, for in the more northern parts of that country, I never heard of its being adopted.

In Smaland and Ostergothland, this is said to be effected in the following manner :—Towards night fall, people watch the last flight of the capercali, before they go to roost. The direction they have taken into the forest is then carefully marked, by means of a prostrate tree, or by one which is felled especially for the purpose. After dark, two men start in pursuit of the birds : one of them is provided with a gun ; the other, with a long pole, to either end of which a flambeau is attached. The man with the flambeau now goes in advance, the other remaining at the prostrate tree, to keep it, and the two lights in an exact line with each other : by this curious contrivance, they cannot well go astray in the forest. Thus they proceed, occasionally halting, and taking a fresh mark, until they come near to the spot where they may have reason to suppose the birds are roosting. They now carefully examine the trees ; and when they discover the objects of their pursuit, which are said, stupidly to remain gazing at the fire blazing beneath, they shoot them at their leisure. Should there be several capercali in the same tree, however, it is always necessary to shoot those in the lower branches in the first instance ; for, unless one of these birds falls on its companions, it is said the rest will never move, and, in consequence, the whole of them may be readily killed.

But the greatest destruction that takes place among the capercali in the Northern forests is, as I have more than once said, during the time of incubation, in the spring of the year.

At this period, and often when the ground is still deeply covered with snow, the cock stations himself on a pine, and

commences his love-song, or *play* as it is termed in Sweden, to attract the hens about him. This is usually from the first dawn of day to sunrise, or from a little after sunset, until it is quite dark. The time, however, more or less, depends upon the mildness of the weather and the advanced state of the season.

During his play, the neck of the capercali is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffled up, and, in short, he much resembles in appearance, an angry turkey cock. He begins his play with a call something resembling *Peller, peller, peller* ; these sounds he repeats at first at some little intervals ; but as he proceeds, they increase in rapidity, until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of *gulp* in his throat, and finishes with sucking in, as it were, his breath.

During the continuance of this latter process, which only lasts a few seconds, the head of the capercali is thrown up, his eyes are partially closed, and his whole appearance would denote that he is worked up into an agony of passion. At this time his faculties are much absorbed, and it is not difficult to approach him : many, indeed, and among the rest Mr. Nilsson, assert that the capercali can then, neither see nor hear ; and that he is not aware of the report or flash of a gun, even if fired immediately near to him. To this assertion I cannot agree ; for though it is true, that if the capercali has not been much disturbed previously, he is not easily frightened during the last note, if so it may be termed, of his play ; should the contrary be the case, he is constantly on the watch, and I have reason to know that, even at that time, if noise be made, or that a person exposes himself incautiously, he takes alarm and immediately flies.

The play of the capercali is not loud ; and should there be wind stirring in the trees at the time, it cannot be heard at any considerable distance. Indeed, during the calmest and most favourable weather, it is not audible at more than two or three hundred paces.

On hearing the call of the cock, the hens, whose cry in some degree resembles the croak of the raven, or rather,



perhaps, the sounds *Gock-gock, gock*, assemble from all parts of the surrounding forest. The male bird now descends, from the eminence on which he was perched, to the ground, where he and his female friends join company.

The capercali does not play indiscriminately over the forest; but he has his certain stations, (*Tjader-lek*, which may perhaps be rendered, his playing grounds). These, however, are often of some little extent. Here, unless very much persecuted, the song of these birds may be heard in the spring for years together. The capercali does not during his play, confine himself to any particular tree, as Mr. Nilsson asserts to be the case; for, on the contrary, it is seldom he is to be met with exactly on the same spot for two days in succession.

On these *lek*, several capercali may occasionally be heard playing at the same time; "Mr. Greiff, in his quaint way, observes, "it then goes gloriously:" But so long as the old male birds are alive, they will not, it is said, permit the young ones, or those of the preceding season, to play. Should the old birds, however, be killed, the young ones, in the course of a day or two, usually open their pipes. Combats, as it may be supposed, not unfrequently take place on these occasions; though I do not recollect having heard of more than two of those birds being engaged at the same time.

Though altogether contrary to law, it is now that the greatest slaughter is committed among the capercali; for any lump of a fellow who has strength to draw a trigger, may, with a little instruction, manage to knock them down. But as the plan of shooting these noble birds during their play is something curious, I shall do my best to describe it.

It being first ascertained where the *lek* is situated, which is commonly known to the peasants and others in the vicinity, the sportsman (if so he may be called) proceeds to the spot, and listens in profound silence until he hears the call of the cock. So long, however, as the bird only repeats his commencing sound, he must, if he be at all near to him, remain stationary; but the instant

the capercali comes to the wind-up, the gulp, &c. during which, as I have said, his faculties of both seeing and hearing are in a degree absorbed, then he may advance a little. But this note lasts so short a time, that the sportsman is seldom able to take more than three or four steps before it ceases; for, the instant that is the case, he must again halt, and, if in an exposed situation, remain fixed like a statue. This is absolutely necessary; for, during his play, excepting when making the gulp, &c. the capercali is exceedingly watchful, and easily takes the alarm. If all remain quiet, the bird usually goes on again immediately with his first strain; and when he once more comes to the final note, the sportsman advances as before, and so on, until he gets within range of shot.

To become a proficient at this sport, requires a good deal of practice. In the first place, a person must know how to take advantage of the ground when advancing upon the capercali; for, if full daylight, this is hardly practicable (whatever may be said to the contrary) in exposed situations:—and in the next, that he may not move forward, excepting upon the note which is so fatal to that bird. This is likely enough to happen, if it be an old cock that has been previously exposed to shots, for he often runs on, as I have repeatedly heard him, *Peller, peller, peller*, until one supposes he is just coming to the gulp, when he suddenly makes a full stop. If, therefore, a person was then incautiously to advance, he would in all probability instantly take to flight.

At the *lek*, the cocks most commonly fall the sacrifice; for the hens, as well from their colour more resembling the foliage of the trees, as from the sportsmen having larger and better game in view, usually escape. This is a fortunate circumstance; as, were a proportionate slaughter to take place among the latter as the former, the breed in many parts of the Scandinavian peninsula, would soon be exterminated.

In following this amusement, accidents have occurred. In the gloom of the morning or evening, it has happened, that whilst a person has been stealing silently forward among the

trees, he has been taken by others engaged in the same pursuit for a wild beast, and in consequence, a ball has been sent whistling after him. I heard of one man, who, in this manner, was shot through the body.

The number of capercali a man may shoot in a given period by the above means, depends altogether upon circumstances. Indeed, it often happens, that in countries abounding with these birds, from the state of the weather, there being a crust upon the snow, &c. the most experienced chasseurs will hardly kill a single one for days together. I have, however, heard people assert, they have bagged as many as six or seven in the course of the morning and evening of the same day; but one or two is a much more usual number. A peasant in the interior, who devotes a good deal of time to the purpose, will, if he understand what he is about, commonly kill from fifteen to twenty; and in one instance, I remember hearing of twenty-nine in the course of the season. This, in a country where every one carries a gun, will give an idea of the havoc that is made among the capercali, and readily explains their present (as I contend) scarcity.

Though this plan of shooting the capercali during the spring, is common throughout most parts of Scandinavia, I am told, that in Norrland and Wasterbotton, from whence Stockholm is furnished with its principal supplies of game, that destructive practice is not generally adopted. This arises from the people in those districts having sense enough to know, that if they kill too many of the cocks in the spring, there is little probability of their being a good breed during the succeeding autumn.

The capercali occasionally strikes up a few notes, in the manner of which I have spoken, during the autumnal months—about Michaelmas, I believe. For this, it is perhaps difficult to assign a reason. Mr. Griff suggests, “that it may be to show the young birds where the *lek* is situated.” I have never myself heard the capercali playing at this period of the year; but I have met with men, on whose word I am inclined to place confidence, who have repeatedly

killed them at that time, whilst so occupied.

Though so many of these magnificent birds are destroyed by the unsportsman-like means which I have just described, it rarely happens that more than one of them is killed at a shot; indeed, I never heard of but a solitary instance where as many as three were destroyed at a single discharge. This, I am aware, is a little at variance with the statement of other Scandinavian travellers:—one among them says: “In that season, (the spring), the peasant, at an early hour of the morning, sallies forth into the forest, armed with his fowling-piece, and listens attentively for the voice of the cock, which, perched on a lofty pine, brings the hens together from all parts; the other cocks likewise repair to the spot, and instigated by love and jealousy, a furious battle commences, during which they are so deeply engaged, and so inattentive to their own safety, that the gunner will frequently kill no less than a dozen of these large birds at a shot.” Of course it is not for me to contradict this statement, though, independently of its not being usual for the capercali to engage in such battles-royal as are here described, it would seem to require a gun of no ordinary calibre to slaughter at a single discharge, a dozen birds, each of which is pretty nearly as large as a turkey-cock.

The traveller to whom I have just alluded, in speaking of the capercali, in another part of his work, says, “The difficulty of finding their eggs is so great, that the peasants even seem to consider it in a manner proverbial; and I never met with one of them, who had either seen the same or discovered a nest. This may be the case, for all I know to the contrary, in other parts of Scandinavia; but in Wermeland and the adjacent provinces, at all events, it was no unusual occurrence for people to fall in with both one and the other.

The same author, in describing the *play* of the capercali, has, I apprehend, committed a mistake; for he says: “His note, though extremely varied during the breeding season, consists principally of an extremely loud hissing kind of cooing, which may be

heard for a considerable distance around." Now, this description, which would not inaptly apply to the black cock, is cer-

tainly as opposite as light is from darkness, to the play of the capercaillie.

*Lloyd's Field Sports of the North.*

## GROUSE SHOOTING.

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

The following made the circuit of the diurnal and weekly press last year, (1832)—"*Grouse Shooting* commenced in great style, on the 12th of August. The weather, in some respects, was not propitious, but as *the high wind made the birds lie close*, the slaughter was immense.—The game is not so plentiful as last year, but it is sufficiently so to afford excellent sport, and is *in fine condition*."—This paragraph, which could not have been written by a sportsman, but huddled together by a hireling scribbler, egregiously ignorant of the subject, shews how easily mischief, folly, and falsehood, may be propagated. But the editor of a public print, ought at least to possess some trifling knowledge of the subject upon which he presumes to write; and had the author of the paragraph in question possessed even a remote idea of grouse shooting, he would not have stated, with such positive and unblushing ignorance, that "*the high wind made the birds lie close*," as it is a well known fact amongst sportsmen, that a *high wind* has an effect directly the reverse, and that it renders grouse, as well as all other kinds of game, remarkably wild! As to the birds being "*in fine condition*," such an expression is equally inapplicable and incorrect. The grouse at the commencement of the season of 1832, were not so well grown as usual; which may be very easily conceived by

those who did not visit the Moors, from the circumstance of a very wet and cold spring and summer. And indeed, as far as respects "*fine condition*" in another point of view, the rain, which fell so heavily during the first week of the season, had very considerable influence. The birds which were bagged, required a careful drying, if intended to be sent to a distance, or kept for a few days, on account, not only of the immediate rain, but of the state of the Moors, which were never known to be so wet, at least, at the season of which I am now speaking: thus, if a bird were brought down during a short interval when the rain happened to cease, it was generally wet when picked up, as few spots could be met with, either on the tops of the hills, or elsewhere, which were not completely saturated with rain.

It may not be amiss here to remark, (as I believe the circumstance is not generally known, or at least, I never recollect seeing it in print) that the grouse found on the Moors and Highlands of Scotland, are larger and heavier, and altogether finer birds than those found on the Moorlands of this country: they have a broader and more bulky appearance, which is particularly conspicuous about the head, and between the eyes. I am not aware of any reason for the difference which I have just mentioned; but having stated the fact, I leave the cause to some of your more able Correspondents, and remain your  
CONSTANT READER.

## BULL HUNT IN WASHITAW.

*Perry Point, Miss. Dec. 8, 1832.*

MR. EDITOR,

The wild bull inhabits the forest of Washitaw, which lies on the west side of the Mississippi river, extending from the territory of Arkansas, into the state of Louisiana; three hundred miles in length, from north to south; and one

hundred miles in width, from east to west. The wild track of the hunter, and no other, strikes the Washitaw river in the middle of this primeval forest—flowing, in solitary grandeur, from its source, above the Hot Springs in Arkansas, to its mouth at Black river. The forest stretches one hundred miles



below the Red River, in the state of Louisiana.

The wild bull of the woods, is never to be seen in the fields or prairies. His progenitors, for several generations—if not for ever—have been bred in the forest. Unlike the tame bulls, they are all of a deep-black colour; and the cows, generally a dark iron grey. This fact makes some of the hunters think that they are not descended from the same stock as the tame bull, but are a distinct variety of the same species. It is not my object to settle, but merely to suggest, this doubt. Perhaps wild animals, when domesticated, assume a variety of colours, which they have not in a state of nature. Colour makes the only perceptible difference between them and the tame bull, except what is produced by their wild habits. They are almost as shy and fleet as the deer, and have bottom to stand a long chase; and, when overtaken, defend themselves by fighting the hunters and dogs. The dogs, by themselves, are never a match for the bull; and seldom attack, but hold him at bay until the hunter shoots him. This sport is dangerous; for, if the hunter wounds the bull, or his rifle misses fire, the bull rushes at him, and the dogs that attempt to arrest him are scattered and frequently killed.

The manner of hunting the wild bull cannot be better explained, than by stating the particulars of a hunt that took place near the Washitaw river. At sunrise, in the month of November, 1832, Mr. Strong started on a hunt in the forest, with three companions; neither of whom had ever seen a wild bull; and, to gratify their curiosity, he imprudently agreed to go with them. They were all on horseback, and armed with rifles. Their pack consisted of about a dozen dogs,—not of any distinct breed, but selected on account of their ferocity. They had not proceeded far before they discovered fresh tracks of a bull, and put the dogs on the trail. After they had pursued about three miles, at speed, it was ascertained, by the barking of the dogs, that they had the bull at bay. The hunters then dismounted; and, leaving their horses in charge of one person, the rest proceeded to the spot on foot. When they came

up, they saw the bull facing the dogs with a cover of green briars in his rear. The timid companions of Mr. Strong, quailing at the fierce looks and threatening horns of the bull, could not be prevailed on to approach within point-blank shot of the enraged beast. Mr. Strong proceeded alone, keeping a tree between him and the bull, and discharged his rifle at his head. The gun hung fire; and the bull pawing the ground, and throwing down his head, at the instant the gun went off, the ball passed over it, and wounded him in the neck. The bull, who kept his eye fixed on Mr. Strong all the time he approached, as if expecting a salute from his gun, as soon as he felt the pain of the wound, bounded directly at the smoke of the powder, scattering as he went, the pack of dogs that rushed between him and their master, as if they had been a swarm of flies. Mr. Strong called in vain upon his companions to fire. They were too far off, and would have been afraid to do it if they had been nearer, knowing that the bull always turns on the last gun that is discharged. In the meantime, some of the dogs were crushed beneath his hoofs, and others, that came near his head, were thrown amongst the lower limbs of the trees. Several of them were off the ground at the same instant, going up and down, like the balls of a juggler. The dogs were soon scattered, and before Mr. Strong could reload his piece, the enraged bull was upon him; but he avoided his horns several times by dodging round the tree. Whilst Mr. Strong and the bull were thus desperately engaged, the dogs rallied again in defence of their master. One of his best dogs attempted to seize the bull by the nose; but unfortunately missed his hold, and the bull, instantly catching him betwixt the points of his horns and the ground, ran him through, and tossed him up, as if he had been hurled from an engine. Mr. Strong found time during the second combat between the dogs and the bull, to make his escape to a large tree that lay near him, blown down by the wind; and walked out on one of the horizontal limbs, a few feet from the ground. He was obliged to stand on the limb. It was so low, if he



had straddled it, the bull could have reached him. The bull ran to and fro under him, whilst he was fearfully balanced on a shaking limb, knowing that instant death awaited his fall. Presence of mind is the last thing a good hunter loses; and Mr. Strong, in this perilous situation, managed to reload his gun, and firing down on the bull, as he passed under, broke his back near his hips. This shot brought his hinder parts to the ground; but he propped up his fore parts, by planting his fore feet before him, and held up his head fiercely at his destroyer, roaring with rage and

pain. He fired another ball into his forehead, and the dying bull dropt his awful front to the earth.

"And now the hurly burly's done,  
And the battle's lost and won."

Mr. Strong next called his cowardly companions, who were still afraid to come near the bull; but, having satisfied themselves that he had sunk to the deep sleep that knows no waking, they began to handle and admire his curly head and pointed horns, which, a few minutes before, they feared to look upon.

S. H.

### TRYING a HUNTER in HARNESS.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

On Thursday, June 27, having just received a new Patent Gig from Bath, and "Sportsman," being steady in harness, we embraced the opportunity of paying our respects to that ornament to sporting in all its branches, Squire S. of S. Hall, where our reception was (as you have frequently experienced) most frank and hospitable. So forthwith proceeded to business, accompanied by the Squire and his excellent groom. *Imprimis!* my friend, having great expectations from his famous mare Lightfoot's produce, purchased in the Sister Kingdom, and said to be in foal to Young St. Patrick, (I had heard, *sub rosa*, a very different version as to the sire) was anxious in his inquiries. However, she had foaled, and by the sly leer in the corner of Will's eye, I judged my *sub rosa* information, was correct:—and so it turned out; for, on our approach, up bounced a young Mule with ears and tail erect, skipping about like a fawn. Vain would be any attempt of mine, to describe the consternation of the Doctor, whose agitated exclamation, "Lend me your knife, and I'll cut its throat," only served to increase our convulsive merriment; so, calling to aid the old adage of "what can't be cured," &c.—we proceeded to view the mares and foals, when one alone stood pre-eminently first. Then the two years old, very promising, well entered, and finally back to the loose

boxes, where the hunters looked *powerfully varmintish*. The kennel did not escape observation: The harriers are a business-like looking pack, very level, and in fine condition.

During all this time, the butler had got under weigh some choice tit-bits, and old Sportsman was cracking his beans with very great gusto:—the only real drawback to our enjoyment was, the too-apparent effect the exertion had caused to our noble host, whose health is seriously affected, malgre his strong efforts to conquer it.

Well, to proceed: after an excellent cold collation, accompanied with copious libations to the jolly god, we prepared to start, though from this place a start should never be performed in a hurry; but ultimately we did get off. In driving through the park, with feelings exhilarated to the highest pitch, we dashed off into a sort of hand gallop, when, lo! Sportsman soon got into his best pace, which quickly brought the iron park gate into fair view: there was not a moment to lose!—Stop he would not.—Then here goes at the park paling!! Off the carriage road his head was with difficulty pulled, and he was beautifully put at the rails, exactly between two posts:—Bang, crack, and over! all right, without even a scratch on the paint, or a shadow of harm. I then turned and saw the top rail broken, whilst my pal got the old 'un steady down to his trot; you saw us pass your

cabin about dusk, on our way home, where we arrived safe, sound, and happy.

If you think the above worthy a corner of your spirited and thriving

magazine, as an authentic, though rough, sketch of a prime day's treat, it is perfectly at your service, and its publication will please

BELA.

### *The Erroneousness of the in-and-in System of Breeding Horses.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

Perhaps a more erroneous doctrine was never propagated than that which was broached by the Duke of Newcastle, who, speaking on the subject of breeding horses, says, you cannot do better than let mares be covered by their own sires.

Now, without professing any superior or pre-eminent knowledge in respect to horses, I have no hesitation in pronouncing such method, as diametrically opposite to the course of nature, and productive of the worst of consequences. It is essentially important, in the breeding of quadrupeds (and is a rule equally applicable to the whole circle of animated nature) in order to attain excellence, that the strain should be crossed as often as possible; and so far from suffering such a conjunction as that just mentioned, all imaginable care should be taken to remove even the suspicion of relationship. If we look at nature, in what may be called its purity, or at least in a state of unlimited freedom, it will be found that, in the propagation of the species, consanguinity is avoided in a striking manner. For instance, if we look at the partridge, we shall find that the covey, if unmolested, will remain together till the approach of spring, when the social compact is at an end—battles ensue, and all for a while is confusion. The old hen is particularly fierce on these occasions, and attacks the young hens and cocks with the utmost impetuosity; in a short time (with the exception of the old birds) the covey is driven to a distance, and scattered about in search of mates; and as in their wanderings they come in contact with strangers under similar circumstances, so the breed is preserved in the utmost perfection; and hence the reason why all animals, in a state of nature, almost

uniformly enjoy a state of uninterrupted good health, and resemble each other so much in appearance; nor is it till after animals (of any kind) have undergone many generations of servitude, that they exhibit that almost endless variety which is observable in old domestics. The pigeon in a state of nature continues the same, but having been domesticated from remote antiquity, so in its semi-captivity, it displays all colours and all forms, which are justly to be regarded as so many marks of its long servitude. Yet, even in breeding the domestic pigeon, which appears so very susceptible of every change, the same rule will be found to obtain respecting the mixture of blood; as, if two pigeons related to each other are suffered to pair, they are not so prolific as others, nor is the offspring either so fine or so healthy:—if they are suffered to continue on the same strain, in the course of a few generations they become small and feeble, and appear almost to lose the power of propagating their species.

The plain homely grazier, whose mind is little occupied in the pursuits of science, has found, from experience, that if the bull is suffered to unite with his own offspring, a diminutive, inferior stock is the consequence, and he carefully avoids such a conjunction. The same remark is of course equally applicable to every species of live stock.

Thus, to come into the immediate province of the Sportsman, I believe there are but few shooters, but are now very well aware, that to breed pointers or setters on the same strain, is to produce animals not merely of an inferior kind, but which, with an evident reduction of bodily vigour, lose also the use of their faculties, and very shortly become utterly unfit for the sports of the field. Of course these remarks are

equally applicable to hounds, grey-hounds, and all kinds of dogs used in field sports.—Nor indeed need we stop here; for, by way of further and more complete illustration, it may be very justly observed, that the same rule will apply with equal force to the human species. If we turn our attention to secluded hamlets and villages, where some of the families will generally be found in the habit of intermarrying with each other, we shall find that the offspring of these conjunctions, are a comparatively puny race, subject to disease, particularly scrofula, which generally carries them off at an early period of life.

Further, while on the subject, the Royal Families of the Continent naturally enough obtrude themselves on one's observation. They have been in the habit of intermarrying with each other: for generations the same blood has continued to circulate in their veins, and for want of a re-invigorating admixture, has become unhealthy, and productive of those diseases under which they are known to labour, particularly scrofula; but as in the brute creation (and in dogs particularly) the mischiefs arising from what a sportsman would term *breeding in and in*, are not confined merely to the body, but extend to the mental capacity, (which, in brutes, the methodist would call instinct) so the present generation has witnessed the truly lamentable effects which it has had even upon Royalty itself!

Even if we descend to the Vegetable Kingdom, we shall find something like the foregoing observations strikingly applicable. I have before remarked, that the grazier, instructed by the most conclusive experience, scrupulously avoids continuing on the same strain; in like manner the agriculturist never sows corn upon the land where it grew, but for his seed, applies to some other

person, well aware, that to sow wheat, for instance, upon the ground where the grain was produced, an indifferent crop would be sure to follow, however good the corn might originally appear; and were the same course persevered in for three successive seasons, the crop would not be worth the trouble of reaping, notwithstanding the land might have been in the best possible condition. Seed of all kinds should in fact be procured from a considerable distance, in order to produce the best crops both in quantity and quality. In the article of potatoes, (I speak from experience, Mr. Editor) if seed be procured in Scotland, and planted in Lancashire, good crops are sure to follow; yet, if the potatoes thus produced in Lancashire from Scotch seed, be again planted in the same ground, a remarkable falling off will be experienced, both in quality and quantity—the produce will in fact be scabby, small, and exhibit every symptom of ill health; if the same be persevered in for three or four successive seasons, a single tolerable potatoe will not be produced. The same rule, I have little doubt, will apply to every species of vegetation.

However, to put mere vegetation altogether out of the question, and again recur to animal matter, I have no hesitation in asserting, that in order to obtain every species of living creature in the greatest possible perfection, crosses, or at least blood from a different part (and I care not how great the distance) should be introduced as often as possible. Ergo, I cannot help regarding the doctrine of the Duke of Newcastle, which advises that mares should be covered by their own sires, as a mere fanciful theory, founded neither upon experience, sound reasoning, nor the evidence of facts.

Your's respectfully,  
PHILOSOPHUS.

THE CRICKET AND THE COCKROACH.—It is said by Linnæus, and copied by Donovan and others, that the house cricket (*Acheta domestic*, FEBRIUS) deserts houses infested with the cockroach (*Blatta Germanica*, LINNÆUS). Last year a gentleman of this town found that his kitchen was tenanted by a numerous

colony of the latter in company with the former. In order to expel them he took down every piece of board from the walls, and even the mantle piece, behind which they had assembled in herds, and, for any thing he could discover to the contrary, living together in perfect friendship.



*To the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet.*

SIR,

A long prosy tale about Warwick Spring Meeting, in the New Sporting Magazine, has fallen in my way, and a long tale it is, all about Swing and all that, and *very true* I dare say. I wish, Mr. Editor, the same writer who so particularly describes the breed of *Swing*, and how he came into Mr.

Hicks's hands, and how *he* got out again, and what he gained by him, &c. &c. and so forth, would tell us all about *Jack o' Clubs by King of Diamonds*, and how he came through the same channel, and then could we shallow them both at once.—Till then I remain

TUMMAS.

Worcester, June 10, 1833.

*A SUPPOSED CASE!!!*

*How stands the matter, Mr. Painter ?*

*How stands the matter, Mr. Hicks*

A colt by Flexible was foaled to Mr. Booth, a Postmaster of Stone in Staffordshire: Mr. Painter purchased this colt at weaning time for £70; it may have passed hence to Messrs. Hicks and Co. thence to Colonel Charretie, and

become SWING. The Flexible colt was said to be the best yearling of his year; after this he was said to grow nag-like, and was sent to a fair!!! then he became a nice horse, and was sold to go to Ireland, or *some other place!!!*

*To the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet.*

SIR,

Allow me, through the medium of your pleasing miscellany, to request the attention of those who lead in the racing world, to consider the present state and quality of those horses falling under the denomination of half-bred, and to consider what perfection we have arrived at, or what deceptions (fraud will be too hard a word yet!) have been practised upon the public by the introduction of dark horses whose real descriptions are not sufficiently known to warrant any attentive breeder to venture on a similar cross with the reasonable expectation of improving our national breed. It is now notorious that a gentleman engaged in a half-bred race has frequently but little chance of success unless he has a good thoroughbred horse to start; if this be true, then the system should be broken in upon, and the temptation of palming upon the public horses with a false pedigree at once removed.

To effect this, I would recommend all those stewards of races, who have hitherto patronized half-bred stakes, to

keep up the high weights, and open them to horses of all denominations. I am strongly urgent to recommend this plan, because, if no fraud has been practised, then the usual owners of half-bred racers will be benefited by shewing the superiority of the English breed; and further, it will at once decide which are the *best* bred horses in England, a great national object, and should never be lost sight of. I hold, the horse which can carry the highest class of weights the greatest distance in the shortest time to be the most valuable. I do not wish to establish these high weights exclusively, but to try them in lieu of the great half-bred stakes; and then, if it shall appear that our English cross has produced such superior cattle as those we are told are really such, it will be a matter of considerable pride to the English nation, and must add to our already great celebrity as breeders of horses.

Some further observations on this matter hereafter.—I remain

JUNIOR.

Shrewsbury, June 22, 1833.



*Extracts from Brown's Turf Expositor.***RACE HORSES BROUGHT OUT TOO YOUNG.**

Generally speaking, the proceedings of the Turf would seem to partake too much of *business-like transactions*, or a *system of trade*, not merely in regard to betting, and other collateral circumstances necessarily connected with the Course, but as far as regards the horses. Racers are now exhibited for prizes, in public, at a much earlier period than formerly, and it requires no great stretch of credulity to suppose, that, in this way, many modern Eclipses have been ruined while in an incipient state. The celebrated Eclipse never contended on the Race Course till he was five years old, and to this circumstance may unquestionably be attributed some share of that unrivalled fame which he afterwards acquired as a racer: had he been put to those desperate exertions at two years old, which is so much in fashion at the present day, there is very great reason to believe, that it would have seriously injured, in embryo as it were, those amazing powers, the perfection of which he exhibited with such unparalleled success. The horse, it is very well known, does not attain his full growth and powers till he arrives at the age of seven; till this period, his bones have not acquired their elastic force, his muscle that depth, expansion, and firmness, which denote the maturity of this most elegant quadruped in the almost unbounded catalogue of nature: consequently, till this consummation of the aggregate powers of the racer, we have no right to expect the perfection of his performances.

But, to speak as a *tradesman* on the subject, I must admit, in the first place, that the Race Horse is an expensive\*

\* Those who have Trainers Bills to pay will feel the application and full force of this remark. A Yorkshire Trainer, among other extraordinary items in his account, for the training of one horse during a period of about eight months, charged for the Saddler's account 14*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* The owner paid the bill, but happening, some little time after, to pass through the place where the Saddler resided, suspicion (rather than curiosity) prompted him to call and procure the

article, and therefore the sooner he is brought to work, the sooner he is likely to repay the money which has been expended upon him:—such at least is the calculation. If a horse, at the early age of two years, give promise of future success, he will, of course, sell for a price accordingly. On the contrary, should his performances, at this period, be very unsatisfactory, his owner can avoid any further expense in training, and the animal may be disposed of for some other purpose. However, in a philosophical point of view, such a system is very inconclusive; nor have I the least doubt, that many good, indeed excellent, horses have been lost to the course in consequence of it. A young horse, two years old, for instance, (as I have already observed) is frequently so overstrained by his first essay, (short as the distance may be, and the weight light,) that his powers never after regain their proper tone and vigour. And, indeed, how often has it happened, that the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, though a three-years-old, owing to the very severe exertions he has undergone, has been able to shew the same extraordinary powers afterwards?—Moreover, if a horse be what is called *large for his years* or age, he will necessarily be weak by comparison, and therefore utterly unable to shew to any advantage in such precocious exertions as it is the present fashion to require.

If, however, the racer is, at present, introduced to the course at too early a period of his life, he is not subjected to run those unreasonable lengths or distances, nor to carry those heavy weights, which seem so much to characterise what, for the sake of distinction, may be called the old school. Twelve stone, and four-mile heats, were common occurrences formerly; a system which, like most other old systems, has been superseded by what may be called the progress of improvement, and is never likely to be revived.

items of the account, which, to his astonishment, amounted only, in the whole, to 3*l.* 11*s.* 0*d.*

# BETTING versus the STOCK EXCHANGE, &c.

Betting is a science, which, without ever having experienced much demonstration on paper, has been practised to a very great extent in this country, particularly for the last fifty years: a science, I am well aware, against which the wily sectarian would direct his battery of vociferous, but cunning and calculating, clamour. The ranting Methodist, and perhaps a few other sectarians, whose affectation of religion is sheer hypocrisy, and whose object is to extort money from the ignorance and fears of the lower order of the community, would be loudly vociferous about the "heinous sin" of betting, and would unhesitatingly condemn all who attended the race course to the punishment of "hell fire." Yet, notwithstanding all the cant of sectarian cunning and duplicity, I am doubtful if there be not less immorality and baseness in the very grossest swindling practised on a race course than in the vile and calculating hypocrisy which so uniformly pervades the system of methodism. The Course will continue to be attended by myriads of honourable minds; where also, numbers of indifferent characters will resort: to guard the former against the machinations of the latter as much as possible, has been one of the principal reasons for putting these pages together, and giving them to the world through the medium of the press: and I am willing to suppose, that the more flagrant abuses are rendered so manifest, that an attentive perusal will enable any person to avoid the gross impositions which are uniformly attempted where vast assemblages of persons meet together.

As to *betting*, if we are to enter into the subject as a moral question, it will be but fair that we should begin at the fountain head, and also examine the branches of the stream; we may therefore commence with the Stock Exchange, the general transactions of which are as analogous as possible to betting; yet, even the "*Saints*" themselves hesitate not to join in this species of traffic; and, if unsuccessful, to "*waddle out of the Alley*," after the manner of the "*Levellers*" of the turf. If we turn our attention to the various ramifications of com-

merce, we shall perceive, that, on the score of iniquity, the practice of betting is much less culpable than the various systems of mercantile monopoly: let us look at the Corn Trade, for instance, a branch of commerce engrossed in a great measure by the people generally called Quakers.—For the purpose of obtaining a most exorbitant, and consequently unjust, price for this indispensable article of human existence, every species of cunning, and even moral fraud, are called into action; and this too with an industrious activity seldom equalled in the ordinary transactions of life. Similar observations will apply in a greater or lesser degree to the various ramifications of trade and commerce; but, in this place, it is unnecessary to pursue this subject further.

Betting renders the race infinitely more interesting; but may nevertheless be correctly regarded as the desire to obtain the money of another person; however, for the purpose of putting the means in practice to accomplish the object in view, a risk equal to the sum sought to be obtained must be incurred, even supposing odds are betted, since the very circumstance of betting odds presupposes an advantage equal to the odds betted, and consequently renders the bet even; therefore the betting parties may be said to stand on equal ground.

Amongst the frequenters of the turf will be found many, who, with but slender pretensions to education, have, nevertheless, from acute powers of perception, and much practice, become excellent calculators of the odds, without, however, being able to describe their system intelligibly, or to demonstrate the general correctness of their calculations; the most conspicuous amongst this number are Messrs. Crockford and Gully. To reduce the subject to system, and even certainty, is the object of the present publication; and the different examples will be found so plain and simple, that a moderate knowledge of the rules of arithmetic will enable an ordinary capacity to comprehend them. *Turf Expositor*.—See Advertisement on *Wrapper*.

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*To the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet.*

SIR,

To a lover of nature, scarcely anything affords greater pleasure than the contemplation of the care and foresight with which Providence looks to the wants of all its creatures. Thus in the Arctic Regions, the fur of the ermine, the hare, and the martens, becomes thicker and warmer at the approach of winter; the ptarmigan turns as white as the snows over which it flutters:—but when summer draws near, its plumage assumes that speckled appearance which from its resemblance to the colour of the ground, is so admirably adapted to prevent the bird from being seen during the season of incubation.

In our own country, the wants of animals are equally provided for. I have often heard it remarked by persons who study the seasons, that when the winter is remarkable for length and severity of frost, the supply of wild fruits is proportionably great: \* on these the numerous species of turds almost wholly subsist: the larks congregate in vast flocks, and frequent the stubbles; the wood-pigeons pick up their living among the turnip fields; and the different species of water fowl resort to such springs and waters as the severity of the season has left unfrozen.

“ One alone,  
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regarded of th’ unbroiling sky,  
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted men  
His annual visit.”

I have an anecdote of the robin, almost equal, I think, to that mentioned by the Rev. Gilbert White, of a swallow, which built its nest on the wings and body of an owl that happened to hang, dead and dry, from the rafter of a barn.—The birds making great havoc among some radish seed sown in my garden, the gardener took the skin of a cat, that happened to die about that time, and having stuffed it with hay (in a rude and rough manner, as may be supposed) placed it near the spot. At first, the birds were evidently alarmed, and kept aloof, not only from the radish seed, but from all that side of the garden; but after a short time, not only did the sparrows recommence their attacks on the seed, but a robin built its nest *within the skin* of the cat, and actually

hatched and brought up its young in this singular place of refuge!

Doubtless, if I had next year repeated the experiment tried by Sir Ashton Lever, and had hung up a conch instead of the cat, I should have had the qualification of possessing a breed of warblers hatched (however great may seem the oddity) in a *double shell*!

SEMIRUSTICUS.

July 12, 1833

\* This, by the way, is not an infallible rule; for I never recollect wild fruits more plentiful than they were last year, and yet the winter was remarkably mild. The fox hunters were able to pursue their sport with little or no interruption.

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“ *A Practical Treatise on Agriculture; briefly pointing out certain Practices which should be adopted, and some which should be discontinued, with a View to the Improvement of Arable Land. Also, a few Remarks upon the Value of certain Plants, and the best Mode of treating them. By Richard W. Lloyd, Esq.*”

The perusal of this little publication (which consists of only 52 pages) afforded us much pleasure, and much instruction also. We therefore hesitate not to recommend it to the agriculturist in the most unqualified manner; as it contains much valuable information, written in a plain, lucid, and very intelligible style.



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*On the TREATMENT, &c. of the HORSE.*

It is much to be regretted, that an animal, to which we are indebted for so many of the comforts, and conveniences of life, should be so susceptible of injuries, and owe so little in return to the success of our endeavours to alleviate them; this failure (arising mostly from an ignorant abuse, or perversion, of the laws of nature) will ever exist, while actuated by a miscalculating desire for gain, and make the breeding and rearing of this noble animal, subservient to their own parsimonious speculations. This avaricious propensity, (for it must take rise from such a feeling;) pervades every class: We see the dealer exerting his nefarious skill on the colt's teeth, to make him appear older. The farmer, putting his young horses to the plough; and the peer, entering his fillies for a stake, all anxious to reap a benefit from the exertions of the creature, before it is matured either in growth, or strength. It would be a task of some difficulty to convince such short sighted men, who have not patience to wait the result, that *if the indiscriminate propagation of horses, was placed under some limitation, the premature action which is forced on them, and the disproportioned labour allotted them, were discontinued, they would become a greater source of profit; and in proportion as this injudicious treatment was subject to one more suitable to the nature and quality of the creature, so would their health and strength be increased; and the care and expense attendant on them diminished.* As a proof of his natural capability of adaption to the *arduous* tasks imposed on him, and the superabundance of his power for performing them, witness the strength and energy he exhibits, even in the worst stage of his treatment, when suffering under disease and want, he is goaded to the performance of a task to which he is unequal. His susceptibility of injury arises from a long course of bad treatment, a profuse expenditure of his animal powers, and an early and unsuitable application of them, which, being denied the requisite

lapse for renovation, produces an hereditary disease, the extermination whereof can only be effected by a radical alteration in the whole system of breeding, training, and usage; treatment in health as well as disease. But as men do not like to labour for posterity, or a chance of reaping a *distant* benefit, the condition of the horse must probably remain as it ever has done. He is an animal, that, from his structure, is well calculated for laborious exertion: from the rotundity of his form, and the disposition of his heart and lungs, the seat from which life and health emanate, his muscular and organic powers are very great. It is the opinion of some, that a horse possessing four good legs, cannot be a bad one; this is a great point undoubtedly; the anatomical formation of his legs may be correct; but, we must look to his body: if the thorax be narrow, and the ribs flat, there can be no room for the respiration of the lungs, and the free play of that part of the structure which regulates all the animal functions; this ought to be a primary object in choosing a horse, and in forming an opinion as to his leading qualities.

A horse, from the treatment alluded to, may acquire some disease of the bone, or injury of the spine, or intestines; and though in ever so slight a degree, if he begets a race in which it is implanted, even in a lesser degree, they are subject to the same course of treatment, which aggravates their inherent defects into a constitutional disease; and so it is transmitted from one generation to the other; but the difficulty of distinguishing between the concomitant diseases of a bad constitution, and the accidental ones resulting from casualties, will ever remain so, until more care is taken in breeding and rearing the animal.

The next thing that comes under our consideration, in progressive course, is the training; for many bad habits are acquired at this time, and many injuries rooted in the system. The membranous and cartilaginous matter, of which young



animals are composed, though having undergone complete ossification, or forming into bone, at the time of training are not yet in a fit state to endure any great trial of strength ; and the practice of mounting a colt, more especially if not trained to carry weights, which does not seem to be thought necessary, is highly injurious to the animal. The spine is composed of many joints, each called a vertebre, which are united together by ligaments, and though strengthened likewise by the powerful muscles of the back, are yet of too yielding a nature, to carry weights while young ; and the practice of riding *without* a saddle, by which an unequal pressure is forced on the vertebre, is bad, as it may produce an habitual weakness in the loins. This is avoided by using a saddle, which, if made to fit, will not touch the vertebre. Horses that are ridden too young, are apt to get a bad action with the legs : the sudden weight placed on them occasions them, in trotting, to cross them confusedly, to turn their toes out, and cut their fetlocks ; besides, the tendons of the legs, being too weak, are liable to be strained. Strains of the muscles are not so dangerous, a cure may be worked more speedily ; but these patchings, too frequently repeated, limit the power of action ; and, as the prevention of the evil is in our own hands, it is as well not to resort to remedies, which may by a little care be rendered unnecessary. The method used in first training a horse, is worthy of remark, and calls loudly for an alteration : what can be more absurd, than making it run round a circle, the breaker with a rope forming the centre ; it is evident, that this rotary motion must occasion the animal's legs, which are furthest from the trainer, to be forced into greater muscular exertion than the inside ones, in order to keep pace with them :—if a carriage be taken round a circle, the revolutions of the outside wheels will be considerably greater than those on the inside ; and in the same proportion, are the two sides of the horse brought into an unequal power of action ; this, to one that is not trained to his paces, is of great consequence ; the increased action which the outside legs is forced into,

and the horse not running erect, but leaning towards the centre of the circle, occasions a transverse pressure on the inside metacarpal bone of that leg ; this brings on an ossification between that and the great shank bone, which produces what is called a *splent*, and which we find young horses so liable to ; independent of this, he can never run with ease to himself in this position ; more especially when a long whip is held behind him in *terrorem*, and kept in continued motion ; thus the animal is compelled to run the circle, keeping a fearful eye on the whip, till the breaker is himself tired with revolving on his own axis, pulls the colt in, towards himself, and the object of fear, the *long whip*. The horse is an animal of so noble and generous a nature, as to be more easily led than driven ; and the ill-timed application of the whip begets more bad habits in young horses than it ever corrects ; it is a practice but too common, when a horse evinces fear at anything, to attempt to urge him past the cause of alarm, by a violent application of the whip or spur : this never fails to make a lasting impression on him, and thus the passion it is intended to subdue, is too frequently, by this improper method, formed into an habitual vice.

It must be remarked by every one having the least knowledge of a horse, their liability to tumble, and broken knee'd horses are more common than sound ones. The natural formation of a horse is admirably adapted for action ; and, to carry his weight forward, his legs are well supplied with elastic muscles, which contract and expand, as their motion require ; they are well braced with strong tendons and ligaments, which serve to keep each part in its place, and prevent their making too great a stretch ; but with every advantage of construction, many a horse is spoiled through this accident, and it is, in a great measure, occasioned by their standing on an *inclined plane* when in the stable : stalls have been built in this manner time immemorial ; but this is no answer to its inefficacy. It may, at a first glance, appear a matter of trifling consideration, but a very cursory view of the anatomy of the leg, will prove

this principle to be incorrect; the legs, whether standing on a level, or on an inclined plane, will be perpendicular, in order to keep the weight of the body in equilibrio; but the position of the pastern and hoofs is considerably altered: it necessarily follows, that the tendons at the back of the leg, being kept in a considerable state of tension, must be robbed of a great portion of their bracing properties; and the muscles, subject to the same straining, lose a share of their power of elasticity: and as many horses pass, on an average, about twenty hours out of the twenty-four in the stable, and about twelve standing, they are exactly half their time in this unnatural position: can it then be wondered at, when they are brought out for use, with the native vigour of their principal limbs thus impaired, that they should, from a want of the power of action, be unable to clear any obstructing acclivities, and in consequence come to the ground?—Many horses will even fall on a plain surface, more from weakness in the fetlocks and pastern joints, than a want of that shewy action in the knees, which is so much admired. Nothing can be more opposite to the principles of nature, than suffering a horse to stand in this position, when the animal functions are at rest, at least many of them in a state of inactivity, and the muscles and tendons of the legs ought to be placed in the medium between expansion and contraction, which can only be when the animal stands on a level. It may be contended, that this little inclination from the level is scarce sufficient to produce the effect described, but it is its *continuation* which does the injury, and must be extremely uncomfortable for horses coming off a journey, when the membranous covering of the tendons are in a slight state of inflammation, to be placed in this posture for rest;—after being subjected to a prac-

tice, though affecting them in a different way, equally prejudicial to their general health, which is, stripping them of their trappings, when warm, *outside* the stable, and washing their feet with *cold* water. Thus the perspirative disposition is checked, and thrown back on the organs of respiration, and from hence arise most of the inflammatory disorders that afflict them. *Warm* water may be applied to the feet with great advantage: the hoofs, which, from the artificial method resorted to for preserving them by shoeing, and the unnecessary one, of cutting the frog and bars, are rendered so extremely liable to contract, that every opportunity which presents itself, by which we may counteract this disposition, should be caught at with eagerness; and certainly the washing them with cold water, when the pores are opened by exertion, is not one of the most likely ways to effect this. Much has been done in the art of farriery, and many attempts made to better the condition of the hoof, but until we can make an elastic or jointed shoe, capable of compression and expansion, in *several* places, and which will not prevent a *moderate* pressure on the frog, we shall still be short of reaching the consummation of our wishes, and leave the foot liable to contraction. This object, as it is not easily attainable, must result only from a close observation of the anatomical form and physical power of the foot, and will then require the skill of the artist for the furtherance of so useful an improvement: but the remedy of the other defects, which are pointed out as resulting from improper treatment, &c. are within our own reach. If we grasp them, we shall ultimately be rewarded, and though we can only proceed by progressive steps, every step reaches nearer perfection.

D. T. E.

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## LARGE ANIMALS, BIRDS, &c.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

It is the opinion of many that the world was once inhabited by a race of beings which in stature far exceeded

the human form of our own times. The traces, however, for such an hypothesis or belief, are slight indeed, if at least, we confine the supposition merely to human beings. It is true at Leixlip on

the river Liffey, in July, 1812, an extraordinary monument of gigantic human stature, was found by two labourers. It appeared to have belonged to a man of not less than ten feet and a half in height; and one of the teeth was as large as an ordinary fore finger. But a circumstance of this sort amounts to nothing; as we have, in our own times, seen O'Brien, who very far exceeded the ordinary stature; and there is much reason to believe, that the skeleton just mentioned, belonged to a person named Phelim O'Tool, mentioned by Keating, and who was buried in Leixlip church yard, more than twelve hundred years ago. Messrs. O'Tool and O'Brien, however, were merely overgrown specimens of mankind, similar to what are frequently witnessed in exhibitions, though not one of these, in modern times, has attained the size of O'Tool.

But, if a race of human beings really existed, of gigantic stature, it were natural to suppose, that other orders of nature would exist of a corresponding size also; and a conjecture of this sort seems more probable, from the circumstance of the Mammoth having been repeatedly met with. A skeleton of one of these enormous animals was some years ago exhibited in the metropolis; and in 1810, a mammoth, in a perfect state of preservation, was found in the Russian domains, at a place called Yakantska, on the borders of the Frozen Ocean. Part of the flesh, the tusks, ears and tail, had been cut off by the barbarous natives of that uncultivated part; but the skeleton was conveyed to Saint Petersburg, a distance of 6,875 miles, where it may now be seen. The head weighs four hundred and sixty pounds. The horns weigh four hundred pounds, and are nine feet and a half in length. The height of the back, is ten feet and a half, and the length, sixteen feet and a half. The bristles of the back were of a reddish colour, and many of them measured two feet four inches in length. Hence, it would appear, beyond all doubt, that quadrupeds have existed far exceeding in bulk any thing of this sort now living. And the idea of the great world receives further strength from the labours of M. Hender-

strom, who discovered in that part of the Russian domains, which he calls New Siberia, the claws of a bird, measuring each a yard in length; and the Yakuts assured him, that they had often, in their hunting excursions, met with skeletons, and even feathers, of this bird; the quills of which, were large enough, to admit a man's fist. There is a passage also in the *Viage de las Goletas Mexicana y Sutil*, which gives further reason to believe, that a bird of the description just mentioned, has really existed, and in some parts of the globe at a period much less remote than might have been suspected. A chief of Nootka, where the image of a large bird seemed to be held in some degree of veneration, drew such a monster, with the addition of two horns upon its head, carrying away a whale in its talons; and he asserted, that he had seen a bird of this kind, pounce upon an enormous fish, and fly off with it! The Spaniards observed, he must have been dreaming, but he insisted upon the literal truth of what he asserted. Suavuk is the name of this bird. The story of the savage seems something like a Munchausen tale; and the only reason for entertaining it for one moment is, that as what I have above asserted, respecting the mammoth, is an incontestible fact, and that, as there is no reason perhaps to doubt the relation of M. Henderstrom, so the chief of Nootka may be regarded as entitled to some degree of respect; and therefore, allowing for a little stretch of the imagination, I see no reason to reject the Suavuk altogether; particularly, as we find the following passage in the first voyage of the immortal and ever-to-be-lamented Cook: "At two in the afternoon, we set out from Lizard Island, to return to the ship, (then lying in Endeavour river) and in our way, landed upon a low sandy island, with trees upon it, which we had remarked on our going out. Upon this island, we saw an incredible number of birds, chiefly sea fowl; we found also the nest of an eagle, with young ones, which we killed: and the nest of some other bird, we knew not what, of a most enormous size: it was built with sticks upon the ground, and was no less than six and



twenty feet in circumference, and two feet eight inches high." Hence it might appear, that this enormous bird was not extinct; but there is no account of any person ever having seen one (putting the Nootka chief out of the question). As far, however, as we are able to form an opinion, the dimensions of this bird must far exceed all our pre-conceived

notions of the feathered creation; and of whose powers it is of course impossible to form any idea. From the account of M. Henderstrom, it is clearly of the predacious tribe, and consequently a bird of such powers, and such propensities, could not be very numerous upon the face of the earth, at least in the present state of things.

G. C.

### DOCILITY of the TERRAPIN.

Maryland, January, 1833.

A precious *morceau* for the naturalist or gourmand.

It is not generally known, that this amphibious creature, whose flesh, and eggs, and even entrails, furnish food of the most delectable and nutritious character, is susceptible of domestication, and has an *eager ear* to *music*, and can *dance*, indeed, with surprising agility—nevertheless, it is truly so, and the fact may be fully substantiated.

On the estate of Mr. John Nelson, in the southern extremity of Somerset county, in this state, is a pond of the bay water, surrounded by a wall, at the distance of a few feet from its banks, wherein has been placed, in the by-gone year, some thousands of Terrapins, which, from either instinct, or the calls of nature, are subservient to their owner's voice, or any member of his family, and of all their *music*, they most admire the shrillest whistle:—and, the

note being sounded, the heads of hundreds, with glistening eyes, and full of intelligence, will promptly appear above the water:—and the feast being spread upon the shores, they rush to feed with longing speed, often *dancing* upon the backs of each other:—and having *mouthed* a morsel of fish or *fiddler*,\* the happy captor, in reversed order, hastens to secure his prize under cover of an element, more dense than the atmosphere; while jealous rivals in the contest are striving strong to dispossess him of his mouthful, until, by plunging and submersion, he fairly escapes from the hot pursuit.

The design of this enterprise is to supply Philadelphia with terrapins.

BUFFON.

N. B.—May not his fondness for the *fiddler* be taken as a proof of his musical taste.

\* A species of crab with a large claw.  
*American Turf Register.*

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—The groom of the late Duke of Queensbury, who won the famous match with the celebrated Eleanor, was an especial favourite with his grace. Hearing, when at a great distance from the spot, that his faithful servant was on the point of death, and had expressed an earnest desire to speak a few words with his master, before he departed for ever, the duke proceeded, post haste, to the place where he lay. On being shown into the room,

the great man approached the bed, and, gently drawing the curtains, looked silently upon the countenance, now glazing under the first touch of death. The patient turned with difficulty round, and his pale face brightened for a moment, as he caught his master's eye.—“Ah! my lord,” sobbed the dying man—“Ah! my lord, you remember E-le-a-nor.” “To be sure, John,” assented the duke. “Ah!” continued the groom, “war’nt she a rum un?” and died.



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*IMPORTANT to SPORTSMEN, and Others.*

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The following question has arisen between a person advertising to take cattle in to graze upon a ley in the county of Chester, which he denominates "one of the best in England," and another person who sent his horse to the ley.

The horse having been sent on or about the usual time of opening the ley in May, the owner sent his servant for it prior to the time being expired in October; but, not being able to find it on the ley, came back without it to the house of a friend of the owner's, who sent him again on the following day for the horse, with a written undertaking by the friend that he would be answerable for the payment. The horse, however, was brought in a most shocking condition, from having got into a bog at a distance from the part of the ley where he ought to have been kept, but out of which it was enabled to proceed in consequence of the owner having set the gates open to allow of ingress to the bad and dangerous ground where the bogs were situated. When the horse went to the ley he was worth 40 guineas (that sum having been offered for it),

and when he came back he was not worth four pounds: in consequence of which the owner desired his friend not to pay the undertaking he had given, as the horse had cost him 15 or 20 pounds to bring him round, besides losing the use of it for a length of time. Thereon, the proprietor of the ley directs his attorney to bring an action for 20 pounds against the owner's friend, who had given the undertaking; the price of the *best ley* being advertised at six pounds. We have always understood that the proprietor of a ley was answerable for loss or damage to cattle sent to his ground, and that it has been a general custom with others so to act; but a British jury will be called upon to express their verdict, which, as we consider it to be a matter of interest to the sporting world, we shall not fail to insert in our first number after the decision, with a full account of the trial, and the names of those public spirited individuals who have resisted the demand, as well as those persons who have made it, with such comments as we judge the case requires.

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*OBITUARY.*

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On Thursday, the 18th of July, at two o'clock in the morning, Thomas Scarisbrick, Esq. breathed his last, at his residence, Scarisbrick Hall, Lancashire, in the 48th year of his age.

In early life, he entered the army, and served for some time in Canada: After an absence of several years, he returned home, where, in a short time, he had the melancholy task of attending the death-bed of his highly-respected father.

Mr. Scarisbrick had uniformly manifested an invincible passion for field sports; and came upon the turf with all the intensity of a youthful and a vigorous mind. He was the owner of the celebrated Slender Billy, as well as many other horses; but, owing to some suspicious transaction or trick practised upon him, he quitted the turf in disgust, and might be said to live a retired life.

He came into the possession of his splendid estate at the age of twenty-five; and had, for the last seven years

of his life, occupied himself in getting together a pack of harriers, in which he spared neither pains nor expence; and in which he was eminently successful. Further, it was his intention to have appeared again on the turf; he had bred and bought a number of young things; and at Beardsworth's late sale became the purchaser of Birmingham.

In person he was above the ordinary stature, with a most feeling mind, and perception accurately acute and penetrating. He was a true sportsman, and very liberal respecting game. He was an excellent landlord and master, a kind hearted, generous friend; charitable to excess, his loss is irreparable to the indigent of the surrounding neighbourhood: the petition of distress was never offered to him in vain. He could have no enemy: no individual will deplore his death more sincerely than the writer of these lines. He has left a widow (the daughter of Colonel Farrington, Shaw Hall, Lancashire) but no children.

THE

# SPORTSMAN'S CABINET,

AND

*Town and Country Magazine.*

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

No. 11.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*If LEATHERHEAD will make us acquainted with his real name and address, his communication shall appear.*

*The observations of "A SHOOTER" shall appear in our next.*

## BETTING.

We have merely to observe, that Belshazzar and Muley Moloch are the favourites for the St. Leger, and are likely to continue so. But any attempt to give the *state of the betting* in a monthly publication must be a work of supererogation, not merely on account of its constant fluctuation, but also because it is regularly published in most of the newspapers in the kingdom.

*Summary of the Season, with Illustrative Observations.*

SEPT. 1.—Our last number might be regarded as the precursor of the shooting season ; and we therefore directed the attention of the shooter to the grouse mountains. We pointed out the moors over which we had ranged, as well as gave instructions by which those unacquainted with grouse shooting might save themselves much trouble, much expence, and also much vexatious disappointment.

The pursuit of the partridge, which commences on the first of this month, is more general than that of the grouse, and consequently more uniformly and better understood. As far as regards partridge shooting, the county of Norfolk has generally been acknowledged superior to any other part of the United Kingdom, and most likely very justly so ; but as we have never enjoyed this diversion in that part of England, we cannot speak from personal observation. We have experienced tolerably good partridge shooting in Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Oxfordshire, Staffordshire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, &c. and as far as regards either numbers or the ground—indeed as far as regards the satisfactory pleasure to be derived from this charming diversion, Lancashire stands pre-eminent in our estimation. In the inclosures of most parts of this county, partridges are found in considerable numbers ; but it is upon the lower, level, swampy grounds or morasses (and which in Lancashire are called *mosses*) that the very perfection of the diversion is to be obtained. These are situated in the vicinity of the sea ; and at some remote period were covered with timber and underwood : they were in fact woods, upon which the sea, at some period less remote, made inroads, and at length completely overflowed. For what length of time the sea continued its flux and reflux over these woods can never be known, nor is this circumstance of any consequence ; but when, by the re-action of the globe, the overwhelming waters retraced their steps, as it were, or receded, the deposition of the sea, having mixed with and covered the woods, a bog was the consequence. By draining and cultivation, these bogs became what in Lancashire and the north, is known by the name of *mosses* or *car land*.

Upon ground of this description, the late much and sincerely lamented Mr. Scarisbrick (who was consigned to the withering tomb, only on Friday, the 26th of July) possessed partridge shooting equal, if not superior, to any in the kingdom. Here the writer has many times enjoyed the perfection of partridge shooting ; here has he many times listened to the joke, the racy anecdotes, of the generous, the hospitable, the kind hearted proprietor.\*

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\* Mr. Scarisbrick dying without issue, his brother, Mr. Dicconson, succeeds to his estates.

In Lancashire, potatoes are very generally and very extensively cultivated: and when birds are driven into them, shooting becomes beautiful: much superior to the turnip fields of Yorkshire, the midland counties, and indeed of the rest of England. But as the potatoes are got up on the approach of winter, partridges in Lancashire become wild at an early period. Partridges will not lie longer than while they can find cover; and therefore, as turnips remain on the land for a great part of the winter, in those parts of the country where they are cultivated, the partridge may be successfully pursued later than in Lancashire.

Many parts of Wales afford good partridge shooting; and the same remark will apply to many parts of the Lowlands of Scotland. I have met with covies of partridges in many of the vallies in the Highlands of Scotland.

Partridge shooting is inferior to the pursuit of the grouse; but inasmuch as it is by no means so laborious and fatiguing, it is better calculated for the infirmity of age, or for those who feel an objection to ascending hills, climbing steep, passing over uneven and boggy ground. But there is no shooting like grouse shooting after all. Some years ago, upon Bollyhope Fells, Durham, a gentleman from Richmond, upwards of seventy years of age, bagged sixteen brace of grouse upon the 12th of August.

There is perhaps no amusement whatever, in which success is so anxiously desired, or so confidently anticipated, as that of shooting, by the young sportsman, on the approach of the 12th of August or the 1st of September. It is a most fascinating recreation: though the disappointments which almost uniformly attend the novice are extremely mortifying; yet hope sustains the spirits; every subterfuge is resorted to, on which to fix the blame of miscarriage, while the true reason is studiously kept out of sight:—the powder is bad, or the shot, or perhaps the fowling-piece is crooked; the game rises too near or too far off—every thing, in fact, will in turn be wrong, or at least be made to serve as a salvo, rather than the real cause candidly acknowledged, namely, lack of skill, or, rather, want of steadiness, in the sportsman.

A young shooter, on the first of September, is prepared for the field almost before the grey of morn will enable him to distinguish any distant object:—he directs his hasty steps to the place where he expects to find a covey. The dog *sets*, and, aware that the birds are under his nose, the tyro approaches the important spot with irregular step and a palpitating heart—the dog is motionless as a statue; his master has advanced one step before him, with such an increase of trepidation, as to be scarcely able to breathe—the awful stillness of a few seconds is interrupted by the sudden spring and screaming of the covey, and the shooter becomes so confused as to be incapable of levelling at any individual



bird, and the whole fly away, leaving the sportsman much chagrined at the miscarriage. On the recurrence of several of these disappointments, the dog will become uneasy, and will not hunt with his wonted cheerfulness: the fall of the bird gives as much pleasure to the dog as to the shooter; and a capital dog, if no game be killed to him, will become careless, and eventually good for nothing. Practice, however, will soon overcome the obstacles just mentioned; and with an ordinary share of self-command, no person need despair of becoming a tolerable shot. By way of illustration, I will, once more, suppose the young shooter in the field, with two dogs: he perceives one drawing on the scent, and settling to a point—let him call out *toho!* holding up his hand at the same time: the word will induce greater care in the first dog, and if the other should not be aware of the game, he will immediately look about him, and, seeing his master's hand, will keep his position (no matter what his situation may be, either before or behind the shooter) or, to speak as a sportsman, will *back*. I will suppose both the dogs perfectly steady—let the sportsman advance, deliberately, up to the setting dog; and, if the game should not spring, let him go before the dog—if the birds should run, instead of taking wing, he will be aware of the circumstance, by the dog following; but if the dog follows or *foots* too eagerly, he should be checked by the words *take heed!* These are anxious moments; but the sportsman must, nevertheless, summon all his fortitude, and continue as calm as possible, with his thumb on the cock: when the game springs, pull up the cock, select an individual object—if the bird flies straight forward, it is a very easy shot: let the sportsman direct his eye down the barrel, and the instant he perceives the bird on a line with the muzzle, let him pull the trigger; in levelling, however, the aim should be directed rather above, than below, the object; for the shot, if correctly thrown, will form its centre from the centre of the muzzle of the fowling-piece: nevertheless, in this respect, allowance must be made for the trim of the gun, or for the manner in which it throws the shot, with which I am supposing the sportsman perfectly acquainted: the *elevated breech*, too, will have considerable influence. If the bird should fly directly across, or only partially so, and thus describe the segment of a circle, the aim must be directed before the object; if with a common gun, four inches; with a percussion gun, two inches, supposing the distance to be about thirty yards. The average of shots is perhaps from twenty to thirty yards, though forty is quite within reach, and even fifty, particularly with a percussion gun. When the bird flies in the shooter's face, as it were, or towards him, he should let it pass before he attempts to fire, or he will be almost certain to miss.

In what manner soever the object might present itself, I will suppose it comes down; and though it should fall directly in view

of your dogs, they must not stir. The sportsman will direct his attention to the covey, and, after *marking down*, will proceed to re-load. At the commencement of the season, part of the covey will frequently remain; if, therefore, the dogs are not steady on the shot, mischief must ensue. I would not suffer my dogs to follow a winged bird till I had re-loaded; I would much sooner lose the bird than injure my dogs; though very few winged birds will be lost with good dogs.

Let me caution the sportsman, in loading, to keep the fowling-piece at arm's length, and not hang his face over the muzzle. Also, if he uses a double gun, let him examine whether by any means the other barrel has become cocked—indeed, he ought to see that the cock or cocks are secure, before he places the fowling-piece on his left arm for the purpose of advancing, which should be carried with the trigger forward, and as nearly perpendicular as possible. A gun is a dangerous instrument, and therefore care is indispensable.

It is not an easy matter to prevent a dog chasing a hare, unless he is in the constant habit of seeing them. I do not hesitate to shoot a hare on her seat, if I happen to observe her, and am in want of a hare, in order to prevent the dogs chasing; the latter will not fail to make them unsteady for an hour or two afterwards, particularly if she happens to be lamed. In shooting at a running hare, the fowling-piece should be levelled forward, as a hare will carry away a great quantity of shot, if struck about the buttocks:—a trifle kills them if hit in the head, or just behind the fore-leg.

The great secret of shooting feathered game is the attainment of philosophical calmness: a hare even, whose progressive motion is attended with little or no noise, yet starts so suddenly as to disconcert the inexperienced; but the rising of a pheasant, particularly out of a bush, will not fail to startle any stranger to the diversion.

It may not be amiss to observe, that a sort of unconscious or involuntary motion or movement of the arms and body accompanies the level, which should not be checked till after the piece is discharged—if stopped at the moment of pulling the trigger, the bird, most likely, will fly away. Also, for a very long shot, the level should be higher than usual, as the shot will not fly any very great distance before it begins to curve downwards. In levelling, the fowling-piece should be held firmly to the shoulder, the left hand placed either close to the trigger guard, or a few inches in advance: the former is perhaps safer, in case the barrel burst; but I, nevertheless, prefer the latter, in order to prevent the gun becoming point heavy. I always ram *well home*—the powder, in a patent breech, if not more than a proper quantity is used, will always lie loose (and thus ignites much better) as the wadding cannot be forced farther than the top of the breech (and the closer

the wadding fits the better); the shot should certainly be well rammed. The fowling-piece, too, will require wiping out once or twice in a hard day's shooting; also on going out in the morning, it should be aired by firing a little powder: if percussion priming is used, it will be necessary to place wadding over the powder in the barrel, or it will be apt to be driven out unexploded; such is the force of percussion priming, that it drives the atmospheric air with such violence before it, as to expel the powder before the fire reaches it. However, merely flashing off a copper cap will sufficiently air the barrel.

Flints should be changed frequently, to prevent missing fire—this is avoided with the percussion priming.

It sometimes happens, that a sportsman may cock the gun, and, not firing, have occasion to let down the cock—in doing which, he should let the cock pass, and, bringing it back to the half-cock, make it *tell* well into the tumbler.

For partridges, a couple of good dogs is quite sufficient at once; but they should have been used to hunt together, and perfectly acquainted with each other; otherwise they will be jealous and commit many mistakes. To beat a country in a sportsman-like manner, a person should not go straight through it: but form circles, as it were, traversing well the ground, and taking care to give the dogs the wind as much as possible; at the same time the sportsman should not be afraid of beating the ground over twice, where there is any reason to believe game is to be found. He who patiently beats and ranges his ground over and over again, will generally kill the largest quantity of game; and will be sure to find it where it has been left by others. A hare will frequently suffer a person to pass within a few yards of her, without stirring; and birds will often lie so close, as to suffer themselves almost to be trod upon before they will attempt to rise.

It will be proper to observe in this place, that the shooter should never strike either bush or hedge, or indeed any thing, with his fowling piece. Should he use the butt-end for this purpose, it is possible the cock may be caught by some branch, and thus cause the piece to be fatally discharged; on the contrary, should a bush, &c. be struck with the muzzle-end, the sportsman will be very liable to lose his shot. It is a good method to examine occasionally, in shooting in general, whether by any means the shot has moved.—Nor should sportsmen hold guns to each other to leap a ditch or climb a bank, since the muzzle will be towards the friend or the owner.

If the sportsman use a double gun, and has discharged one of the barrels, he should, after ramming the wadding on the powder in re-loading, put the ram-rod down the barrel that has not been discharged, which will be less trouble than placing it under his arm, or otherwise; he can then put in the shot; taking care not to let





PARTRIDGE SHOOTING



any of the pellets fall into the loaded barrel (containing the ram-rod, or the latter will become fast); and on taking the ram-rod out of the other barrel, he can instantly ascertain whether the shot has moved. In discharging one barrel of a double gun, the shot in the other will frequently be loosened, if paper or any such pliable wadding be used; but with card I never knew this to happen, though I invariably examine with the ram-rod, in the method above described, in order to avoid every possible danger.

As to the colour of the shooter's dress, green is supposed to be the best in the early part of the season, and when winter approaches, a kind of light brown, resembling stubble: this last colour will be found to answer throughout the season. But what requires more consideration is the formation of a shooter's dress:—all tight ligatures, all weights injudiciously divided, and therefore laboriously carried, are additions to fatigue, and drawbacks to exertion of long duration.

Grouse shooting is very laborious, and requires both judgment and experience, particularly in mountains to which the sportsman is a stranger. As the season is frequently very hot, it becomes highly necessary to be clothed accordingly. The lighter the dress the better, taking care at the same time to let the garments next your skin chiefly consist of flannel. A flannel shirt and drawers are the best that can be used for this purpose, and ought, in fact, to be considered as indispensably necessary. Flannel, though so capable of administering warmth, is, notwithstanding, a bad conductor of heat; and, therefore, if the sportsman habituates himself to wear it, he will experience but little increase of heat in the summer on that account; at the same time it must be allowed, that nothing will so effectually absorb the moisture which arises from excessive perspiration, and consequently there can be no better preventive against taking cold.—It need scarcely be mentioned that the liquor flask is a very necessary appendage; to the bottom of which should be attached a tin cup, which will enable the sportsman to allay his thirst by mixing water with his brandy: rinsing the mouth will perhaps be found occasionally to answer the desired purpose. But on no account drink cold water alone; the fatal consequences of which, when a person is in a violent perspiration, are well known.

If the corn be cut, the Courser will commence his operations; indeed, as the pursuit of the "poor timid hare," is not exactly defined by law, she may be pursued legally at an earlier period than the first of September; but coursing should not be commenced till the corn is cut; nor indeed shooting either.

The representation of partridge shooting in the plate may fairly claim the merit of characteristic accuracy, as well as to characteristic originality. The dog, to the right, found and set the birds; the other dog, perceiving this, stops (or *backs*, to use the general

phrase); the shooter, with the left barrel, has brought down the old cock, which has fallen before the backing dog, who however remains steady; the shooter has levelled, and is in the act of pulling the trigger of the right barrel. The plate, we have no doubt, will bring to the mind of our shooting readers many similar situations.

A friend asked us the other day, why we did not give plates of horses. Our reply was, those two Counterfeit Chronicles, the Old and New Sporting Magazines, have dosed the public to nausea with what they have denominated Portraits of horses. The state of the arts of painting and engraving is such, at the present moment, that any thing like a true and characteristic portrait of a race horse, or any subject relative to field sports, is out of the question, unless indeed it be executed under the immediate direction of a person acquainted with the subject. The consequence is, that though sometimes an indescribable vivid kind of likeness may be traced (as we see occasionally on a village ale-house sign) it is not flexible, it is not animated, it "breathes not from the canvas," but presents an indurated mahogany appearance, uniformly manifesting the grossest ignorance of the principles of progressive motion, as well as of the anatomy of the horse, and not unfrequently of the common principles of drawing!

The *portraits of horses* which appear in the Old Counterfeit Chronicle are got up by a sort of family compact, wherein one member of the *clique* puffs off the worse than Birmingham ware of the other. This is a snug comfortable mode of doing business. The editor and writers for the publication in question have no further knowledge of field sports, and the subjects which they profess to discuss and illustrate, than what is to be acquired in the streets of that immense metropolis London; and therefore, possessing not one single particle of judgment respecting a horse, a hound, or indeed of any thing relative to the turf or the field, they have played a successful game, with contemptible and counterfeit materials for many years, because no opponent appeared in the market; and when at length the New Sporting Magazine was brought to light, it was merely the counterpart of the old concern; equally ignorant, and displaying no ordinary degree of the most egregious vanity and self conceit.

Artists, with very few exceptions indeed, do not pursue the sports of the field; and therefore, unless their operations are directed by the practical experience of another person, characteristic propriety cannot be expected. Edwin Landseer has acquired a knowledge of field sports; and these subjects he paints with unrivalled vigour, truth, and beauty; from sketches of this gentleman, his brother Thomas has produced Etchings which leave all other attempts at an immeasurable distance. Thomas Landseer produces a most extraordinarily-fine effect with a few judicious, a



few exquisite, touches with his etching needle; while Edwin is perhaps more remarkable for his superlative delineations on canvas. As a painter of field sports Mr. Edwin Landseer, with one trifling exception, stands absolutely and literally alone; it is not enough to say that he is by far the best painter of such subjects, since there is not another artist living that can give any thing like a correct idea of them, Charles Towne excepted. I would not for one moment be thought to compare these two gentlemen any further than by observing, that, as a painter of the subjects under consideration, Mr. C. Towne stands as pre-eminently above all others, as the genius of Mr. Edwin Landseer soars above the gentleman just mentioned. By undeviating perseverance Mr. Towne has reached his present eminence; while extraordinary genius shines in the correct and vigorous touches of Mr. Edwin Landseer.—Not many yards from my elbow, hangs a portrait of the once celebrated Pony Hunter, painted by Towne: it is a slight picture; but such a one as no other painter (always excepting the great Landseer) could produce.

Engravers are not sportsmen; and, although we frequently see pompously announced (*a trick of trade*) the names of Scott, Webb, Roberts, Westley, Greig, &c. as eminent for their knowledge of field sports, it is merely to gull the public: the fact is, these engravers may understand the use of aqua fortis, and may be expert enough with the burine:—they may indeed produce a moderately decent plate in a general way, and where nothing like superior mental exertion is requisite; but they possess not a well defined idea of field sports, in any of its ramifications, if we except the “capture of a minnow at the New River Head;” or perhaps a little pit *bobbing* in the neighbourhood of Highgate or Hampstead. Even Howitt, who in his day, acquired a name for his etchings of field sports, was altogether ignorant of the subject; in fact, he was ignorant even of the external figure of the animals which he attempted to represent; and the consequence was, that he generally committed an outrage on nature.

No large engraving ever yet published gives a faithful representation of the chase. Engravers, however, are apt to be conceited, and to fancy they can improve the sketch which is given to them to copy. Apropos. A few months ago, I placed a sketch in the hands of an engraver; it was the portrait of a setter, with a pretty characteristic landscape, and he was desired *to copy it as closely as possible*. At length, a proof of the plate was placed in my hands: I could not recognise my own dog, as the engraver had deprived him of his beautiful wavy hair, and consequently of his principal distinguishing characteristic; but this was not all: for the pretty little landscape (the stubble field, &c.) he had substituted an imposing military fort, a ponderous and overwhelming windmill, an ill-defined sort of old Roman pavement, and, to



crown the joke, had placed a gun in the hand of a little crooked legged man *in the distance, in another field, approaching the setting dog most cunningly!* It was too bad for human endurance: at least, it was too bad for the endurance of a genuine sportsman!

If, in the representations of field sports we preserve not the true character, we had better let them alone; and this object, so much to be desired, has scarcely ever yet been attained: because, as we have already observed, it has very rarely happened, that either professional writers or professional artists have acquired the least practical knowledge of the subjects under consideration. Hence, whatever has appeared, either in the way of pictorial embellishment, or written illustration, has amounted merely to gross and ignorant imposition—if not to sinister fraud.

However, as far as regards engravers, we hesitate not to assert, that they are far overpaid for their labours: the prices they demand, and generally obtain, are enormously too much. With very little exception, engraving is at a very low ebb indeed, in this country on the score of genius or ability; the engravers are, for the most part, illiterate ignorant men, who, by dint of bare-faced puffing, impose their wretched productions on an unsuspecting and generous public. We could name half a dozen who, by the system just mentioned, have acquired a false importance; and thus continue, for unblushing ignorance, to reap the reward of sterling genius!

As far as relates to the reward of labour, literary men are not sufficiently estimated. It is true there are no professed writers who understand field sports; but there are few of them who have not some pretensions to genius, many who possess very superior talent; and while ignorant puffing engravers are enabled to live in comparative splendour, the pay which writers receive for the sterling and laborious efforts of their genius will do little more than purchase them a comfortable dinner.

THE RACING SEASON.—The lowering aspect of the political horizon has been unfavourable to the interests of the turf. Fewer horses than usual have appeared during the present season; and a falling off in company and spirit has been observable from one end of the kingdom to the other. The agitated proceedings of the great council of the nation have detained many influential persons in the metropolis, who would otherwise have appeared at various meetings; and by their presence and splendid equipages have produced that air of elegant gaiety so essential to the well being of the race course.

The Chester meeting was not so well attended as usual.—Of Epsom we have given our opinion already at such length that it scarcely needs notice in this place. Ascot meeting presented a falling off, notwithstanding the attendance of the Royal Family. Manchester experienced the general depression. Newton manifested

an increase. Preston, Lancaster, Newcastle, Chelmsford, Derby, Kendal, Bridgnorth, and Southampton, were thinly attended in every respect, and presented nothing worthy of notice in this place. The dry detail of what may be called the inferior provincial meetings, inasmuch as it appears in half the newspapers in the kingdom, may very well be omitted here. A similar remark will, in a great degree, apply to the betting circle, which, although it may have mustered the usual number of regular professors, has experienced a great falling off in men of wealth and rank, and the professors therefore will reap a less prolific harvest than they have done for some years back.

Having noticed the influence which the present untoward state of political jarring has had on the operations of the turf, there is yet another cause, which must not be kept out of sight, still more deeply prejudicial to the object under consideration. I allude to that extensively-organized system of swindling which has been, of late years, carried on through every possible ramification, from those learned Thebans, the *Epsom junto*, to the veriest stable boy.

We have noticed this subject before. In our number for January, we put a question to Tommy Lye, which he has not thought proper to answer: we therefore repeat it. "It will be in the recollection of every one, that in the year 1831, Chorister won the Doncaster St. Leger, beating, amongst others, the Sadler, unquestionably a better horse than Chorister; and had a superior jock been on his back, no doubt could have been entertained as to the result. We ask T. Lye the following questions:—In the first place, we ask him how it happened, that, being the Marquis of Cleveland's jock (now Duke of Cleveland) he did not ride Chorister, he being the property of the Noble Marquis? Was it not in consequence of a conversation, or *consultation*, which he had with Messrs. Skipsey and Wagstaff, which by some means reached the ears of John Smith, (the trainer of Chorister) and by him reported to the Marquis of Cleveland, that the Noble Marquis declined Tommy Lye's services on this occasion? Further, did not he, the said Tommy Lye, stand to win 7,000 pounds upon the Sadler, before he was aware, that he would not be allowed to ride Chorister?" If this statement be not correct, Tommy Lye will be pleased to recollect that the pages of the Sportsman's Cabinet are open, freely open, to his exculpation.

Mr. W. Lockwood.—This gentleman is a public man, and as such is a legitimate subject of animadversion through the medium of that ponderously-powerful engine (which is now creaking at my elbow) the press:—Yes, the Press! Scourge of rogues! Goddess of *genuine* freedom! how I adore thee! Mr. W. Lockwood acts as judge at the Liverpool Aintree meeting, and also I believe at some others: in an official capacity, he is connected with several

important meetings; and under the meteoric and brightly-blazing signature of "ALFRED HIGHFLYER" puffs off his own importance as "*a respectable man, an upright judge!*" in the contemptible pages of that insult to every genuine sportsman, that disgrace to literature, the *Sporting Magazine*. Mr. W. Lockwood may be "*a respectable man, an upright judge;*" but it would have appeared more modestly becoming had he suffered others to find it out, and not to have sung his own superlatively-passing eulogy in sonorously-complacent strains, since, according to the old adage, "self praise is no recommendation!"

The *judgments* of Mr. W. Lockwood have been called in question several times. My opinion is, that any judge who makes a profession of betting, cannot go into the judge's chair with an unbiassed mind; and I should imagine this gentleman bets largely or heavily, since he carries a betting book of far, very far, beyond the ordinary dimensions: and for which his tailor must no doubt provide a particular receptacle in the multifarious and capacious folds of his heavily-flowing robes. Mr. W. Lockwood came into the Sefton Arms the day previously to the last Liverpool Aintree meeting. He stalked into the bar with all the *dignified* air of a man who stood well with himself:—all this is correct enough—at least there is no great harm in it: but when, addressing himself to Calloway (the jock) he observed, that, if he came (upon Lady Sarah) within half a neck, he would give him the cup, he was guilty of the most egregious folly. If this expression were meant as a joke, it was injudicious, it was very ill-timed; and to suppose that it was so intended is the most charitable construction to put upon it.

In the disqualification of Satan to run for the Maiden Plate at the Liverpool Aintree meeting, noticed in our last number, we think Mr. W. Lockwood ought to have appealed to the Steward, General Yates, who was on the ground. We think the office of *judge* does not extend to disputed matters of this kind; and therefore, whether the decision were correct or otherwise, it has nothing to do with the principle.

We repeat, a professed bettor should never appear in the judge's chair; nor should he possess an interest in any of the horses. Let us look at the pernicious effects of such a system, and state a supposed case by way of exemplification. Let us suppose, for instance, that the judge has bets to the amount of 700 pounds depending upon the favourite, and that favourite loses by half a head, is there not a great temptation placed before the eyes of the judge? since, by giving an "upright" decision, he loses 700 pounds! Mr. W. Lockwood cannot have forgotten that when the Liverpool gold cup was awarded to Velocipede (in 1829, if my memory be correct) that the decision was uniformly unsatisfactory, except to those who stood to win on Velocipede; and



this dissatisfaction arose to strong suspicion, when it became known that the judge had a deep interest in the horse to which he awarded the prize ; which suspicion has never been wiped away.

Under all the circumstances of the case, therefore, let Mr. W. Lockwood feel himself deeply impressed with the idea, that in defiance of his having an opportunity, through the medium of that supposititious publication, the *Sporting Magazine*, of calling himself a " respectable man, an upright judge," he is justly amenable to the tribunal of public opinion ; that, although the "*jumping-off*" signature of " ALFRED HIGHFLYER " may appear marvellously clever in the estimation of his own puerile literary vanity, it will not in future prevent his public acts from being subjected to the scrutiny of a *respectable, upright, independent press*.

In the August number of the elder Counterfeit Chronicle (the *Sporting Magazine*) Mr. W. Lockwood thus commences his account of the Liverpool Aintree meeting :—" The increasing interest and growing importance of this meeting *seduced* me to take a journey of something above a hundred miles to witness the interesting disclosures of the Aintree Budget."—What occasion could there possibly be for " ALFRED HIGHFLYER," to commence his wonderfully witty narration with such an unblushing *poetical flourish* ? We would ask him, if he was not more "*seduced*" by the sum he received (30 pounds) for acting as an "*upright judge*," than by the " increasing interest and growing importance of this meeting ?" And would he not, like other professional bettors, be further "*seduced*" by the still more important consideration of *rounding*, or making-up, his ponderous and bulky betting book ? If we reason upon the matter, it will be found, that any person filling the highly-important situation of *judge*, ought to be proof against "*seduction* ;" he ought to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. In future, therefore, we would most sincerely advise this accomplished Supervisor, when he sends forth his mellifluous wisdom in print, to clothe his immortal ideas in a less suspicious garb, lest a susceptibility of "*seduction*" should be deemed incompatible with his momentous official duties.

The proceedings of the race course may be said to groan beneath an offensive mass of the grossest corruption ; and unless effectual means be put in practice for the purification of the turf, it will not only become contemptible, but sink into nothingness. The observations which we have applied to the judge, are not confined to his office alone : no betting man ought to be clerk of a course ; nor would I ever employ a trainer or jockey who made a business of betting.

Mr. Beardsworth, so celebrated as the prime mover of the Ludlow affair, and who used to " come so smug upon the mart," who shewed so confidently upon the stand and the race ground, has, during the present season, exhibited himself but little ; and,



even when he did appear, he looked not like his former self. So be it.

Ludlow, the horse Ludlow, infamously celebrated in the annals of the turf, has made no figure as a racer. I have not the least doubt, that when he held the place of first favourite for the St. Leger, that his capacity and qualities very justly entitled him to that distinction; but having been *dosed* for the purpose of disqualifying him for successful contention, he never completely recovered himself. If we look at the case of Bessy Bedlam and several other racers, which were *dosed*, we shall find that they scarcely ever recovered the effects of the noxious potion. By being *dosed*, a horse is made perfectly safe; more so than by any other means: not but a rider can very easily accomplish the same object; but, as thieves cannot trust each other, so the riding of a betting jock cannot always be relied on by his associate leg, because the latter cannot be certain that the former has not entered into a more profitable confederacy in another quarter.

The Younger Counterfeit Chronicle (New Sporting Magazine) speaking of the betting, in the number for August, says "Satan has been running *badly at Liverpool*, and is out of the betting!" Let us look what this bad running was:—On Thursday, July 4, at Liverpool, Satan started for a sweepstakes; which he won, after a well contested race, beating Puss, Falconbridge, and Sensitive. On the very same day, Satan started for the king's hundred, against Mr. Watmough's Figaro colt, Hope, and Contest. The first heat was given in favour of the Figaro colt, (to the astonishment of every person who witnessed it) who according to the judge's version of the tale, beat Satan by half a head! The second was a dead heat between Satan and Contest. The two next heats were very severely contested, and won by Satan. After four very severe two mile heats, Satan carried away the prize! He won all for which he started at Liverpool, against superior nags, and very severe running, and yet the self dubbed "*Incomparable Combinator*" of the publication just mentioned, positively states that "*Satan has been running badly at Liverpool!*" Such is the wonderfully-instructive information conveyed to his readers by the self-denominated "*ablest sporting writer of the day!*" the awfully-gifted editor of the New Sporting Magazine! Further, this "*incomparable*" book-maker, speaking of grouse shooting, observes (page 274 of his number for August)—"Much time is lost in *beating* flats, and the extreme heights of hills or ridges. The side under the wind of such a ridge of land as just described, where there is plenty of long heath, is the very best *beat* that can be recommended!"—Here we have a sublime specimen of a person teaching a science before he has himself acquired a correct knowledge of its alphabet. Notwithstanding the *self-made* asser-

tion that the illustrious editor of the New Sporting Magazine is "*the ablest sporting writer of the day!*" we must beg leave to tell him, that he is unacquainted with the language of the chase. What grouse shooter ever heard of "*beating flats!*" and does not even the veriest tyro know that the weather, and the period of the day, should regulate the shooter in the choice of ground over which he should *range*?

An accident prevented us from visiting the moors.—On the 24th of July we happened to be struck with a cricket ball: the ball struck the inner side bone of the knee with considerable force; in consequence of which we were deprived of the power of walking, without considerable pain for some weeks. We expect, however, to be fully able to give an account of our personal pursuit of the partridge.

### GOODWOOD RACES.

**TUESDAY, JULY 30.**—The **LAVANT STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft; colts, 8st. 7lb; fillies, 8st. 3lb; half a mile; 16 subscribers

Lord Exeter's Sister to Cactus (carried 5lb. extra.) (Conolly) . . . . .	1
Lord Egremont's f by Skim, out of Caroline . . . . .	2
Duke of Richmond's f Gulistan, by Whalebone . . . . .	3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Cosby's b c Stradbally, Gen. Grosvenor's b c Pigeon; Mr. Greville's bl g Kislar Aga; Gen. Grosvenor's c by Stainboro', out of Twatty: Mr. Forth's ch c Robinson Crusoe; and Mr. Grant's f by Blacklock, out of Duckling.—Betting: 3 to 1 agst Gulistan, 4 to 1 agst Robinson Crusoe, 6 to 1 agst the winner, 6 to 1 agst Stradbally, 6 to 1 agst Pigeon, and 7 to 1 agst Caroline.—Several false starts. Sister to Cactus was in front the whole distance, and won cleverly by a length. Value of Stakes 660/.

The **DRAWING ROOM STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, with a Bonus of 10 sovs. each; colts, 8st. 7lb; fillies, 8st. 2lb; second horse to receive 10 sovs; once round; 40 subs.(7 of them to the Bonus only;) value of the Stakes, 1,195/.

Mr. Rawlinson's Revenge (J. Day) . . . . .	1
Lord Exeter's Cactus . . . . .	2
Colonel Peel's Young Rapid . . . . .	3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Cosby's the Bravo, Gen. Grosvenor's Falernia, Lord Warwick's Trepidation, Lord Egremont's Brother to Spermaceti, and Mr. Gardnor's Myrrha.—Betting: 5 to 4 on Revenge, 4 to 1 agst Trepidation, 4 to 1 agst Young Rapid, 8 to 1 agst Cactus, and 10 to 1 agst any other.—Won by a length cleverly.

**MATCH**—100 sovs. h ft; one mile. Lord Exeter's Cactus, 8st. 7lb. (Arnall,) beat Lord Conyngham's Brother to Blythe, 8st. 3lb. by 20 lengths; 7 to 4 on winner.

**MATCH**—100 sovs. h ft; three-quarters of a mile. Mr. Kent's

Baleine, 3ys. 9st. (Boyce,) beat Mr. Cosby's Pussey, 2ys. 6st. 11lb. by a length; 6 and 7 to 4 on winner.

**WEDNESDAY.**—A FILLY SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, 11 ft; 8st. 7lb. each; one mile; five subscribers.

Lord Chesterfield's Weeper (Nat) . . . . . 1

Captain G. Bulkeley's Trickery . . . . . 2

3 to 1 on Weeper. Won easy by two lengths

The LADIES PLATE of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added; mile heats.

Mr. Gardnor's Messenger, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb. (Pavis) . . . 1 2 1

Duke of Richmond's Gondolier, 6 yrs. 9st 9lb. . . . 2 1 2

First heat: 5 to 4 on Messenger, who won by a head.—Second heat: even betting; won by three quarters of a length.—Third heat: 3 to 1 on Gondolier; won by two lengths.

The GOODWOOD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5, &c. Cup Course: 82 subs (of whom 58 pay only 5 sovs each;) the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes.

Mr. Biggs's Little Red Rover, 6 yrs. 8st 6lb. (J. Day) . . . 1

Mr. Rush's Guildford, aged, 8st. 11lb. (carried 2lb. over weight) 2

Mr. Grant's Cinderella, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb. . . . . 3

The following were not placed:—Windcliffe, 6 yrs. 8st. 7lb; Donegani, 6 yrs. 8st. 2lb; Lady Fly 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb; Little Boy Blue, aged, 8st. 11lb; Wassailer, 6 yrs. 7st. 9lb; Tourist, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb; Rattle, 4 yrs. 7st. 3lb; Clara, 4 yrs. 7st. 2lb; Friar Tuck, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb; Baleine, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb; and Sister to Frederick, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb.—Betting: 2 to 1 agst Rover, 6 to 1 agst Windcliffe, 8 to 1 agst Clara, 8 to 1 agst Tourist, 12 to 1 agst Baleine, 15 to 1 agst Lady Fly, 15 to 1 agst Wassailer, and 20 to 1 agst Boy Blue.—The race was very severe, the favourite again having the best of the field. After one false start, the horses got off in pretty good style: Clara was in front for the first two or three hundred yards, Little Red Rover, Rattle, Friar Tuck, Boy Blue, and Tourist, lying behind her, all in good place; Red Rover then took lead, Lady Fly having the second place round the clump, and looking something like a winner; Cinderella also laid pretty forward. About a distance from home, these two were beaten; Guildford then separated from the rest, went up to Little Red Rover's quarters, and was not defeated till the last two or three strides; Robinson rode him with remarkable patience. Cinderella was a bad third, Tourist fourth, and the rest "no where." The pace was good, without being so great as for the Drawing Room Stakes. The betting was exceedingly heavy, and all the Stockbridge party are large winners.

The weather was fine, and the company fashionable.

**THURSDAY.**—The MALCOMB STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 11 ft. for two year olds; colts, 8st. 5lb; fillies, 8st; T. Y. C.

Mr. Sadler's c Defensive by Defence (Chapple) . . . . . 1

Mr. Greville's bl g Kislal Aga . . . . . 2

Duke of Richmond's f Gulistan . . . . . 3

Lord Egremont's b f Sister to Tom Thumb . . . . . 4

4 to 1 on Mr. Sadler's colt, which came out near the Stand, and won easy by two lengths.

The GOODWOOD GOLD CUP of 300 sovs. with 540 in specie (20 sovs. each, with 100 added;) Cup Course; the second horse to receive 100 sovs: 37 subs.

Mr. Kent's Rubini, 5 yrs. 9st. 9lb. (Boyce)	1
Mr. Greville's, the Whale, 3 yrs. 6st. 11lb.	2
Lord Exeter's Beiram, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	3

The following were not placed:—Lord Lichfield's Minister, 4 yrs. 9st. 11lb; Mr. Cosby's bl h Galopade, 5 yrs. 10st; Mr. Gratwicke's Sister to Frederick, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb; Mr. Ridsdale's b g by Lottery, out of Swiss's dam, 3 yrs. 6st. 5lb; Mr. Gully's Hokee Pokee, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb; and Mr. Rush's Roadster, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb.—Betting: 5 to 4 agst Beiram, 4 to 1 agst the Whale, 4 to 1 agst Hokee Pokee, 6 to 1 agst Galopade, 12 to 1 agst Minister, and 15 to 1 agst the winner.—The start was excellent; the horse out of Swiss's dam was the first to make running, and at a pace not exactly accordant with orders; he pulled so tremendously, that after going half a mile, the drawing rein snapt, and he went right away from his horses, his rider (little Sam Rogers) no longer having any controul over him. Sister to Frederick also had a lad on her, pulled double, and laid second several lengths astern; behind her were Beiram, Whale, and Galopade. The runaway horse rattled along at the top of his speed till three quarters of a mile from home, when he bolted, ran against a hack, and threw his jockey, fortunately without doing him any injury. Beiram instantly took up the running, followed by Whale and Galopade, no other change taking place till the distance, where Rubini ran up, and challenged his horses. At the Stand, Beiram, at the time looking amazingly like a winner, was passed by Rubini and Whale, which two ran a severe race till the last eight or ten strides, when Rubini went out, and won cleverly by a length. Beiram struggled manfully to the end, and was not beaten above a head by Whale. Galopade and Hokee Pokee were fourth and fifth. There was nothing wonderful in the pace. The Cup (in reality a Silver Shield of great value and exquisite workship) was speculated on to a very large amount.

FRIDAY.—The KING'S PLATE of 100 guineas. Three years old, 7st. 11lb; 4 yrs. 9st. 2lb; 5 yrs. 9st. 13lb; 6 yrs. and aged, 10st. 4lb. New King's Plate. Course about three miles and five furlongs.

Mr. Greville's Whale, 3 yrs. (Nat)	1
Mr. Gully's Lady Fly, 4 yrs.	2
Sir M. Wood's Lucetta, aged	3
Lord Egremont's colt by Skim, out of Centaur's dam	4

Won by a length. Betting—Even on Whale, 3 to 1 agst Lucetta, 4 to 1 agst Lady Fly.

The RACING STAKES of 50 sovs.

Mr. Forth's b f Marpessa (Norman)	1
Duke of Richmond's Ketchup	2



Colonel Peel's Young Rapid . . . . .	3
Sir M. Wood's ch c Contriver . . . . .	4
Lord Exeter's Cactus . . . . .	5
Mr. Cosby's the Bravo . . . . .	6
Mr. Ley's Partiality . . . . .	7
Lord Tavistock's c by Partisan, out of Rachael . . . . .	8

Won by a length. 2 to 1 agst the winner; 4 to 1 agst Young Rapid; 5 to 2 agst Cactus; 5 to 1 agst Ketchup.

**DUKE OF RICHMOND'S PLATE**, of 100 sovs. last mile.

Lord Chesterfield's Weeper, 3 yrs. 7st. 13lb. (Nat) . . . . .	1
Mr. Gardnor's Friar Tuck, 4 yrs. 7st. 7lb. . . . .	2
Mr. Sadler's Walter, 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb. . . . .	3
Mr. Gardnor's Ida, 5 yrs. 7st. 12lb. . . . .	4
Mr. Forth's Gratis, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb. . . . .	5

Won by a length. 5 to 4 agst the winner; 3 to 1 agst Friar Tuck; 4 to 1 agst Gratis.

**The WATERLOO PLATE** of 5 Sovs. each, with 50 added.

Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Wilna, 5 yrs. . . . .	1
Mr. Cosby's Donegani, 6 yrs. . . . .	2

6 to 1 on Donegani.

**PLATE** of 50 sovs. given by the Members for the City of Chichester. Once round, heats.

Mr. Brown's br h Pumpkin, 5 yrs. . . . .	2	1	1
Mr. J. Messer's Dryad, 4 yrs. . . . .	1	3	2
Mr. Wiltshire's b h Wassailer, 6 yrs. . . . .	3	2	dr

2 to 1 on Wassailer; 7 to 1 on Pumpkin.

**A GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. given by the Earl of Lichfield, for horses beaten at Goodwood.

Duke of Richmond's Ketchup, 3 yrs. . . . .	1
Mr. Cosby's Galopade, 5 yrs. . . . .	2

2 to 1 agst Winner; 2 to 1 agst Galopade.

Taking it as a whole, the meeting went off well, but certainly not so brilliantly as might have been expected from the value and importance of the stakes, the vast number of horses, and the favourable state of the weather. There was scarcely a severe race during the four days, and two or three of the plates (money given) did not fill, owing to an extraordinary backwardness in entering horses; this is attributable, perhaps, to some alterations in the conditions made at too late a period, and which will, no doubt, be arranged otherwise in future. Of the management of the meeting too much cannot be said in praise; it should be held out as a model; in every respect the accommodation and amusement of the public are consulted, without regard to expence or trouble; inso-much, that we, every year, find something new to admire. Amongst others, two striking improvements ought not to be omitted: one consists in the extension of the course full half a mile beyond the Judge's chair, increasing the King's Plate a distance of three miles and five furlongs, the other in enclosing within a neat iron railing a large space in front of the Grand Stand, for the exclusive use of

those who had paid for admission into that building. One item in the management is deserving of notice, on account of its novelty:—on the last day of the Races, or sooner, if required, the amount of each stakes is sealed up in a neat canvass bag, with the name and amount written on it, and handed over to the winner, who has not the trouble of hunting up clerks of courses or secretaries, or, perhaps, kept out of it for years, as has been the case at more than one place we could name! This plan ought to be adopted at all places. We have only one fault to find—a serious one—but which can hardly be said to come within the term “management”: the lists, full of inaccuracies in the most important points (colours of the riders, names and pedigrees of the horses, &c.) and omitting others altogether, are absolutely disgraceful. The Club will do well to have this remedied.

The prospect for next year is gratifying in the extreme. There are already upwards of 100 subscriptions to the Goodwood Stakes; about thirty to the Cup; as many to the Drawing Room; and ten to each of the Two Year Old Stakes. In future the acceptances for the first-mentioned race will close on the second Tuesday after Ascot.

A Match, arising out of the Cup race, is made for the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, between Lord Exeter's Beiram and Mr. Greville's Whale, for 200 sovs. each, h ft, T. M. M. the latter receiving 21lb. for the year.

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KNUTSFORD RACES, Tuesday, July 30.—A Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs each. Won by The Controller.—A Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs by subscription of 10 sovs each, with 50 added by the Committee. Won by Lady Stafford.—A Plate of 50 sovs for horses that never won a Plate of that value. Won by Eugene Aram.—Wednesday.—The Peover Stakes of 10 sovs each. Won by Caractacus.—Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, with 40 added. Won by The Prince.—The Yeomanry Cavalry Silver Cup, value 50 guineas with 10 sovs added for the second horse, given by Lord Grey. Won by Miss Fanny.—Thursday.—Sixty Pounds. Won by Pestilence.

YORK AUGUST MEETING, Tuesday, August 6.—The Great Yorkshire Stakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft. Won by Despot.—Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h ft for four yrs old. Won by Trident.—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs each, h ft for three yrs old. Titus walked over.—His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas. Won by Physician.—Wednesday.—One third of the Great Subscription of 25 sovs each, with 50 added by the Corporation. Won by Voluna.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, for two yrs old. Won by Emigrant.—The Corporation Plate of 50 sovs. Won by Allegro.—Thursday.—Produce Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft for three yrs old. Won by Lot.—One third of the Great Subscription of 25 sovs each, with 50 added by the Corporation. Emancipation walked over.—Friday.—One third of the Great Subscription of 25 sovs each, with 50 added by the Corporation. Won by Voluna.—The Hornby Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft for the produce of mares covered in 1830. Won by Valparaiso.—Sweepstakes of 30 sovs each, 10 ft for three yrs old. Won by Belshazzar.—A silver Turcen, value 100 sovs given by the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each. Won by Physician.—Second year of the Renewed Subscription of 25 sovs each. Won by Voluna.—Satur-

day.—Fifty Pounds, given by the Tradesmen of the City of York. Won by Augusta.—A Handicap of 50 sovs given by the Hon. E. Petre, M.P. for all ages. Won by Flambeau. The meeting went off badly; the attendance was thin, the racing slack, the betting flat, and the turf remarkably hard; the running was altogether unimportant in its results, and leaves the Great St. Leger horses just where they were.

Shrewsbury, Potteries, Worcester, Brighton, Salisbury, Wolverhampton, &c. presented nothing worthy of detail in this place. Generally speaking, the running was indifferent, and the attendance slender. At these meetings *walks over* were more numerous than usual.

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### GROUSE SHOOTING *by a TYRO.*

MR. EDITOR,

In consequence of the observations which appeared in your last number, I determined on an excursion to the mountains of the north of England for the purpose of enjoying the diversion of grouse shooting; and started from my residence on the 9th of August. I rode a rough pony, accompanied by two tolerably good pointers. I ought to have gone by coach, instead of attempting the journey on the back of an indifferent pony lent me by a friend, as, before I had reached Preston, I perceived the animal begin to flag. He had been out at grass all summer, and was therefore in no condition for a long journey.—But as I conceived I had plenty of time, I did not push the animal. My intention was to have reached Lancaster on the evening of the 9th; but I had some difficulty in arriving at Garstang. The next day I reached a place called Ingleton, where I met with comfortable, if not splendid, quarters. It had been my original intention to have gone down to Richmond, having a letter to a gentleman residing there, who would have given me a day or two's diversion; but my pony gave it up. I found myself in a dilemma, and mentioned my case to the mistress of the house, while I was picking the bones of a broiled fowl at five o'clock in the afternoon, and in half an hour afterwards she introduced a plain looking man to me, who civilly, but unceremoniously, inquired if I did not want a little diversion. This man was short, square shouldered, exhibiting altogether a well-knit frame and much strength. He had on trowsers, a short coat (which I afterwards found contained large pockets) and had a clean ap-

pearance. His eye was dark, keen, and piercing; and his countenance manifested a degree of intelligence superior to his station in life, tinctured, nevertheless, with deep shades of suspicious cunning, which are uniformly observed in that of a professed poacher. By my request he continued with me for more than two hours. I felt interested, and was anxious to know something of the man; but, although he answered all my questions, yet those which related to himself were so ambiguous or jesuitical, that I was completely baffled. However, it was finally arranged that he should be my guide and attendant on the 12th; and he promised to conduct me to a part of the mountains where I might enjoy good diversion.

Being very much fatigued with riding a miserable-going pony, I did not rise the next day till eleven o'clock. I intended indeed to nurse myself, having often been told by my grandfather that grouse shooting was very hard work. The man made his appearance again about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and advised me to go to bed, as he said he should call me at eleven o'clock, it being some distance to the ground. I did not think it necessary to retire at so early a period; but soon after eight I laid myself down in my clothes, and therefore saved myself the trouble of dressing when my jackal called me; which he did very punctually; and on descending the stairs into the parlour, I found coffee prepared, accompanied with broiled ham, eggs, &c.

I mounted my pony about twelve o'clock, and set out under the direction of my guide. He being on foot, we could not travel very fast, nor indeed

would quick travelling on horseback have been advisable, as the roads were rough, and the morning not remarkably light. We proceeded at the rate of about four miles per hour, but where we were going I knew not. After some time, the journey became interesting from the calling of the moor cock, which was new to me. We continued to proceed for a great length of time; and although it was not any thing like daylight, I began to inquire, rather impatiently, when we should reach the shooting ground. Yet I felt the utmost confidence in my guide; there was something in the manner of his observations and of his conduct altogether, which inspired it.

At length, the dawn of day was dimly perceptible on my left; and, after proceeding for a few minutes, the word was given to halt. By the grey of the morn I could perceive that we were upon a very indifferent cart road near the bottom of a range of mountains, and close to a cottage and out-buildings. My guide knocked at the door of the cottage, and very soon gained admittance. He took my pony; and, after easing him of our provisions for the day, led him into the outbuilding, from which issued a flock of geese. We took a snack and a glass in the house, and turned out for business.

We came again into the road. Objects began to be distinguishable. My guide requested me to load. While I was doing this, I heard the report of a gun; very different, however, from what I had ever noticed before: it was followed by a *lengthy swishing noise*, produced, I suppose, by the reverberation of the hills, as in the inclosures no such thing takes place on the discharge of a gun.

We clambered over a wall, descended to the very bottom of the hill, crossed a brook, and commenced an ascent on the opposite side. I soon discovered that the ascent was abrupt and fatiguing. I was out of breath, and called to my guide to proceed slower. The heather was deep; and wet too, as I very soon found by my feet and legs. I was tired before we had reached the top of the mountain. But I did reach it, and we descended the opposite side; and con-

tinued moving onward for an hour and a half, when my attention was called to my favourite dog, Pam. He pointed and was backed by his sister. I approached. The dog moved on cautiously, the game evidently running before him; and in this way the thing continued till I was tired of following the dog through uneven, wet, and boggy ground: and after all, one bird only rose, and that I could scarcely see—it was out of distance.

My pointers, like their master, had never been upon the moors before, but they did their work uncommonly well. An hour at least elapsed before I had another point. However, Pam and his sister at length stood very steadily at different birds.—I went up to Pam: a bird rose twenty yards before him: I could scarcely see it; but I fired, and it flew away. I approached the bitch: three birds rose; I killed one, and wounded another; yet it flew quite away. Pam was pointing: I loaded again, and killed the old cock:—it is rather unusual, it seems, for the old cock to wait so long. I had bagged a brace, however, and was not a little pleased: I seated myself upon a bank, swallowed a sandwich, washed it down; and, after resting a few minutes, went to work again.

If ranging the mountains be very fatiguing, the scene is highly interesting, to say nothing of the amusement of grouse shooting. The mountains present an indescribable appearance to a stranger. By half past 12 o'clock, I had bagged three brace and a half, when I found myself close to the place where I commenced operations. Before I clambered over the wall to go into the house, I killed another bird.

I felt much fatigued, but hungry. I fed well, drank plentifully of brandy and water, and was in good spirits. Our host and his family were getting their dinners; the principal dish placed before them being a preparation of old peas, of which I partook very heartily. I wished to have a nap, and was shewn into an apartment, where, wrapped in a blanket, stretched on a bed which appeared to me very comfortable, I slept for several hours.

During the time which I had dedi-



cated to the drowsy god, I found my Mentor had increased my stock of game to five brace and a half.

I turned out again about three o'clock; missed five shots and bagged two brace. I gave up at seven. I was fatigued beyond measure. I returned to the cottage, procured some tea; and spent a pleasant evening in conversation with my host and my Mentor, and went to bed well satisfied with my day's diversion.

When my guide awoke me early the following morning, I felt no disposition to rise. It was eight o'clock before I swallowed my breakfast. My pointers had lost their flesh, their feet were sore; and it was clear that the trio were not half recovered when we commenced work the second day.—As for my guide, he seemed as fresh as ever.

The dogs became better in the course of half an hour, as well as myself. I proceeded slowly and deliberately. But the dogs were unable to do their work with spirit. At an early period of the afternoon I gave up, having, bagged three brace and a half.

Grouse shooting I found very laborious: when next I visit the moors, I will go better prepared. Two brace of pointers at least are requisite. Could I have followed the diversion for a fort-

night, I believe I should have preferred it to partridge shooting.

A TYRO.

P. S. On going upon the moors the second morning, while clambering over the wall, I observed a brown hawk hovering near the brook. In a few seconds a small bird (a lark, I believe) rose from the ground, and attained the same altitude as the hawk. They appeared parallel to each other, at the distance of four or five yards. The hawk made at the small bird; the latter dextrously avoided its enemy, and regained a parallel position about the same distance as before. This manœuvring continued for some seconds, during which several similar changes of position took place. It became evident the small bird could not long maintain the struggle; I therefore descended for the purpose of shooting the hawk. He would not allow me to approach sufficiently near for the purpose. He flew away, and the small bird alighted on the ground again. There appears something strange in this! What could induce the small bird to rise from the ground, and approach its unrelenting enemy? Perhaps some of your more learned readers may be able to throw light on this mysterious and unaccountable circumstance.

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## COCKING.

On the 19th August, a main of cocks was fought at the Liverpool Aintree Pit, between the Gentlemen of Lancashire and the Gentlemen of Cheshire; Potter feeder for the former; Woodcock for the latter. At this period of the year, the birds cannot be expected to be in good feather; yet I never saw the advantage of condition rendered more completely manifest. The cocks fed by Potter did not appear so large as those of his antagonist; yet, in the conflict, they proved themselves much superior in strength, and struck

uncommonly well. They consequently won the main.

The fighting commenced at eleven o'clock. At two the company sat down to an excellent dinner at the Sefton Arms; and at four o'clock the second in-go took place. Fifteen battles were fought at the two inn-gos; the fighting finished with Potter three a-head.

At six o'clock a match at five pigeons each was shot by Mr. Lynn of Liverpool, and Mr. Barge of Manchester: won by the latter.

## COUNTERFEIT SCRIBBLERS.

MR. EDITOR,

Genuine sportsmen must feel themselves under immeasurable obligations to you for your exposition of *Counterfeit Scribblers*: allow me to thank you most sincerely. I have heard it remarked, that the mighty hunter, the pithy Nimrod, once the ponderous Mammoth of the old heavy, was handled rather too severely in the Sportsman's Cabinet. However, this "Exile," to use his own expression, has put the extinguisher upon his own head by his article on the turf, which appeared in the last number of the Quarterly Review. Upon this subject, the Editor of Bell's Life makes the following very correct observations:—"It is nothing more than a collection of historical facts and anecdotes of parties connected with the turf, furnished up with quotations to give them an air of freshness, and which can only impose on those who are in the habit of looking to "the Quarterly" for sporting news. There is not an incident stated that has not appeared in our own and other publications, while the opinions on the comparative merits of the jockies are singularly inaccurate, and could not proceed from any one having the slightest personal experience of racing matters. Moreover, it abounds with errors that sufficiently betray the author's ignorance of his subject, and with personal allusions that should bring to his recollection one of the dangers of "book-making." The article, outrageously amplified by quotations from other works, calculations of odds, &c. and evidently intended only for the uninitiated, is altogether unworthy of the writer, and of the vehicle through which it comes before the public." A more *contemptibly made-up thing* never fell under my notice.

It is a precious piece of book making with a vengeance.—There is scarcely a paragraph throughout this long prosy article that does not prove to demonstration the gross ignorance of the writer. In speaking of the jockies, he mentions many by name, and amongst the rest, one well known to be the very worst on the turf, and says, "*he stands high!*" While another (Sam Darling) acknow-

ledged to be inferior to none, he does not notice. The fact is, Nimrod knows nothing about the turf; and the anecdotes with which he so often attempts to enliven his grossly inaccurate and dull detail, appear with a very bad grace, since most of them were worn threadbare twenty years ago.

Speaking of steeple races, in a note, he remarks—"We recommend the uninitiated, who wish to have some idea of a steeple chase, to study an admirable set of prints on that subject lately published, after drawings by the Hogarth of the chase, Mr. Alken." Perhaps the writer may have been paid for thus obliquely puffing "a set of prints, which completely demonstrate that "*the Hogarth of the chase*" does not understand the subject, that he is ignorant of the principles of drawing, as also of the conformation of the human figure and the seat on horseback, as well as of the anatomy of the horse; that he knows nothing of the theory, spirit, or practice of the chase; that these said prints are utterly destitute of wit; an insult to the sportsman, a disgusting outrage upon truth and nature!

Nimrod's old antagonist, Johnny Lawrence, was never guilty of a more egregious act of literary buffoonery or contemptible book-making than appears in every page of the lengthy lingering article under consideration; but its length is by no means the worst part of it; its statements, for the most part, being grossly incorrect. OBSERVATOR, SPECTATOR, or indeed any of the squad would have manufactured a superior piece of fustian!

But indeed, if we duly consider the writings of this *modern Nimrod*, we shall find that they manifest but a very slender knowledge of the subjects upon which they profess to treat.—From the assumption of the signature Nimrod, it would be naturally enough supposed that he could ride; yet, though I have seen him out many times, and well mounted too, *I never saw him ride; I could never meet with any person who had seen him go well!*—This gentleman is, as has been observed in the earlier pages of your publication, at

home, not in the hunting field, but with his "*feet under the mahogany*." As a stringer-together and retailer of anecdotes, he excels; but, when he attempted to write on the turf, he got completely out of his depth; and has written sufficient to prove, most incontrovertibly, that he knows nothing about it!

His frothy nonsense, which appears monthly in the "New Sporting," is equally discreditable to him, if not more so: as a literary composition, it is below Grub Street: yet he never lets slip an opportunity of manifesting an ill-timed vindictive feeling against the "Old Sporting;" which is in very bad taste; since, whatever may be the faults of "the Counterfeit Chronicle" ingratitude to him cannot be numbered amongst them.

Have you, Mr. Editor, read Jorrock's trip to Paris, which adorns the pages of that precious miscellany, the New Sporting Magazine. Have you noticed the inimitably piercing portraits which are there drawn of "*the Countess Benvolio and the other Countess*?"—What sublimity of genius is here displayed! What deep and touching pathos! what sparkling wit! what dense and tiny touches of light and shade! what marks of monstrous perception! what an awfully-gifted mind does the whole display!—Then again, the "Gallery of Portraits!" I will leave Mr. Tattersall and the Earl of Albemarle to speak for themselves. Are they intended for caricature? if so, they are destitute of point. If for genuine portraits, they are equally a failure, since they are a grotesque outrage upon human nature.

The Old Concern continues to plod its way under its old and sapient conductors, in which the old *Oil and Colourman* is allowed to puff off his own very inferior materials. You have already noticed the gross insult which was offered, through its pages, to the

Sportsmen of Salop—a regular detail of ignorance and falsehood. The Old and New Sporting Magazines are indeed wonderful specimens of successful imposition; but the sporting world will not be much longer gulled.

"THOMAS THACKER" says that he shall be glad to add my name to his list of subscribers for the second edition of his "Courser's Companion." Having read the first, I must decline the honour of the second; moreover, I suspect it will never appear. I ask Mr. Thacker if the first edition be sold? I ask, if a single sheet be worked of the second, though, according to his own statement, it has been "*ready for press*" some months? I ask him, if he have not collected a sufficient sum from a number of subscribers to pay the expences of printing a second edition before the first has been sold? Are the remaining copies of the first ever likely to be sold? Finally, I advise Mr. Thomas Thacker to say no more on the subject, or he may find a discussion, through the pages of the Sportsman's Cabinet, by no means conducive to his exquisite sense of mental feeling!—to say nothing of his literary reputation!

Once more allow me to state, Mr. Editor, that my object is to expose literary imposition as regards Field Sports. If persons attempt to write upon subjects which they do not understand, they have no right to complain if their excogitations are scrutinized by

R. REILLOC.

Worcester, July 31, 1833.

P.S. I have seen an advertisement in several of the newspapers, announcing a second edition of "*Wild Sports of the West*!" Your own animadversions having already appeared upon the subject, I will, in this place, merely echo your words, that *Wild Sports of the Moon* would have been a title equally appropriate!



*Ruling Passion Strong in Death.*—TOM MOODY, &c.

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

It is no way surprising that a person should be lavish in praise of a diversion to which he is more than ordinarily attached, and that on comparing it with other amusements for which he either has no relish, or is incapable of enjoying, he should give it a most decided preference. Thus we find in Bainbridge's *Fly Fisher's Guide*, that the author estimates the pleasure of angling as the very acme of human bliss: he tells you, that, having on one occasion caught a large fish (a salmon of seventeen pounds, if my memory be correct) with a single hair, no General was ever more delighted with a decisive victory than what resulted to him from his scaly conquest. Now all this is very well, but it should have stopped here: however, the author, anxious that all his readers should enter into the spirit of his own feelings, draws a comparison between the amusement of angling and that of shooting, and of course exhibits the former as decidedly superior.

But the author of the *Fly Fisher's Guide* stands not alone in this respect, as in his preface to the *Experienced Angler*, published in 1662, Colonel Venables (the author) seems equally solicitous that his readers should regard angling as the finest diversion, and most rational amusement, in the world. "Hawking & hunting (says he) have had their excellencies celebrated with large encomiums by divers pens; and, although I intend not any undervaluing to those noble recreations, so much famed in all ages and by all degrees, yet I must needs affirm that they fall not within the compass of every one's ability to pursue, being, as it were, only entailed on great persons and vast estates; for, if meaner fortunes seek to enjoy them, Acteon's fable often proves a true story, and those birds of prey not seldom quarry upon their masters: besides, those recreations are more subject to choler and passion, by how much those creatures exceed a hook or a line in worth; and indeed in those exercises our pleasure depends much upon the

will of a sullen cur or kite (as I have heard their own passions phrase them) which also requires much attendance, care, and skill, to keep servicable to our ends. Further, these delights are often prejudicial to the husbandman in his corn, grass, and fences; but in this pleasure and harmless art of angling, a man hath none to quarrel with but himself, and we are usually so entirely our own friends as not to retain an irreconcilable hatred against ourselves, but can in a short time easily compose the enmity; and, besides ourselves, none are offended, none endamaged; and this recreation falleth within the capacity of the lowest fortune to compass, affording also profit as well as pleasure; in following of which exercise a man may employ his thoughts in the noblest studies, almost as freely as in his closet; the minds of anglers being usually more calm and composed than many others, especially hunters and falconers, who too frequently lose their delight in their passion, and too often bring home more of melancholy and discontent than satisfaction in their thoughts; but the angler, when he hath the worst success, loseth but a hook or line, or perhaps (what he never possessed) a fish; and suppose he take nothing, yet he enjoyeth a delightful walk by pleasant rivers, in sweet pastures, amongst odoriferous flowers, which gratify his senses and delight his mind; which contentment induce many, (who affect not angling) to choose those places of pleasure for their summer's recreation and health. But peradventure some may allege that this art is mean, melancholy, and insipid: I suppose the old answer, *de gustibus non est disputandum*, will hold as firmly in recreations as palates; many have supposed angling void of delight, never having tried it, yet have afterward experimented it so full of content that they have quitted all other recreations (at least in its season) to pursue it. The cheapness of the recreation abates not its pleasure, but with rational persons heightens it; and if it be delightful, the charge of melancholy fails upon that score; and if example (which is the best proof)



may sway any thing, I know no sort of men less subject to melancholy than anglers; many have cast off other recreations and embraced it, but I never knew any angler wholly cast off (though occasions might interrupt) their affections to their beloved recreation; and if this art may prove a noble brave rest to my mind 'tis all the satisfaction I covet."

Now, I am very willing to admit, that great pleasure may be derived from angling, when fish are in the humour to bite; and therefore, while it has been stated, that the falconer's "pleasure depends much upon the will and humour of a cur or kite," so also it may be very justly observed, that the pleasure of the angler depends entirely upon the humour of the game; since, if the fish are determined not to bite, I can never persuade myself that much diversion can be derived from watching a float incessantly for twelve hours together!

As to the ruling passion of angling never being "wholly cast off," I can very readily believe; and the same remark will equally apply, and perhaps in a more forcible degree, to every department of field sports. What shooter (especially if a good shot) ever relinquished the fowling piece while he was able to carry it? Old Joe Man, called by the country people Daddy, was born at Poles Walden, in Hertfordshire, in which county he was, at an early age, employed as a gamekeeper. When nineteen years old, a violent fever changed his hair to grey in one night, so that, at the time of being hired in the year 1733, by P. Viscount Torrington as huntsman, he had the appearance of an elderly man. He remained in the

family of three Viscounts Torrington, from the year 1733, to the year 1777, generally as huntsman, sometimes as gamekeeper. Stout and bony he continued in unwearied exercise, a perfect adept in shooting, and hare hunting, as well as in the arts of preserving game. Domesticated so long in the same family, attentive to the same sports, he was looked upon by the neighbours as a prodigy, and was known far and near. He always went to bed at an early hour, but never till he had drank very freely of that truly English beverage, good ale; which, he used to observe would do no harm to an early riser, and a man who pursued field sports. At seventy-eight years of age, he began to decline, and then lingered for three years: his gun was ever upon his arm; and he still crept about not destitute of the hope of fresh diversion.

As a still more forcible illustration perhaps, may be added the case of Thomas Moody, for thirty years whipper-in to Mr. Forrester's hounds in Shropshire. By his own particular request, he was carried to the grave by a number of old earth stoppers, and attended by many sporting friends; directly after the corpse, his favourite horse (named by himself *Old Soul*) followed, carrying his last fox's brush at the front of his bridle, his cap, whip, boots, spurs, and girdle, across the saddle; and after the burial service three rattling view halloos were given over his grave. The following admirable song, in commemoration of the event, is from the pen of William Pearce, Esq. and I trust will not be inappropriately introduced in this place:—

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well :  
 The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell :  
 A more able sportsman ne'er follow'd a hound  
 Through a country, well known to him, fifty miles round ;  
 No hound ever challeng'd so deep in the wood,  
 But Tom well knew the sound, and could tell if 'twas good ;  
 And all with attention would eagerly mark,  
 When he cheer'd up the pack with—"Hark ! Rattler ! hark ! hark !  
     High !—wind him ! and cross him !  
     Now, Rattler, boy !—Hark !"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,  
 Supported poor Tom to an *earth* made for rest :

His horse, which he styl'd his "Old Soul" next appear'd,  
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was reared;  
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound;  
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.  
Ah! no more at his halloo yon vales will they trace!  
Nor the Wrekin resound his first scream in the chase!  
With "High-over!—Now press him!  
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!"

Tom thus spoke to his friends, ere he gave up his breath,  
"Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,  
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave:  
Give a rattling view halloo thrice over my grave;  
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,  
My boys! you may fairly conclude I am dead!"  
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,  
For ev'ry voice joined in the enlivening cry—  
"Tally-ho! Hark forward!  
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!"

Many more striking instances might be brought forward, if necessary, to prove that the inclination for other amusements besides angling, tenaciously clings to the mind to the last; and the reason perhaps why men very far advanced in years may be seen more frequently angling than hunting or shooting is, that the first, by requiring much less exertion, is consequently better calculated for the feebleness of age; while it is not possible to enjoy the two latter without the assistance of a degree of strength of which old men are frequently not possessed. Further, I have occasionally known instances, where a person, after shooting for several seasons, without acquiring any degree of certainty, has abandoned the amusement in despair, and betaken himself to angling by way of consolation.

As to the follower of the chase being "more subject to choler and passion" than the angler, it may be correct enough; but as this arises from the nature of the diversion, so it may be justly observed that the most extatic

delight results from it also: there can be nothing of that extasy felt from any kind of angling which is so uniformly experienced from a cheering view halloo! or the maddening delight of a fox chase. Or, who that ever visited the moors, and listened to the call of the grouse on the dawn of the 12th of August, before the grey of the morn enabled him to level the deadly tube; who, I say, that ever did this, can image to the mind any thing half so replete with delightful anticipation in sauntering by the side of a brook or river, even when the fish are playful!

After all, the chase on land, and the chase of the water, if I may be allowed the expression, do not form any close comparison:—angling is an amusement from which much pleasure may be sometimes derived; while the feelings resulting from the use of the fowling piece, and from the chace, particularly of the fox, are of a higher character, amounting frequently to rapture or extasy!

A CONSTANT READER.

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### *EELS, their PROPAGATION, &c.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

As I have seen several articles of late in your amusing miscellany, respecting the funny tribes, perhaps a few

observations upon the nature and habits of the eel, may not be uninteresting to many of your readers. The eel offers many peculiarities for contemplation, the first of which, that naturally strikes

the attention, is the mode in which these creatures are propagated, or, in other words, their method of breeding. Many are the conjectures which have been hazarded upon the subject, some of which appear ridiculous enough. Some say, that eels are bred from mud, after the manner in which rats, mice, &c. are said to be bred in Egypt, when the genial rays of the sun have shed their prolific influence upon the mucilaginous matter deposited by the overflowing of the Nile. Others have supposed that eels are bred of a particular dew, falling in the months of May or June, on the banks of some particular ponds and rivers, adapted by nature for that end, which, in a few days are, by the sun's heat, turned into eels. The ancients have called the eels that were supposed to be thus bred, the offspring of Jove. It is said, that there has been seen in the beginning of July, in a river not far from Canterbury, some parts of it covered over with young eels, about the thickness of a straw; and these eels, lay on the top of the water, as thick as notes in the sun: the like has also been asserted of other rivers, as the Severn, for instance, where they are called vellers; and, in a pond or mere near Staffordshire, where, about a set time in summer, such small eels abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of people, who live near it, take such eels out of this mere, with sieves or sheets, and make a kind of eel cake of them, and eat it as bread! Gesner quotes the venerable Bede to say, that in England, there is an island called Ely, by reason of the amazing number of eels that breed in it! Camden relates, that in Lancashire, eels were dug out of the earth with spades, where no water was near to the place. This, at first view, appears strange, and will be found, on a very little investigation, a striking proof of the errors which may ultimately arise from superficial observation. The fact is, that there is a place in Lancashire, known by the name of Martin Mere, which is a sort of swamp, covered for the most part with water, and which has continued in the same state for time immemorial. It is many thousand acres in extent, and is situated in the immediate vicinity of the sea, into which it has

sometimes found its way, and thus for a time become dry land. About fifteen years ago, it opened itself a passage through the mouth of the river Ribble, and became quite dry, on which occasion, eels were taken out of the mud with spades and other instruments, in incredible numbers, even for months after the water had left the place. Carts were taken to the place and loaded with eels, which were sold in the neighbouring country, as long at least as a sale could be procured for such commodity, as the people at length became completely surfeited with this kind of fare, and the eels were consequently left as food for the herons; great numbers of which birds might be daily seen rioting in the luxury of abundance of dainty fare.

But to return.—Setting aside all the extravagant notions which have been ignorantly propagated, respecting the breeding of eels, the principal point in dispute seems to be, whether the eel spawns after the manner of most other fish, or brings forth its young alive. I never heard of any person who had ever discovered spawn or melt in an eel; while those who profess to be deeply skilled in the matter, assert that eels have the parts fit for generation; and as Rondeletius says, he has seen eels cling together like dew worms, so there seems reason to believe they are thus propagated.

Rondeletius further asserts, that those eels which are bred in rivers that relate to, or are near the sea, never return to the fresh waters, after having tasted the water of the sea. However, be that as it may, it is generally allowed that eels, for about six months, that is to say, the six cold months of the year, stir not up and down, neither in the rivers nor in the pools, in which they usually are, but get into the soft earth or mud, and there many of them bed themselves together, and live, it is supposed, without feeding upon any thing: this they do, as not being able to endure winter weather: and Gesner, quoting from Albertus, says, that in the year 1125, the winter being more than usually severe, the eels got out of the water into a stack of hay, and there bedded themselves, but were eventually

killed by the frost! This assertion reminds one of Camden's account of digging eels out of the ground; and may be as easily reconciled by supposing that the haystack in question, was a heap of straw, placed at the edge of the water, in order to prepare it for thatching.

Of eels, however, there are several sorts or kinds, as the silver eel, and green eel, with which the river Thames abounds, attracted no doubt, by the offscourings of the city of London, which are constantly pouring into the river, directly opposite which, they are found; and a blackish eel, the head of which is more flat and larger than ordinary eels; also, an eel whose fins

are reddish, and which are seldom taken in this country, as well as several other varieties.

Eels are seldom active in the day time, but generally hide themselves under some covert, and will frequently be found under boards or planks, about floodgates, weirs, or mills, or in holes in the river banks, as well as amongst weeds, and also in the mud, where they lie with their head only uncovered, watching for prey. In mill dams, these fish will frequently grow to an enormous size. The writer of this article, saw several very large eels taken out of a mill dam, which had not been cleaned for many years, one of which weighed nearly eleven pounds. D. L.

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### *The PEDESTRIAN FOX HUNTER.*

Hunting may be regarded as an universal passion; but pursued with more ardour in England, than in any other country; and it must be admitted that English sportsmen stand unrivalled either as to their knowledge of the chase, or the manner in which they pursue it. Nor is hunting in this country confined exactly to the higher orders, or such as can afford to keep horses for the purpose; as the hounds are uniformly attended by pedestrian sportsmen. It is true, the pursuit of the fox is not well calculated to afford diversion to the latter class; yet extraordinary instances of this kind occasionally present themselves, and cannot fail to excite attention. Not more than seven years ago, I repeatedly met the fox hounds of Hugo Meynell, Esq. of Hoarecross Hall, Staffordshire; and I uniformly found them attended by a pedestrian sportsman, of rather singular, but characteristic, appearance: he was a young man, about five feet eight inches high, with a countenance not remarkable for animation; yet there was something about him more than usually interesting. He appeared in a scarlet jacket, buttoned close, and in other respects equipped for running. The first time I had occasion particularly to notice this young man, was one morning, when Mr. Meynell's hounds found in a cover called Ravensdale,

eight miles from the town of Derby. It had been a sharp frost during the night; and when the fox went away, the ground was hard, and in many places, very slippery: in consequence, I got a fall at the commencement of the run; and before I was again mounted, such was the speed of the hounds, that I was distanced, if not thrown out. However, I followed as fast as possible, by the marks of the horses' feet which had gone before me; and after riding a mile or two, I came up with the red coated pedestrian already noticed; but we did not long keep company:—I fell in with him several times; and when I at length reached the hounds, owing to the fox having gone to ground, I perceived that the pedestrian sportsman had arrived before me!

I saw him whenever I met Mr. Meynell's hounds, and a little inquiry furnished me with the following particulars respecting him:—His name was Thomas White, he was born at Andover, and was about two and twenty years of age. From infancy, he was much attached to the sports of the field, and followed the hounds on foot as soon as he was able to run. He has been known to run sixty miles a day, in the pursuit of the chase, taking into calculation the distance of the fixture and the return home. In the winter of 1825, a



fine dog fox was found (by Mr. Meynell's hounds) at Pot Luck cover, near Willington : renard passed through Willington ; and, making away in the direction of Sir Henry Every's, passed the ice house—thence to Ettwall—thence to Sutton on the Hill and Dalbury Lees—round the covers at Radborne—over the meadows to the left, crossing the Uttoxeter turnpike road to Burneston. The fox then turned towards Egginton, passed Sir H. Every's dog kennel, making away again for Pot Luck cover, and was killed at the very place where he was found, after an excellent run of two hours and thirty-five minutes. During the run, White was frequently with the hounds, and was up at the death.

On another occasion, the same hounds found at Arleston covers, and went away at a rattling rate for Swinfen Moor—thence to Osmaston—turned to the right for Swarkston, where he was lost, affording, however, a very sharp run of twenty-five minutes, over a heavy country. Tried the covers at Arleston again—no find. Tried a small ozier bed at no great distance—found. Renard broke cover in gallant style, passing through Mr. Glover's farm yard, skirting the canal, and made away for Arleston Gorse—passed through the cover for Swarkston cover—crossed a large drain below the gorse, and, passing Chellaston, proceeded to within a mile of Weston ; when renard, finding himself pressed, made a sharp turn for Chellaston, making away for Swarkston cover ; but, being headed back by some men at work in a field, he crossed the Derby road—thence to Elvaston, and, turning to the left, lay down in a meadow. This caused a check for some minutes, when renard was at length viewed off by the whole field :—he went in a direct line for the ozier bed where he had been found—passed through it—crossed Denman's Lane—reached Derby race course, passing close to the stand—he proceeded along the banks of the canal, and entered some small gardens between the canal and the river Derwent, where some boatmen hit him with a stone, by which he was disabled, and the hounds killed him in the gardens. One hour and thirty

minutes. White was frequently conspicuous during the run—was up at the death, and was presented with a pad ! —This occurred in March, 1825.

In the following December, Mr. Meynell's fox hounds found at Arleston covers ; when renard passed through Pot Lucks ; leaning to the right, he passed through the village of Willington, crossed the Derby road, Egginton Common, through Eggington, crossed the river Dove close to Sir Henry's ozier beds—thence to Rolleston, keeping up the meadows, turned to the left towards Burton on Trent, through Rolleston, and got to ground in a rabbit warren. While digging at one hole, the fox bolted at another, going off in the direction of Horninglow—back towards Rolleston, which he did not seem inclined to leave, and where, after some dodging, he was lost. This business lasted nearly seven hours, from first to last ; the first two hours of which, was very good : it finished at five o'clock. White was almost constantly with the hounds, and witnessed the conclusion.

Many similar occurrences might be enumerated, wherein White displayed his invincible ardour for the chase, and his uncommon abilities as a pedestrian : one of them, however, merits particular notice :—Early in the year (1826) Mr. Meynell's hounds met at Stoves Gorse, in Needwood Forest, Staffordshire, a distance of nine or ten miles from White's residence ; but he appeared at the appointed place in due time. After several covers were unsuccessfully tried, a fox was found in a turnip field ; and the hounds, after running one mile and a half, came to a check : however, he was hit off again from some willows, and the hounds went away, breast high, passing through the village of Hanbury, thence proceeding in the direction for Tutbury Castle : when near this place, renard turned to the left ; and, after describing a large circle, passed again through Hanbury, and a second time approached Tutbury Castle.—Some dodging took place in the covers here, when at length, renard again faced the open country ; but finding he could not live before his pursuers, he went to ground in the bottom of a hedge. After digging thirty-five minutes,

two foxes were discovered. The run fox was killed; the second was turned out; and was lost after a run of thirty-eight minutes. White was very conspicuous during the runs, and at the conclusion of the business, walked home, a distance of fourteen miles!

In May, 1827, White ran from Derby to Burton, eleven miles, by the side of

the Birmingham mail. In February, 1825, he ran from Derby to Nottingham, sixteen miles, by the side of the mail.

In June, 1825, he ran round the course at Buxton, one mile, in four minutes and fifty seconds, after having walked eighteen miles.

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### *SINGULAR METHOD of TAKING a BEAR.*

An officer of our army, on duty in the interior of Louisiana, observed at a house where he had put up for the night, several bear skins, and one of them particularly large. He entered into conversation about them, and received the following account of the manner in which one of the bears had been taken.

A man had gone out to drive in his cattle, a few days before, mounted, but with no other weapon than a cow whip. A cow whip consists of a stiff round whip stock, about three feet long, supplied with a lash of twisted raw hide, nearly thirty feet long. The lash is coiled up to be used on the arm, and is thrown out with great violence by those who are expert with it.

While armed with this whip, and hunting up his cattle, the man came suddenly upon a large bear. Thinking to have a bit of fun in the lone woods, he gave the bear a whack with his whip. Bruin growled and made battle, the horse sprang out of his reach with his rider, who gathering up his lash, closed again, and gave another whack; and continued the contest in this way about an hour; the bear sorely annoyed and enraged, but was unable to cope with the activity of the horse, who always sprang off after a throw of the whip. The bear attempted several times to climb a tree, but was as frequently brought down by a severe stroke from the formidable whip. At last, he seemed to be bothered and disposed to be off; and

now, for the first time, it entered into the head of the man to drive him to the house, which was about six miles from the scene of action. He commenced by heading him, and whacking him with the whip when pursuing any direction but the one he wished him to follow, which poor Bruin, after some efforts to avoid it, quietly took, finding no peace in any other way. Getting him at last into a cow path, leading to the house, and flogging him severely whenever he left it, he got the bear to move moderately in the path, making but few efforts to leave it, and sure of a heavy whack whenever he did. In this way he drove him until within hail of the house, when calling to another man who was there, he came out with his rifle and shot him.

The officer thinking it an extraordinary adventure, took great pains in ascertaining its correctness from several individuals who were at the house, two of whom were "in at the death." He saw also the man who performed the feat, and who corroborated all that he had previously heard from his host. They spoke of it as no great affair, and assured him that with a good horse, and one of those whips, they would undertake to drive a bear any direction and any distance. They were of the best class of frontier settlers, brave and enterprising, and without affectation or disposition to deceive.

*American Turf Register.*

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### *VORACITY of the PIKE.*

MR. EDITOR,

I was so fortunate as to attract your favourable notice in an article "on artificial flies," in the *Turf Register* of

last year, that I am induced from this, and the desire to afford whatever amusement I can to your readers, to forward the following singular circumstance in

relation to the voracity of the pike, and his utter indifference to the articles wherewith he attempts to gratify his appetite.

A gentleman of Hanover county, set forth one morning in 1816, on an excursion to angle for pike; in the hurry of his departure, he had omitted to provide himself with the usual live bait; or it may be that, like most of us, he had hoped to supply himself from some rivulet in the immediate vicinity of the spot which he had selected for his sport. For once he counted without his host, since every effort to catch the roaches utterly failed. Urged by his situation, and the distance from home, incited too, by the dislike which he felt to meet the laughs and jests of his brethren of the angle, on his carelessness, he set his wits to work to invent some means of extricating himself from his unpleasant situation, and to fill his basket with fish. Nought could he find, until his eye rested on the autumnal leaf of a black

gum, which his despair suggested might, by its brilliant red, attract the notice of the "river wolf." His hook was instantly baited with it, and cast upon the waters, when to his utter astonishment, a pike instantly fastened on, and gorged it with the hook. In due time, he had the satisfaction of securing his prize; a goodly fish, some sixteen inches in length; and by availing himself of the white skin and flesh from the under part of this fish, he succeeded in capturing sixteen others.

The scene of this exploit, was Little river, a stream running through Hanover, and known to abound in this species of fish. You may rely upon the fact as I have told it to you, the person is one of respectability, and the authenticity of the story can be amply proven.

In the hope, that I may have again succeeded in my efforts to please you, I am with respect, your most obedient servant.

B.

*American Turf Register.*

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### *STILL HUNTING DEER in the WEST.*

*Danville, Ky, Jan. 1832.*

MR. EDITOR,

I do not recollect to have seen, throughout the pages of your diversified and interesting Magazine, a communication on the manner of deer hunting, most customary in the western country, termed "still hunting."

I will give you a scanty outline of it; believing each of your patrons in a manner obligated to tender his mite to your fund, for his favourite department. My "ruling passion" is, for the dog and gun; and although the smooth-bore and setter, may have great charms, when the partridge or woodcock is the game of most consequence; give me the "true groove," with some "buck-hounds," and a tardy old "talbot," to bring up the trail.

The falling of the seared leaf, about the 20th of October, is the signal with us. From ten to fifteen of those who delight in this manly, healthful, invigorating sport, make up a party, who move into the wilderness, "most secluded from the haunts of men," some thirty

or forty miles off, with spacious tents for covering, and whatever else in store experience has found out to give it cheer.

The camp is formed on the bank of some clear stream, and whatever can be done to make our quarters comfortable, is first attended to. Night is usually pressing on, bringing with it the blazing fire, the oft recounted tales of former times; and visions of following wide branching antlers, and all their bright accompanying honours. Before dawn, the bracing cup of coffee is served; and if luckily the morning favours, with frost or mist, a noon's repast on venison, is certain.

As soon as it is fairly lighted, each one ascends the hills on foot, a different course; if not, as sometimes, paired. Slowly moving on with elastic, noiseless tread, he scrutinizes every spot in view; still more cautiously he looks into the "heads of hollows;" ever and anon, stopping on commanding ground, with parted lips, to listen for the crackling of a twig, or the rustling of a leaf. Thus



the too incautious yearlings, are often caught unguardedly feeding, and sometimes asleep! They fall an easy and inglorious prey.

The blue doe, a higher prize, is seen capering over the hills, stopping, and beating off her fawns, and lasciviously looking back. It is a delightful feat, thus in her gambols to shoot her down; and reloading quick to kill the astonished fawns—and not even then relaxing, but quick to prepare again, perchance to cap the climax; and waiting on her scented drag, with fluttering heart, but well disciplined nerve, possibly to see the proud buck come leaping headlong on, maddened with love, up to the very muzzle of your gun, and pour the fatal charge into his breast.

An "old buck," with four or five points to his beams, is seldom killed, except in his amorous pursuits—never by a junior sportsman. Those longer taught, who know the kind of ground he seeks for covert, and will follow fearlessly the arduous ways, master him thus, as I myself have proved with extacy. Moving through the roughest copse with breathless caution, and against the wind, (for his nostrils are always opened to catch the tainted gale) you hear him on the slightest suspicion, burst from his lair, and soon his tail is seen, as he bounds along. Follow him then at full speed, regardless of noise or obstacles, if you wish to see him more. He cannot hear when running—does not run faster at first break-

ing, unless he has seen you, than a man can for a little way keep pace; and he is certain on the first ascending ground, to stop and look back to satisfy himself; of which the declining, switching motion of his tail gives warning. You must run on to save each yard you can, with your eye fixed upon him, until his last jump—then throw your rifle to a tree. You are sometimes closer to him than when you started; shoot quick, and with your breath suspended, you will not be agitated for the instant. Mark well the spot where he stood—an essential art—the deadliest shot rarely knocks down at once. Load up again, and move straight to the spot; if struck, the hair will show—and the blood soon follows. Pursue the trail for a short distance, but unless very free, *hie* into camp, *halloo* the hounds, *blow* in the hunters—"Saddle up!"

I would attempt a description of the chase that often succeeds; many of which could be recounted to you, but fear that I have already "tired you out;" and will leave you, Mr. Editor, to imagine it: Adding merely, that however delicious may be the "smoking haunch" at home, which you have oftentimes realized, or the *spitted ribs* in camp, that far excel it; a chase after a wounded old buck—pictured generally of gigantic size, by the heated imagination of the fortunate sportsmen, stands unrivalled in the exhilarating pleasure it affords.

*American Turf Register.*

### *The SHORT TAILED EAGLE.*

Among all the birds of prey at present known, there is not one that can be compared, or that seems related, to the short tailed eagle. Its singularly short tail, at once particularly distinguishes and characterises it, scarcely extending beyond the tail coverts, which conceal more than half of it. Its whole length, indeed, does not exceed six inches, contrasting badly with its long wings, whose extent appears more on account of the shortness of the tail, and both together rendering its flight peculiar. When I saw this bird fly, for the first time, I was of opinion that it had lost

its tail by accident, a supposition strengthened by the singularity of its mode of flight—for the tails of birds of prey, acting as a rudder, serve to give them much agility and gracefulness in the air. My subsequent observations, however, proved that the short tail is a constant characteristic of this species; while its manner of flying is a sort of play, which both the sexes practice in responsive turns.

The short tailed eagle hovers by sailing round, and utters, from time to time, two very hoarse sounds, one an octave higher than the other. Frequently



it stops short, and descends a certain distance, beating the air with its wings, so as to make one believe it has been winged, and is ready to fall to the ground. The female in such cases never fails to repeat the same manœuvre. The flapping of their wings can be heard at a great distance; and I can compare it to nothing more appropriate than the flapping of a sail which has been slackened at one corner during a gale.

I have named this bird *Le Bateleur*, from its flapping in this manner in the air, and which might be said to be displays of tumbling, for the amusement of spectators. These birds are very common throughout the Antequia country, and along the coast of Natal, as far as Caffraria; and during the time that I traversed this charming region, I rarely passed a day without seeing more than one pair. The male and the female are always in company, and one is very rarely seen without the other.

The short tail of this species distinguishes it from all other birds of prey, and the strongly marked colours assist in preventing it from being confounded with any other to which it may have a resemblance. It is of a middle size, between the common eagle, and the osprey. Its beak and claws are black; the base of the beak is yellowish; the legs are of a yellowish brown, covered with broad scales; the head, the neck, the fore and the under parts of the body, are of a beautiful pale black, sharply terminated by the deep rust red of the back and the tail; the scapularies are blackish, and in certain lights showing a tinge of bluish grey; all the small coverts of the wings are of a fawn colour; all the quills of the wings are black on their inner barbs, embroidered exteriorly with silver grey, in such a manner, that, when folded, they appear all of this colour. The eye is deep brown. The female is a fourth larger than the male, and her colours are in general of a paler tint.

The short tailed eagle builds its nest upon trees; the female laying three or four eggs entirely white; at least, such is the information I received from the colonists, never having myself seen the eggs. I have shot several of the

young, whose colours are very different from those of the adult bird, so much so, that if I had not shot them when the parent birds were giving them food, and if in dissecting them, I had not ascertained them to be young, I should have most certainly taken them for another species, particularly as they were as large as the adults. When I observed the birds, they were six in number, all perched on a very large tree, where the eyrie was, and where the four young had no doubt been hatched. I first brought down the two old birds, and afterwards three of the young ones, but the fourth escaped into the wood. Among the three young, there were one male and two females, and it is probable, that the one which escaped was a second male. Some months after, I shot other young birds of the same species, but more advanced in age, and already showing some red feathers on the rump, while the head and under parts of the body had a number of black feathers. It hence appears, it is not till the third moult that this species takes its beautiful colours.

The young has the base of the beak bluish, the beak of a horn colour, and the feet yellowish; the general colour being a uniform brown, more clear on the head and neck, and more deep on the rest of the body; yet all the feathers are edged with a paler and clearer tint.

The short tailed eagle, like the vultures, feeds on all sorts of garbage; yet it frequently attacks the young antelopes. It prowls about houses, where it tries to surprise lambs, or sickly sheep; and the young ostriches, while little, become also its prey, particularly when they chance to be separated from their parents. The colonists of Antequia, call the bird the mountain cock, (*berg-haan*) a name, indeed, which they apply to all large birds of prey, and particularly to eagles.

A single glance of this bird will convince any one that it has not the characteristics ascribed to the eagles: its claws not being so strongly curved, and its beak comparatively less powerful. It is, therefore, one of the doubtful species, as much resembling the vultures as the eagles, and ought to occupy, by

the side of the Caffer eagle, a place between the eagles and the vultures.

The district in which I most commonly met with the short tailed eagle, was upon the confines of the Queur Boom, where I pitched my camp, near Lagoa Bay. They do not fly in troops, and many of them are never seen together, except when a concourse of other birds of prey has attracted all those of the district to some piece of carrion. In that case alone, they flock

together, but after feeding, each pair takes a different rout to their respective haunt in the neighbouring mountains or forests.

I have also remarked, that these birds carry in their crops the food they take to their young, to which they seem much attached; for I have seen them constantly providing food for young ones, as full grown, and apparently as capable of foraging, as themselves.

*Field Nat. Mag.*

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*"The Horse; with a Treatise on Draught; and a copious Index. Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."*

MR. EDITOR,

Yesterday I opened this collection of "Useful Knowledge," for the first time; and at the commencement of chap. I. I perceived a very coarse wood cut; but was for some time at a loss to ascertain for what the figures were intended; that is, what species of animal, or masses of animated matter, they were meant to image to the mind! At length, I discovered underneath, the *pearly* words, "*Hackney, Arabian, Hunter.*" After boring over these precious specimens of "*Useful Knowledge,*" for fifteen minutes, I thought the figure intended for the "*Hackney,*" might possibly have been copied from an uncouth representation of the Zebra, which appears in one of the editions of Goldsmith's Natural History. The monstrosity, under which appeared "*Arabian,*" I at length discovered, had been taken from a likeness of an enormous dray horse, once in the possession of the late Mr. Whitbread, and for whose accommodation a pair of dray shafts were purposely made. As for the "*Hunter,*" I was at a total loss for any similitude in nature, to which to refer it! And yet I am induced to believe, that this collection of "*Useful Knowledge*" was conjured together by that highly-gifted seer, Mr. Youatt, the logically-learned Veterinarian; who tells us, amongst many other wonderful stories, that "*horses were first heard of when Joseph was in Egypt!*" What an amazing discovery! By and by we are treated with a figure called "the Godolphin Arabian," which might pass well enough for a mule!

Many beautiful similes, trite aphorisms, and soporific anecdotes, are quoted from various elementary and standard works; all of which manifest the precise mental capacity of the very able and very potent collector.

Being in the habit of keeping hunters, I was much interested, deeply, if not dangerously, interested, in the marrow-like pithiness of the following text or maxim. Speaking of the hunter, the highly judicious compiler thus expresses himself:—"If he could be obtained with bone enough, and *different action*, a thorough-bred horse would form the best of all hunters." As I wish to obtain as much instruction as possible on the subject, I would ask Mr. Youatt, if the *action* of the thorough-bred horse be not the result of education? If, in fact, the *action* of the thorough-bred horse, if trained for hunting instead of the course, would not manifest the requisite loftiness, instead of the daisy-cutting system to which he is trained, when intended to struggle for the glittering prize?

At a future period, Mr. Editor, I will, if possible, send you a few more observations upon this ponderous mass of "*Useful Knowledge*;" but at present I cannot proceed one iota beyond the "*Hunter,*" page 51; and let me tell you, Sir, that the slowly-operative wisdom contained in these 51 dense, though dextrous, pages, will serve me for mental food, or reflection, for the next ten days!

Yours,  
 A BOOKSELLER.

*The MAGPIE.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

The science of natural history cannot perhaps be said to be in its infancy; but, as it affords a very extensive range for the amusement and research of the naturalist, so, much of it yet remains unexplored, particularly that part of this delightful subject which relates to the habits of birds. Those who have written on natural history observe, that the magpie feeds "not only upon worms and insects, but also upon small birds when they can be seized. A wounded lark, or a young chicken separated from the hen, is sure plunder; and the magpie will even sometimes set upon and strike a black-bird." However, from what I lately witnessed, I have no doubt but *field mice* constitute the principal food of the magpie. A friend, who keeps a tame magpie, assured me that his bird prefers mice to all other food; and to convince me of the fact, a living mouse was procured, and put down at a little distance from it. With the quickness of lightning the magpie darted upon the little quadruped, and devoured it almost in a second. This bird is the most expert mouse-catcher I ever saw. It is the second magpie which the same gentleman has kept, and he assured me the two were equally expert at mouse-

catching:—further, that they would even seize a common sized rat. This fact is most probably new to many of your readers; it has not hitherto been noticed by any naturalist, whose works have fallen in my way; and were it generally known, might alter in a very great degree the general and uniform antipathy entertained against the magpie. It is regarded as a most mischievous thief, without possessing a single good quality as a set-off for its depredations. So impressed, indeed, is this notion upon the minds of the rustics, that there is scarcely a village or hamlet throughout the kingdom where a reward is not offered for its head; and in the village where I am now writing, the money paid to the boys for magpie's eggs and young magpies forms one of the items in the Constable's disbursement accounts; the item amounts to no serious sum certainly; for, as the reward is liberal (2*d* per head) it has excited the industry of the school boys and others, and the unfortunate birds have suffered in proportion; so that, at no distant period, I may perhaps have to walk out of the township if I wish to see a magpie, as, in the surrounding parishes, the price of a magpie is only half the amount.

SYLVANUS.

GOOD FOR EVIL.—A young man belonging to the city of Paris, desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it along with him to the river Seine. He hired a boat, and rowing into the stream, threw the animal in. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat; but his master, whose intention was to drown him, constantly pushed him back with the oar. In doing this he fell himself into the water, and would certainly have been drowned, had not the dog, as soon as he saw his master struggling in the stream, suffered the boat to float away, and held him

above water till assistance arrived, and his life was saved.

HORRIBLE BARBARITY.—In the spacious paddock fronting the Crescent Houses, in Taunton, are several beautiful deer and foreign goats, and among them was a full grown fawn, which having attracted general notice, by its gentleness, had become a pet animal with the respectable families of that neighbourhood. Some brutal villain lately committed the monstrous cruelty of *cutting out his tongue!* and otherwise so mutilating it as to occasion its death.



ANECDOTES, &c. of the PARTRIDGE.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

There perhaps, in the memory of the present generation, never occurred a spring and summer so uniformly wet and cold as those which occurred ten years since, and which will distinguish the year 1823. I am willing to allow a very great degree of animal reason or instinct to the feathered part of the creation; but the utmost latitude in this respect manifests an immeasurable inferiority compared to the divine quality of reason which so pre-eminently distinguishes human nature. I have been induced to trouble you with a few remarks upon this subject from the circumstance of a brace of partridges having, early in spring, taken up their residence near my abode, where they shortly afterwards formed a nest at the bottom of a dry ditch. In the latter end of May, I accidentally discovered the nest which contained thirteen eggs upon which the female had apparently commenced the important business of incubation. Very unfortunately, the rain, which fell in the beginning of June, on one occasion, half filled the ditch, and consequently destroyed the hopes of the parent birds, of whom I lost sight for some time altogether. However, in exercising, on the 23d of August, a favourite young pointer bitch, whose uncommon steadiness and sagacity have several times surprised me, I recognised the identical birds,\* which I

have just before mentioned. The bitch in question made a very steady point in a small field of clover—I approached; and after standing over her for some time, a brace of birds rose, in one of which I distinctly recognised the hen, as mentioned in the note below: but the bitch still keeping her point, I turned aside the clover and discovered a young bird unable to fly. I took the little trembler in my hand, and after having removed it to a place of safety, I again examined, but no more birds were to be found. Hence it would appear that the same birds, after having been so cruelly disappointed in their first nestling, had endeavoured to propagate a second time, and had been almost equally unsuccessful, as I conclude, from the same cause—placing the nest in a bad situation. Hence it is more than probable, that, however gifted birds may be with what is generally called instinct, it is but a narrow capacity compared to the divine light of human reason, and utterly incapable of directing them in some of the most important functions, as the present season, I am fearful, will most irksomely convince those sportsmen whose theatre of action happens to be situated in the lower grounds.

Yet, that the feathered creation occasionally exhibits specimens or examples of sagacity highly amusing, and perhaps useful, cannot be denied, of which the following is a whimsical instance:—An aged blind woman who resided in a village in Germany, used to be led every Sunday to church by a gander, which took hold of her gown with his bill; and after having introduced her to her seat, he always retired to graze in the churchyard, and no sooner was the congregation dismissed than he returned to his duty and led her home. One day the pastor called at the house of the party, and expressing his surprize to the daughter, of her mother being abroad:—"Oh! Sir, (said the girl)

\* It may at first seem strange, that I should know they were the same birds—for an explanation of which I must observe, that, as I had repeatedly sprung these birds, I had also as frequently remarked the difficulty with which the female fluttered above the surface of the ground; nor indeed did she appear to be able to fly half the distance which generally marks the flight of partridges. I suppose the extreme end of her left wing received, during the previous shooting season, some trifling injury. Some years ago, one of my dogs caught a hen partridge, in the month of March which had, during the preceding season, sustained the fracture

of a wing: it was utterly incapable of flying, but had nevertheless paired, and would most likely have produced a brood but for the circumstance just mentioned.



we are not afraid of trusting her out as the gander is with her."

Respecting the instinct of birds, the celebrated Dr. Paley's reasoning is extremely beautiful, who observes that we may select out of the catalogue the *Incubation of Eggs*. "I entertain no doubt (says he) but that a couple of sparrows hatched in an oven, and kept separate from the rest of their species, would proceed, as other sparrows do, in every office which related to the production and preservation of their brood." Assuming this fact therefore, the circumstance is inexplicable upon any other hypothesis, than that of an instinct impressed upon the constitution of the animal. In the first place, what should induce the birds to prepare a nest before the female deposits her eggs? It is vain to suppose her to be possessed of the faculty of reasoning, for no reasoning will reach the case. The fullness or distension which she might feel in a particular part of her body, from the growth and solidity of the egg within her, could not possibly inform her that she was about to produce something, which, when produced, was to be preserved and taken care of. Prior to experience, there was nothing to lead to this inference or to this suspicion. The analogy was all against it; for, in every other instance, what issued from the body was cast out and rejected. But, secondly, let us suppose the egg to be produced into day—how should birds know that their eggs produce their young? There is nothing, either in the aspect or the internal composition of an egg, which could lead even the most daring imagination to a conjecture, that it was hereafter to turn out, from under its shell, a living perfect bird. The form of the egg bears not the rudiments of a resemblance to that of the bird. Inspecting its contents, we find still less reason, if possible, to look for the result which actually takes place. If we should go so far as, from the appearance of order and distinction in the disposition of the liquid matter which we noticed in the egg, to guess that it might be designed for the abode and nutriment of an animal (which would be a very bold hypothesis) we should expect a tadpole dabbling in the slime, much

rather than a winged, feathered creature, a compound of parts and properties impossible to be used in a state of confinement in the egg, and bearing no conceivable relation, either in quality or material, to any thing observed in it. From the white of an egg, would any one look for the feather of a goldfinch? or expect from a simple uniform mucilage the most complicated of all machines, the most diversified of all collections of substances. Nor would the process of incubation, for some time at least, lead us to expect the event. Who that saw red streaks shooting in the fine membrane which divides the white from the yolk, could suppose that these were about to become bones and limbs? Who that espied two discoloured points first making their appearance in the cicatrix, would have had the courage to predict, that these points were to grow into the heart and head of a bird? But even admitting, that a bird, by some means or other, knew that within the egg was concealed the principle of a future bird, from what chemist was she to learn that warmth was necessary to bring it to maturity, or that the degree of warmth, imparted by the temperature of her own body, was the degree required?—To suppose therefore that the female bird acts in this process from a sagacity and reason of her own, is to suppose her to arrive at conclusions which there are no premises to justify. "A chemical operation (says Addison) could not be followed with greater art and diligence, than is seen in hatching a chicken; yet is the process carried on without the least glimmering of thought or common sense. A hen will mistake a piece of chalk for an egg, is quite insensible of the increase or diminution of their number; does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and is frightened when her supposititious brood of ducklings take the water."

The progress of incubation is a very curious subject. The hen has scarcely sat on the egg twelve hours, when some of the lineaments of the head and body of the chicken appear. The heart may be seen to beat at the end of the second day; and it assumes, at this period, somewhat the form of a horse-shoe, but

no blood yet appears. At the end of two days, two vesicles of blood are to be distinguished, the pulsation of which is very visible: one of them is the left ventricle, and the other the root of the great artery. At the fiftieth hour, one auricle of the heart appears, resembling a noose folded down upon itself. The beating of the heart is first observed in the auricle and afterwards in the ventricle. At the end of seventy hours the wings are distinguishable; and on the head two bubbles appear for the brain; one for the bill; and two others for the fore and hind part of the head. Towards the end of the fourth day, two auricles, already visible, draw nearer to the heart. The liver appears about the fifth day. At the expiration of one hundred and thirty-four hours, the first voluntary motion is observed; and in seven hours more the stomach and lungs become visible; four hours after this, the intestines, the loins, and the upper mandible appear. At the hundred and forty-fourth hour, two ventricles are discernible, and two drops of blood, instead of the single one which was seen before. On the seventh day, the brain begins to have some consistence. At the hundred

and ninetieth hour of incubation, the bill opens, and the flesh appears on the breast; in four hours more, the breast bone is seen; and in six after this the ribs appear, forming from the back; and the bill is plainly seen as well as the gall bladder. The bill becomes green at the end of two hundred and thirty-six hours; and if the chicken is taken out of its coverings, it evidently moves itself. The feathers begin to shoot out towards the two hundred and fortieth hour and the skull becomes gristly. At the two hundred and sixty-fourth the eyes appear. At the two hundred and eighty-eighth the ribs are perfect. At the three hundred and thirty-first the spleen draws near the stomach, and the lungs to the chest. At the end of three hundred and fifty-five hours, the bill frequently opens and shuts; and at the end of the eighteenth day the first cry of the chicken is heard. It continues to grow constantly, till at length it is enabled to break the shell and free itself from its confinement. And what is not a little remarkable, the chicken as soon as hatched, is heavier than the egg was before.

RATIOCINATOR.

## EPSOM AGAIN!

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

I perceive by your last number, that "AN INHABITANT OF EPSOM" is very angry with you for the freedom of your remarks respecting the "*disgraceful management*" of Epsom Races. I wish you to understand most clearly, that the remarks in your magazine, which appear so very unpalatable to "*An Inhabitant*," were read with much satisfaction by the Epsom folks in general; and I therefore have not the least doubt, that the abusive letter you have received came from one of the *chosen few* who contrive to pocket the siller so snugly. However, let it not be forgotten that you spoke the sterling and startling truth, but not the *whole truth*, since much yet remains behind the screen, for the developement of which, however, no exertions of mine shall be wanting.

A few years ago (I believe two years since) one hundred pounds, some few shillings, only were received towards the expence of the races; but the Baron Teissier (the acting steward) who wishes things to be done as they ought to be, suspecting that much more than this sum ought to arise from the money paid by those who transacted business on the ground, after a little parley, agreed to take three hundred pounds, and allow certain individuals to make what they could of the ground: Let us see how the matter stands: There were, say forty marquess, the payment for each of which would average at least twenty pounds; consequently the sum total for these would be £800. Publican's booths, say eighty at five pounds each. The places for tying up horses and minor considerations would amount to a similar sum. On the whole, a trifle short of £2,000 would

be collected ; out of which, the worthy Baron Teissier would receive £300, leaving the very pretty pickings of £1,500 at least, to find its way elsewhere. Now, Sir, I quite agree with you, that it is impossible to form a good race course on Epsom Downs ; that there is no disposition manifested to keep the present running ground even in decent trim or order ; that the business is rendered a scandalous and disgraceful job ; and

that unless matters are managed as differently as possible, the Derby and Oaks ought to be removed.

I have yet said nothing respecting the stands, the weighing and nomination money, as well as of the candle ends and cheese parings ; which, however, shall be produced at a convenient opportunity. You shall hear from me again.

SURREY.

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### ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Two gentlemen, fly-fishing in the neighbourhood of Tal-y-llyn, North Wales, killed in six days, 512 trout, averaging three quarters of a pound each.

Captain Hinde, whilst angling for trout under that most beautiful spot, the Alpine Bridge, near Llandrindnod, unexpectedly hooked a salmon. The slight nature of the line, minnow tackle, and the want of a landing net, rendered the chances of securing so large a fish altogether hopeless. By the most skilful and scientific management, however, the fish remained on the hook for about two hours, when it was perceived that the line had in part given way : several of the hairs having become untwisted. A severe struggle now took place between the fish and the captain, occasioned by a most vigorous attack upon the salmon by two enormous eels, which continued the chace within the circumscribed space of seven or eight yards. The consequence was, that

either by their contortions, or some lucky accident, that portion of the line before imperfect was actually made whole by a knot forming itself on the sound part above and below that which had become untwisted. Three hours had expired, when the fish was so far exhausted as to admit of being pulled to the edge of a rock several yards above the water, and a gentleman present introduced his finger into its mouth, with the intention of assisting in landing it, the line being much too weak to bear the weight. The fish, however, broke away when half raised from the water, and made one more furious attempt to break the line, in which, however, it failed, and was then, by means of a large salmon hook safely landed, after a most heroic struggle of three hours and ten minutes. The weight of the salmon, one hour after being taken from the water, was nine pounds ten ounces.

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CURIOUS OCCURRENCE.—A short time ago, a large sturgeon was observed to leap from the water into a canoe, lying at the Island in the port, opposite the foot of St. Joseph Street. Immediately means were taken to secure the fish, which when taken, was found to have two lampreys, about seven inches in length, sticking to its body, one on the top of the head, and the other on the insertion of the large fin next the gills. There cannot be a doubt but the fish, in its agonies and efforts to get rid of the lampreys, sprang out of the water with such violence as to precipitate it

into the canoe in its descent. The peculiar construction of the mouths of lampreys show how powerfully they can attach themselves to any substance, and seem expressly constructed to give them a powerful suction ; nor is the rapacity of these fishes less than their power of laying hold of their prey ; for when kept some time out of the water, and again placed near the sturgeon, they seized it a second time with much eagerness. The sturgeon measured three feet eight inches ; the little tormentors not a sixth part of his length, nor a sixteenth of his weight.



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### The HORSE.

The praises of the horse have been often sung. His usefulness is known to us all: but his noble qualities are not so generally appreciated and understood. It is now almost universally conceded that there are different *races* of this animal, with dissimilar qualities; yet adapted to important purposes of man. All the varieties that the imagination can conceive have been produced by crossing and intermixing the several original stocks. But the primitive race, most esteemed throughout the world, is the *Arabian*. And it has been so esteemed for many thousands of years.

Naturalists and travellers give very interesting accounts of the sagacity, faithfulness, prowess, of this noble animal. F. A. De Chateaubriand, who has been a great traveller, a cabinet minister of France, and who has been lately arrested in that country, gives us the following account, in his *Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt and Barbary*, during the years 1806 and 1807.

A mule costs from one to two hundred piasters, according to its beauty: an ass is worth from fifteen to fifty. Eighty or one hundred piasters are given for an ordinary horse, which is generally less valued than a mule or an

ass. But a horse of a *well known Arabian breed, will fetch any price*. Abdallah, Pacha of Damascus, has just given three thousand piasters for one. The history of a horse is frequently the topic of general conversation. When I was at Jerusalem, the feats of one of these wonderful steeds made a great noise. The Bedouin—to whom the animal, a mare, belonged, being pursued by the governor's guards, rushed with her from the top of the hills that overlook Jericho. The mare scoured, at full gallop, down an almost perpendicular declivity, without stumbling, and left the soldiers lost in admiration and astonishment. The poor creature, however, dropt down dead on entering Jericho; and the Bedouin, who would not quit her, was taken, weeping over the body of his companion. This mare has a brother in the desert, who is so famous, that the Arabs always know where he has been, where he is, what he is doing, and how he does. Ali Aga religiously showed me, in the mountains near Jericho, the footsteps of the mare that died in the attempt to save her master: a Macedonian could not have beheld those of Bucephalus with greater respect.—CHATEAUBRIAND.

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### Remarkable Facts in Relation to Shooting Deer.

Fort Towson, on Red river, A. T. Jan. 14, 1833.

MR. EDITOR,

A very remarkable circumstance, in relation to the deer, which I think worth communicating, was told to me, lately, by an old border hunter of veracity—one who had been in the habit, for years, of wielding his formidable rifle on the head waters of Big Red. In that section of country, the Indians subsist almost entirely on buffalo meat; owing to its superior sweetness and flavour, its great abundance, and the facility of procuring it. The deer, in consequence, are altogether unmolested, and may be seen browsing quietly in their rich, woody pastures, free from all apprehension of danger; and, although they flee instinctively at the sight of man, they

are but little alarmed at the sound of a rifle.

The hunter, peering through the woods in his still, noiseless way, discovered, at a distance, twelve of these beautiful animals, feeding together in conscious security. By a soft step and the intervention of a tree, he approached within good rifle shot, selected his mark, and (in his own words) "drew bead, let slip, and drap'd him." The other deer startled, raised their heads quickly in the direction of the sharp piercing sound, fixed their eyes intently, for an instant, on the spot where the hunter stood statue-like, and then went quietly to feeding again, entirely unconscious that one of their number had fallen in the midst of them. The rifle was reloaded: another deer "bit



the dust:" his companions expressed even less alarm than before. The hunter repeated his operations, until the whole twelve lay prostrate before his unerring aim.

J. A\*\*\*\*.

[*Query*.—Would deer, which had never before heard the sound of a gun, or seen a human being, either savage or civil, fly at the sight or approach of a man?]*—Amer. Turf Reg.*

### *The GAME LAWS.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

I see by the newspapers, the gun makers of the metropolis, and of Birmingham, have at length approached Parliament, to complain of that precious piece of legislation called the new Game Bill; and, as from the feeling of the House of Commons in the presentation of their petition, there seems some chance of the subject being taken up next session, perhaps, a few observations on the subject, will not be very ungermane to the columns of your very useful magazine. That the bill has totally failed in its principal object, of reducing poaching, cannot for a moment be doubted by any one at all conversant with the subject; indeed, it is difficult to imagine, how the framers of that act could anticipate any other result from a measure which, by opening the markets, removed the greatest obstacle the poacher, under the old system, had to contend with, namely, the difficulty of disposing of his plunder without detection. It is impossible to render very difficult the stealing of any property as much exposed as game must necessarily be; but when the possession of it by an unqualified person was penal, it rendered the chance of detection much greater, and consequently deterred many from committing the crime. However, the sale of game, like many other things of late, has been conceded to a senseless popular cry, and it is now too late to recede. I will therefore begin by enumerating some of the bad effects produced by the concession, and endeavour to point out a remedy or method by which game may become a marketable commodity under restrictions that will entirely shut poached game from the public markets; and if sold privately, as under the old system, render both the buyer and seller more liable to de-

tection, and subject to as heavy punishment as stealing or dealing in stolen property of any other description. The most pernicious effect is the demoralization of our peasantry, which must be the natural consequence of holding out such temptations at a time when the depressed state of agriculture renders the rural population more susceptible of seduction. Is it likely that a man who can obtain but seven or eight shillings by hard labour in six days, will not be easily tempted to indulge in poaching, by which he may realize six times that sum in one night with very little labour, and now with almost as little risk. The French say "C'est le premier pas qui coute," and never was the saying more dreadfully verified than in the progress of the unfortunate peasant, who takes to what he considers "a little harmless poaching;" but which soon engenders habits of idleness and lawlessness, and compels him to associate with bad characters, who lead him from crime to crime, till he usually ends his days a transported felon in a foreign land, or in ignominy in his own. It is hardly necessary to dilate on this subject: even our legislators must be aware of its demoralizing effect, and the consequences are scarcely less dreadful to contemplate in another respect: for, should this bill be allowed to continue its protecting power to the poachers, they will, at the present rate of proceeding, totally extirpate pheasants and hares, and nearly all other kinds of game in the course of a very few years, and so destroy the most powerful inducement of the proprietor to spend the greatest part of his time and his wealth amongst his tenantry; thus producing a state of things equally unbeneficial to both parties, as the tenants, for want of the example and encouragement of their landlord, will become dissatisfied and brutalized (as is

unfortunately too clearly proved by the present state of Ireland) while the nobility and gentry, instead of improving their health and strength by the invigorating sports of the field, will be acquiring habits of iniquity, uselessness, and effeminacy in the large towns. "Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread;" and I would ask, whether any method can be devised whereby money can be as beneficially distributed over the country as it now is by the sports of the field, which alike benefit the humble cottager in the remote villages, the innkeepers on the road, and the manufacturers and tradesmen in the towns and cities? Nor is it a small sum that is produced thereby to the revenue, when the post-horse, game certificates, and other duties charged to sportsmen, are taken into consideration. These are but a few of the ill effects to be apprehended from the continuance of the present law, which some persons maintain has not been tried long enough to judge of its merits; but as the number of convictions are nearly double in the first, and quadruple in the second year of its enactment,\* I am inclined to think it has been tried quite long enough to prove its demerits, and I really feel horrified at the immense increase of crime to be attributed to it; for as nearly four times as many convictions have taken place under a law that affords such facility to escape detection, I can but imagine the total number guilty of the crime to have been at least ten times greater than under the old system, bad as it was said to be. And for whom

\* Vide Mr. Heathcote's speech on presenting the gun makers' petition, where the numbers are stated: 1830, old laws 788; 1831, new laws, 1355; 1832, new laws 2820.

has this increase of crime been fostered? Many have suffered, such as gun makers, game keepers, &c. but certainly no one has been benefited by it, except perhaps the city gourmand has had a more certain supply of delicious morsels for his capacious maw at a reduced price, and without the chance of broken bones, or nasty shots coming in contact with his masticators. Having, I hope, sufficiently shewn the baneful consequences of the said bill, I will now endeavour to point out a remedy: repealing clause 17 only, would do some good; but I am one of those who believe no great good can be done unless some mark is affixed to distinguish legally obtained game from that which may be got from the poacher. This may be easily contrived by causing every head of game intended for public sale, to have a stamp of some kind affixed to it in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of removing it again, without entirely destroying the impression; these stamps might be issued from the Stamp Office at a stated price, and only to proprietors of lands, and others who possess game. This step once gained, and poaching will have received an effectual check; for when there is a distinguishing mark, surely no reason remains why the receiver of it, without such mark, should not be punished as heavily as the receiver of any other stolen property, unless it is intended that game is the only kind that may be plundered with impunity. Unless this or something similar is done, perhaps, as Cobbett says, it would be well to repeal the laws for the protection of game altogether; and if so, why not go still nearer to this kind of perfection, by repealing all laws, and thus prevent law breaking by having no laws to break.

A SUFFERER.

### *An AMERICAN'S FIRST WALK in LONDON.*

The roll of chariots and carriages of all kinds, from two until half past four, was incessant. In all directions they were in motion. It was like a show—the horses, the coachmen with triangular hats and tassels, the footmen with cockades and canes—it seemed as if

nothing could exceed it all. Yet I was told that the sight in Hyde Park, any day in May or June, was more striking; and that if it happened to be on the same day with the Epsom or Ascot races, which keep the roads alive for ten miles, with London carriages, a

stranger misses none from the park. Sometimes with this glitter of private equipages, you see a stationary line of hacks, the worn-down horses, eating out of nose-bags ; and sometimes at a slow, tugging walk, immense wagons, filled with coals, in black sacks, drawn by black horses, large and shaggy, and fat as those in the Portsmouth wagons. I am disappointed in the general exterior of the dwelling-houses. I had anticipated something better at the west end of the town ; more symmetry ; buildings more by themselves, denoting the residences of the richest people, in the richest city in Europe. But I do not yet see these. I see haberdashers' shops, poulterers' shops, the leaden stalls of fishmongers, and the slaughtering blocks of butchers, in the near vicinity of a nobleman's mansion and a king's palace. This may be necessary, or convenient, for the supplies of a capital too large to admit of one or more concentrated markets ; but the imagination, at a distance, pictures something different. Perhaps, it is to give a hint of English liberty ; if so, I will be the last to find fault. Being the day before Christmas, there was more display in the shops than usual. I did not get back until candle-light. The whole scene began to be illuminated. Altogether what a scene it was ! The shops in the Strand and elsewhere, where every conceivable article lay before you, and all made in England, which struck me the more, coming from a country where few things are made ; however, foreign commerce may send them to us ; then, the open squares, gardens, and parks ; the palisades of iron, on enclosures of solid wall, wherever enclosures were requisite ; the people ; the countless number of equipages and fine horses ; the gigantic draught horses :—what an aspect the whole exhibited ! what industry ; what luxury ; what

infinite particulars, what an aggregate ! The men were taller and straighter than the peasantry I had seen. The lineaments of a race descend like their language. The people I met, constantly reminded me of those of my own country ; I caught the same expression ; often it glided by in complete identity ; my ear took in accents to which it was native : but I knew no one. It was like coming to another planet, familiar with voices and faces, yet encircled by strangers.—*Mr. Rush's Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London.*

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.—Lieutenant Vidal had just commenced ascending the stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude, rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and, with one grasp of its tremendous jaws, seized and tore seven planks from her side ; the creature disappeared for a few seconds, and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the attack ; but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but, as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sunk. Her keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this furious attack ; and, had he got his upper jaw above the gunwale, the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath, previously to the attack, was so violent, that her stern was almost lifted out of the water ; and Mr. Tambs, the midshipman, steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him.—*From Owen's Voyages to Africa, &c.*

### QUERY to SHEPHERD, the JOCKEY.

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

Through the medium of your miscellany, I wish to put the following questions to Mr. Thomas Shepherd, of Richmond, Yorkshire, the professional rider :—

In returning from Chester Races, in company with several Liverpool gentlemen, did he state to them, in a sort of *secret confidence*, that he had received certain information that Birdcatcher would not start for the cup at the Maghull Meeting the following week ? Fur-



ther, did he accept of a dinner at the expence of the said parties at Liverpool, when he repeated, most positively, his story of Birdcatcher, and prevailed upon one or more of the party to bet against him with a confederate whom he had (to use the slang phrase) *planted* for the purpose?

As I have heard the above asserted more than once, and having a high respect for Shepherd, I trust we shall hear from him through the same channel as that through which he is now addressed.

FAIRPLAY.

### CAPTAIN COLQUIT and the ROTHSAY CASTLE.

To the Editor of the Cabinet.

SIR,

As I am well aware that your publication is well circulated in this neighbourhood, will you allow me, through its medium, to call the attention of the public to a circumstance which ought to have been noticed at a much earlier period.

It is very well known, that Captain Colquit, on the melancholy occasion of the wreck of the Rothsay Castle, and the consequent and frightful sacrifice of human life, took a prominent part in the well merited exposure of the business, for which, by his superior knowledge of nautical affairs, he was well calculated, by which he rendered an in-

valuable service to the public, but for which he had to sustain an expensive defence against a very litigious course of proceeding. It is true, the plaintiff was nonsuited; but the Captain's defence, nevertheless, cost him upwards of £200!!!

Now, as Captain Colquit became a most praiseworthy volunteer in the service of the public, I think there are few persons who will not agree with me, that a public subscription ought to reimburse him. My mite will be most willingly forthcoming; but I should like to see a more influential name at the head of the list than that of your

CONSTANT READER.

### VENOMOUS SNAKES in the COUNTY of CHESTER.

Many sportsmen in this county have frequently noticed to us, that the black adder and other snakes are more frequently met with, and of a more venomous nature, than in any other part of the United Kingdom. This fact is perhaps the more extraordinary when *geologically* considered, if we suppose that this part of England must have been connected, in the antediluvian age, with the Isle of Man and Ireland, where such snakes are never found, and if imported will shortly die. A gentleman who farms for amusement some acres in the hundred of Wirrall, has related the following fact, which occurred a few years ago, to a day labourer whom he is in the habit of employing. Abram Worrall, of Oxtan, in the same hundred, whilst following his occupation, in clearing away the brush-wood from a ditch, was bitten or stung by a black adder of a very large size; the pain was instantly very excruciating, and he

hastened home to obtain relief: sweet oil, generally believed to be an antidote, was applied in vain; the swelling and pain increased gradually up the arm, and had reached above the elbow, when a neighbour entered his house, and told him that no time was to be lost in applying what was in his power to obtain. Abram had a pet pigeon, and this bird, at the suggestion of his friend, was caught, cut up the back, and smoking hot, in the quick transit from life to death, was applied to the wound made by the snake; when the relief from pain was as gradual down the arm, as its progress had been up it; and, in the course of a few hours after, the inflammation gradually subsided. Abram is now upwards of 80 years of age, and his enmity to the adder is still so great, that he declares he would at any time go a mile to destroy one. The same gentleman to whom we are indebted for this anecdote, informs us, that one field



now in his possession in Oxtou, has long been noted for the great number of snakes to be found in it; and that, in the spring of this year, having accidentally found a hedge hog in another part of his farm, he, being informed of the adroitness of that animal in the de-

struction of snakes, turned it into the field infested by them, and since that period the snakes have not been seen as usual basking upon the banks; affording a pretty clear inference of the effectual enmity of the hedge hog to those reptiles.

## TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

(Continued from No. 10, page 257.)

### CHAPTER XIV.

*The Walk to and Accommodations at Inveronan.—Interior of the Cottage.—Its Inmates.—Of Cleaning the Fowling Piece, and of the Accidents which frequently occur from the improper Treatment of it.—The Neighbourhood of Inveronan.—Black Game.—Advertisements in the Glasgow and Edinburgh Papers respecting the Preservation of Game.—Incorrectness of Scotch Tour Books and Directories.*

I had killed three birds on the Moor of Rannoch, and was wet through; but, nevertheless, we intended to reach Inveronan, from which we were distant nine or ten miles; and the approach of night warned us to proceed on our journey. We set forward in good spirits, notwithstanding our previous fatigue. Inveronan we supposed to be a Highland village similar to Gordonsburgh, or the village situated near Fort Augustus; and we were anxious for a glimpse of it before the thick gloom of a dark and rainy night had completely enveloped us; but our utmost efforts to attain this desirable object were unavailing, and when we were no longer able to discern objects at a few yard's distance, we had still to travel forward in search of our goal. Our evening walk was any thing but pleasant: still we pushed on vigorously; and, after pursuing our course in the dark for about a quarter of an hour, we perceived the glimmering light of a fire or candle at some distance. This we were willing to understand as the guide for Inveronan; in fact, we conceived that the light proceeded from one of the cottages which, we concluded, formed part of the village. But, either from the inequality of the ground, or some other cause, we quickly lost sight of that which we had so lately regarded as the most friendly beacon. However, we had made particular inquiries respecting the situation of Inveronan; the road (a military one) was excellent, and we continued to proceed with confidence, notwithstanding the darkness of the night. We walked as fast as we were able; and at length stumbled upon a cottage:—I say stumbled, for we were quite close to it before we

perceived it, and so still it appeared that we were in doubt whether the building contained any thing like a human being. My friend F——, however, who was very active on all important occasions, proved more so on the present :\* he quickly found a door which was quickly opened by the friendly hand of a mountain damsel, whose features, however, I was not at present able to discern. There was a hearty welcome even in the manner in which the bonnie lassie opened the door; and we entered the cottage without ceremony. The fire (in the centre of the floor) which had blazed more brightly, was become low : the reason was evident—the greater part of the family had retired to rest; two females still remained, who, but for our arrival, would, in a few minutes, have been in bed also. The countenances of these beamed with good temper, and perceiving our wet condition, they immediately recruited the fire, placed whiskey and milk, and bread and butter, before us; and seemed pleased with the opportunity of rendering us such essential service. In fact, their behaviour was so full of attention and compassion for our uncomfortable state, that we were forcibly reminded of those exquisite words of Scotland's immortal bard, and which, if my memory serves me, run thus :

“ Oh ! woman in our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;  
But when affliction wrings the brow,  
A ministering angel thou !”

We were lucky enough to obtain my favourite beverage, tea; which, with the addition of broiled grouse, formed an excellent repast. While it was in preparation, I had an opportunity of noticing our kind hostess and her assistant, as well as of making a slight survey of the apartment. The elder female (the hostess) was about the middle size, and though she did not seem more than thirty years of age, yet had a matronly appearance. Her countenance did not exhibit the general Highland characteristics; on the contrary, it was well formed, the features of it were soft and regular, while the sweet temper and obliging disposition which beamed through her sloe black eyes rendered it still more interesting. She was evidently the mother of three or four children, who were sleeping in hutches or rather recesses, round the room; they had no linen on their bodies (which, I believe, is the general custom throughout the Highlands) but were very happy, nevertheless, if an opinion on this head may be formed from their innocent appearance as well as from the soundness of their repose. The husband of the hostess was also in bed; but the recess in which he rested was so far removed that I could not see him,

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\* It must be recollected, he was well soaked to the skin, and much in want of his supper; and therefore had very urgent motives for extraordinary activity.

though I could hear him conversing in Gaelic with his wife, and some conversation afterwards passed between him and myself, not in that difficult language; for, although I had picked up a few familiar phrases, I was by no means capable of expressing my own thoughts, or understanding those of others when conveyed through this medium. The assistant female, whom I regarded as the sister of the hostess, was not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, scarcely so tall as her sister, but resembling her nevertheless in form and feature, and also in obligingness of disposition. According to the general custom of the country, they were both without shoes and stockings.

In about twenty minutes or half an hour from the time we entered the cottage, tea was ready, accompanied by broiled grouse, and other *etceteras*. I swallowed a little with all convenient speed, and began to feel myself tolerably comfortable. My pointers were not forgotten: the kind-hearted females had no sooner supplied the immediate wants of myself and friend than they placed a large bowl of oatmeal and milk before our quadrupedal attendants; the animals eagerly accepted the grateful offering; and, having satisfied the cravings of hunger, they stretched themselves before the fire, and appeared perfectly at their ease.

I never recollect making a meal with more satisfaction than this: the method of giving making the fare worth all the spices of Arabia.

Before we had finished our meal, cold and wet were forgotten; the fire blazed merrily, and I was forced from my position by the increasing heat, and compelled to take a more distant station. In about an hour I felt myself perfectly dry and quite comfortable. I cleaned my gun thoroughly (which, by the bye, is only the operation of a few minutes)\* and afterwards indulged in a few libations

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\* I never allow a servant to clean my fowling piece. Partial as I am to shooting, I cannot help regarding a gun as a very dangerous instrument, at least when entrusted to improper hands. It will be found, on investigation, that of all the accidents which happen with guns, nineteen out of twenty, if not more, arise, not from the nature of the instrument, but from the improper treatment or management of it. I will pass over those dreadful occurrences which too frequently happen from loaded guns being carelessly placed within the reach of inexperienced youth, and confine my remarks to what more immediately concerns the sportsman, but which are applicable in most other cases. Guns, of the commonest description, will rarely burst, if they are properly treated; that is, if they are kept clean and not overloaded: even those very inferior guns, which were formerly manufactured for the African trade, without proving, seldom burst with a common charge; and it will be found, upon strict inquiry, that, in this country, not one gun in a thousand will burst with common attention. The bursting of barrels generally arises from the gun not being kept clean. I have made many inquiries on this subject, I have taken much more than ordinary pains to acquire the best information on the subject, and I will state one fact, out of a great number, by way of elucidation; I select it in particular, because the parties to be mentioned

to Bacchus. The night happened to be stormy: the rain beat heavily and the wind whistled round our Highland quarters; in

are still living:—Sixteen years ago, Mr. Bibby, surgeon of Ormskirk (aware that I felt interested on such occasions) asked me to take a seat in his gig, in order to accompany him to Thomas Pye, a farmer in Lathom, Lancashire (where he still resides) whose hand was much shattered by the bursting of a gun. On arriving at Pye's residence, Mr. Bibby dressed his hand, which was in a frightful condition—the thumb, indeed, appeared nearly separated; by the skilful treatment of the gentleman last mentioned the hand was, however, completely restored.

As soon as the operation of dressing the complicated wound was finished, I asked Pye what he thought caused the gun to burst? He replied that he had been in possession of it for years, and had fired it many hundred times; that it had always been remarkable for its good execution; and that some little time before the accident happened, he got it completely cleaned by a neighbouring gunsmith, whose operations upon it, had, he thought, been the cause of its bursting.—I inquired as to his general mode of using and treating the gun; and I found that he had been in the habit of loading very heavily, and of suffering the gun to remain loaded for weeks, and even months, in succession. The following was his practice:—he put, to use his own expression, “plenty of powder and shot” in the barrel, and primed it also, and thus “it was always ready.” He frequently took the gun with him, when he surveyed or walked over his farm; and if a shot happened to be presented, he fired and of course reloaded: be this as it may, the gun was exposed to every variation of the weather, and uniformly kept loaded in order to be “always ready:” the following consequences could scarcely fail to result from such a system:—On the discharge of a gun in a humid atmosphere, the interior surface of the barrel becomes covered with a clammy or feculent moisture, which ensues on the explosion of the gunpowder; this, of course, will produce rust, though the corrosion will not be uniform, or equally spread; on the contrary, from causes not necessary here to investigate, the injurious effects will be greater in some places than in others, the corrosion will proceed more rapidly in those parts which are already the most affected, till, at length, the gun bursts. When a fowling piece is kept constantly loaded, should the charge of gunpowder in the barrel imbibe the least moisture, corrosion instantly ensues, and proceeds with uncommon rapidity till the barrel bursts.

The gun, the bursting of which shattered Pye's hand, was an old favourite; he sent it to a gunsmith, as I have already observed, and had received it back immediately before the accident happened; in fact, the gun burst on the first fire after he received it from the gunsmith; and he accused the latter most vehemently, as the author of that misfortune which had evidently arisen from his own improper treatment of the engine in question. It is true, if a gunmaker take out the breech, he may ascertain the state of the interior of the barrel; but as gunsmiths seldom do this, unless they are desired, so, from merely cleaning a gun, they are not likely to see the danger which may lurk beneath a very fair exterior.—If it be necessary, for the purpose of self protection, or the safety of property, to keep a loaded gun, it should be thoroughly clean and dry when the charge is placed in the barrel, and be kept within what is called “the air of the fire;” and, under such circumstances, the gun would sustain little or no injury were it to remain for twelve months; yet the preferable plan would be to fire it off once a month, and clean it thoroughly.

I have made many inquiries upon the subject of guns bursting, and I uniformly found that such accidents arose from improper treatment, by not keeping the gun perfectly cleaned, for instance; and, particularly, from its being continually kept loaded, something after the manner of Farmer Pye.

As to the trouble of cleaning a fowling piece, it amounts to very little indeed. Like most other manual operations, a man may feel awkward in the first



the mean time, my pointers were snoring by the fire, my friend F—in clover, nor could I help regarding myself as remarkably snug and even happy, in listening to the concert of nature securely seated before a good peat fire.

As soon as we manifested an inclination to retire to rest, we were shewn to a separate building, and into a neat apartment (that is, by comparison) where we found two Highland beds, similar in form to what we had repeatedly met with before, sufficiently wide for one person; they occupied one side of the apartment, feet to feet, on one of which, rolled in two good blankets, I slept soundly for six hours.

I have already remarked, that when we arrived at Inveronan, the night was so dark, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could perceive objects at a few yards distance; but we could not distinguish the form and manner of Inveronan till the next morning, when we found that it consisted of the cottage where we had been so hospitably and so kindly entertained, and the other building in which we had slept, which belonged to the same family, and which constituted all the visible human habitations of Inveronan. The building appeared to be newly erected, and in appearance was much superior to the cottage.

The neighbourhood of this place is romantic; a beautiful lake appeared at a short distance from our quarters, in the direction of the Moor of Rannoch; while, on the opposite side, mountains appeared, (not remarkable for their elevation) clothed with many fine specimens of Scotch fir, as well as with abundance of well-grown fern, altogether forming a favourite haunt of the black cock, with which they were tolerably well stocked.

It was five o'clock when we took leave of Inveronan; and, after walking for half a mile along the main road, we ascended some elevated ground to the right for the purpose of killing a brace or two of black game. We proceeded some time, however, before we were fortunate enough to raise one: after killing a brace, as we had reached a considerable elevation, we sat down a few minutes for the purpose of viewing the highly interesting country around us. It was highly interesting, not from the richness and luxuriance of the scene, but from the novelty which it presented to the eye of an Englishman, and this novelty was of a pleasing character. It formed a striking contrast to the dreary solitude of Glencoe.—In the distance appeared rugged and lofty mountains;

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essay; but the detail is so obvious and so simple, that a little practice will render any person so expert, as to go through the whole in a very few minutes (supposing the gun to be kept in a proper state). The lock will seldom require taking to pieces; but this is no difficult task; and, if the sportsman will take the trouble to observe a gunsmith take a lock to pieces and put it together again twice, he will be able to do the same with facility. I derive much satisfaction from cleaning my own gun: I use it with confidence, knowing that it is as it ought to be.

but immediately around us, the hills presented a luxuriant Highland landscape, while a beautiful lake shewed its glassy surface, making the whole beautiful. However, while we were contemplating the interesting variety which nature here exhibited, we were reminded by a very impressive monitor, (a keen appetite) that we had not yet breakfasted. It was our original intention to take that meal at Tyndrum (Perthshire) a distance of eight or nine miles; but, as the little exertion we had already undergone had created more than an ordinary desire for refreshment, we had some thoughts of returning to Inveronan; but, while we were debating this point, my friend F—— drew some broiled grouse from his pocket, with some excellent oat bread, which, with a little of the real mountain dew, satisfied the cravings of appetite in a few minutes; and we proceeded on our way to Tyndrum.

I could have spent the day pleasantly enough amongst the black game in the neighbourhood of Inveronan, only that, as we were partaking of our broiled grouse, a Highlander presented himself, and gave us to understand that the game was under strict preservation. He appeared not more than five or six and twenty years of age, in height about five feet nine or ten inches, uncommonly well formed, and, being habited after the ancient manner of his country, his appearance altogether was manly, imposing and even marshal: he appeared suddenly before us; we did not perceive him till he had approached within a few yards; but his manner was civil and respectful; and he disappeared as soon as he had made us acquainted with the object of his visit. Yet I have little doubt that I could have enjoyed the diversion of shooting the whole day on these mountains with little, if any, interruption, at the expense of half a crown—very few of the Highlanders, appointed to look after the game, are proof against such a temptation.

A gentleman with whom we spent a very pleasant day in the Highlands, provided himself with a letter (manufactured with his own hands) which he carried in his pocket, and which served him as a kind of passport. Whenever he experienced an interruption, similar to that above mentioned, he produced his written authority, presenting a half crown at the same time: these hardy mountaineers seldom understand English, when orally delivered, and as to being able to read a written document, that is quite out of the question: they are willing therefore to pocket the siller, and at the same time to give full credit to the authenticity of an instrument which they do not understand, and which, under such circumstances, they feel no disposition to call in question or scrutinize.

On my journey to the Highlands, I saw a number of advertisements, both in the Glasgow and Edinburgh papers, respecting the preservation of grouse. Many of these were drawn up with all the keenness of the north; and indeed in the Lowlands, I

found it was generally understood that the game in the Highlands was preserved in the most rigid manner. It seems to be done somewhat in the spirit of trade, and the game thus converted into a sort of merchandize: I make no doubt that many of those whose names were attached to the advertisements in question were tradesmen, consequently, the matter of which I am now speaking, was all in the way of business. Formerly, that part of Scotland known by the name of the Highlands, was in the hands of much fewer persons than at present; but the disturbances of the country, and particularly the two great rebellions, I apprehend, have been the means of dividing much of the mountain territory into smaller portions: hence to many of the advertisements there might be seen attached eight or ten names or perhaps more, principally Lowlanders. At first I conceived the Scots were generally sportsmen, and the keenest in the world; but this is not the case:—that many of them are, and good ones too, is a fact too well known to be for a moment called in question; yet, that they are not so generally, or so evidently, attached to the chase as the English, is a circumstance equally incontestible. It was principally in the spirit of trade, that the preservation of game in the Highlands was so anxiously, and so impetuously, made known through the medium of the public journals: few of the advertisers, in all probability, were sportsmen; but, in order to let their mountain territory (at least as far as the game was concerned) on the best possible terms, they were anxious to secure it from incidental depredation. Nothing is more common than to let or sell the game annually of a certain tract, and the purchasers are principally English sportsmen. Even the Highland chieftains (many of whom, I am sorry to observe, are poor) feel no hesitation in thus letting their sporting ground. Nor indeed are transactions of this nature confined to Scotland, as the grouse mountains in the North of England are frequently disposed of in the same manner, as well as manors and game generally, both here and in other parts.

We proceeded on our way to Tyndrum (Perthshire) and as we moved southward, there was an evident improvement in vegetation. Caithness, as I have before observed, is bleak, dreary, and barren; the same remark will apply to Sutherlandshire, though there are some places (particularly near the sea) in each county, that, in respect to vegetation, are far superior to the interior. There is much that might be called well cultivated land on the sea shore hence down to Inverness; and indeed in the neighbourhood of the latter place, the land appears of a superior quality; yet the mountains which may be said to form the banks of Loch Ness are remarkable for their sterility. The nature of the land may be perhaps said to improve as we proceed in this direction, yet there is much which presents a very barren aspect all the way to Fort William. The banks of Loch Eil (particularly the left)

may be called fertile (comparatively speaking) and the same remark is equally applicable in the direction of Loch Leven till we reach Glencoe, upon which sufficient has been already stated. It was not till we had passed the Moor of Rannoch, that I beheld a scene to which I thought the following lines were applicable, and which I extract from Donald Macpherson's Gaelic Melodies :

### GLEN TROOM.

AIR :—" Se'nt' Earach e's gur math leom e."

#### CHORUS :

The milk white thorn and the yellow broom,  
And the waving birk, in vernal bloom,  
Blithe Nature weaves in her fairy loom,  
A mantle gay for sweet Glen Troom.

The voice of song, on every spray,  
Proclaims the coming month of May,  
Since Spring has chas'd the hoary gloom,  
That spread awhile o'er sweet Glen Troom.  
The milk white thorn, &c.

The Shepherd drives his fleecy care  
O'er mountains wide and pastures rare,  
Since Phœbus' glowing beams relume  
The summer *sheils* of sweet Glen Troom.  
The milk white thorn, &c.

The moor-cook leads his speckled bride  
Along Loch Erroch's sunny side,  
Since Love and Mirth their reign resume  
O'er all that live in sweet Glen Troom.  
The milk white thorn, &c.

Our lads are brave, our lasses fair,  
Our *burnies* clear, and pure our air,  
And Plenty's horn is never toom  
Among the braes of sweet Glen Troom.  
The milk white thorn, &c.

Then, Lassie, leave the city's noise,  
And share with me the thousand joys  
That rise around my happy home,  
Among the braes of sweet Glen Troom.  
The milk white thorn, &c.

I am not aware that we passed Glen Troom, though we passed many glens with the names of which I am not acquainted, nor is the country so thickly inhabited as to enable the passing stranger to satisfy his doubts on the spot, or to make immediate inquiry ; but we were presented with many scenes to which the preceding simple and beautiful lines are applicable. A word or two respecting the various Guide Books or Directories for the Highlands of Scotland.—These will be found useful for those who make a short tour of the Highlands, as their descriptions are tolerably accurate



as far as relate to Loch Long, Loch Lomond, Loch Ketterin, Loch Erne, and what for the sake of distinction I will call the southern Highlands; but, to the north of Tyndrum, they are worse than useless, as, being made up from hearsay, much of what they contain is grossly incorrect: the same remark will apply to maps which are published separately; the Directories and Tour Guides are all accompanied by maps. However, it may be observed, that as the generality of visitors are satisfied in making but the short tour mentioned, the books are to that extent useful, and therefore may answer the purpose for which they are intended, though many of them, like Peter's razors, are made more for sale than service.

The morning was fine, and the walk to Tyndrum remarkably pleasant. We reached this place about one o'clock, after passing much beautiful country which I found was well stocked with game; and upon which I enjoyed several hours of excellent sport.

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## CHAPTER XV.

*Tyndrum.—The Distance at which Feathered Game may be Killed.—Ben More.—Plenty of Game.—Crianlarick, or Cree in la Roche.—The Wild Stag.—Errors of Naturalists.—The Highland Boy.—Black Game.—Reuch Sleigh or Sley.—The Landlord of the Inn.*

The immediate approach to Tyndrum is by declivity, and though not so abrupt and rapid as many of the descents which we met with, yet, in proceeding from north to south, that is, from Inveronan, the place is not seen at the distance of more than a few hundred yards; in fact, you are upon it, as it were, before you perceive it. Tyndrum does not, like Inveronan, consist of one habitation and one family, but forms a complete Highland village, situated at the foot of a glen, which is enveloped by lofty and rugged mountains. The view up the glen or valley is not remarkable for picturesque beauty, but there is a very interesting wildness about it nevertheless, which the animation of the village renders much more pleasing. As we descended we met a fair-haired, blue-eyed, bare-footed lassie, driving three cows before her, of whom we inquired for the inn; but she remained silent: she passed on indeed without deigning to honour us with the least attention—no, not even a look. The girl was, no doubt, ignorant of the English language; but yet we were surprised at her inveterate silence and inattention; as, though we had repeatedly met females and males also, who were equally ignorant of our own tongue, yet they had hitherto uniformly uttered a little Gaelic in

reply, testifying, by the most unequivocal signs, their desire to render us, were it possible, the service or good office we required. There are several well built houses in Tyndrum, as well as a blacksmith's shop, a wheelwright's, and indeed in it are congregated those trades or occupations, considered essentially necessary to the surrounding country. We repeated our inquiry of Vulcan, as we passed his forge, and the hard-featured Deity was not content with merely answering our interrogatory, but, with his hammer in his hand, he came and pointed to a goodly looking house, where he said we could be well accommodated.

The inn at Tyndrum was similar in appearance, and in extent, to the King's House Inn on the Moor of Rannoch; the accommodations on much the same scale, and at it we experienced civility and attention. Our stay, however, at this place, was short; we swallowed a hasty meal, and proceeded up the valley in the direction of Crianlarick.

When we had reached the distance of a few hundred yards from Tyndrum, I heard the shrill scream of the eagle, and looking up, was somewhat surprised to see one of these birds so near me. It was flying above our heads, and, as it passed, was not more than one hundred yards distance. The shot, in the left barrel of my fowling piece, was large (No. 2), and I thought it possible that I might bring him down. It was within the reach of possibility beyond a doubt, as one of the pellets striking his head, for instance, would have done the business effectually. I fired—the bird continued his course, unhurt; the discharge did not seem to move him; on the contrary, he manifested no symptoms of fear, but proceeded flying and screaming as before.

In regard to the length or distance at which feathered game may be killed, it is generally supposed that there are more birds brought down under thirty yards than at a greater distance; and I have little doubt that such is the case: the distance of fifty yards is regarded as a long shot: but that birds may be killed at a much greater distance, is a fact which I have several times witnessed. In the month of September, 1824, as I was shooting in company with a brother sportsman, in Lathom, (Lancashire) I fired at a bird which happened to fly along the bottom of a field of potatoes, as we were crossing the top of it: the bird presented an oblique shot, much beyond the general distance; I fired, nevertheless, and the bird fell, after fluttering along for fifty yards, perhaps: it was evident, however, that it was mortally wounded; and as we observed the exact spot where it dropped, and were perfectly convinced it could never rise again, or yet be able to run, we measured the distance of the shot as well as we were able, before we went to pick up the bird. As near as we could guess, the space which the shot traversed, from the muzzle of the gun to the bird, was one hundred and nine yards. The shot used was No. 5. On

picking up the bird (a young partridge) it did not appear much shattered; but as I felt anxious to ascertain in what manner it had been struck, I had it carefully plucked the same evening, and, on examination, it was found, that one pellet only had taken effect, and that had fractured the spine. It was a percussion gun I used, which I feel perfectly convinced will kill considerably farther than the flint lock. The greatest distance I ever saw accomplished by the latter was ninety-two yards; either in the year 1806 or 1807, I saw Lupton, the gamekeeper to Mr. Dalton, of Thurnham, near Lancaster, kill a partridge, on the manor of Thurnham, with a single flint gun at the distance just mentioned. This man was one of the best shots I ever met with.

After proceeding about a mile up the valley (in which I killed a brace of snipes) there appeared an elevated moor on our left, which seemed to promise good sport: I bagged two brace in a short period, when we came in contact with a Highlander, who, accompanied by his dog, was examining a great number of sheep which were thickly scattered over some rising ground at the base of the mountains. This man was not well acquainted with English: and his conversation was such a mixture of Gaelic and English that we had much difficulty in comprehending his meaning: we learnt, at length, that there was plenty of black game in the neighbourhood of Crianlarick, and we proceeded in that direction accordingly.

(*To be continued.*)

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**SNAKE FIGHT.**—The late Major T. of the army, a gallant officer, who was severely wounded at the sortie of Fort Erie, and died afterwards from the effect of his wound, while a representative from his native state in congress, used to relate the following account of a battle which he once witnessed, between a black and a rattle snake:—

He was riding on horseback, when he observed the snakes in the road, a short distance ahead of him. They were moving round in a circle, and apparently following each other. A gentleman who was with the Major, and who had witnessed a similar scene before, remarked that it was the prelude to a fight, and worthy of the loss of a little time to witness. They accordingly stopped their horses and watched the snakes. This cautious manœuvre of following each other, in a kind of circle, was pursued for some time, closing at each round, until, when within a few feet, the black snake was observed to stop, coil and

place himself in an attitude to strike. The rattle snake now passed round his antagonist two or three times, lessening the distance at each round, when he also stopped and began to coil. But before he was ready to strike, the black snake suddenly darted upon him. His evolutions were too rapid to be detected, and when he was again distinctly observed, both snakes were stretched out at full length—the rattle snake enveloped in the folds of the black, which had also seized the rattle snake at the back of his head and held him there. After a short interval, the black snake gradually unfolded himself, loosened the grip with his mouth from the rattle snake's head, and moved away.

On examination, the rattle snake was found to be dead, and apparently every bone in his body was crushed. The black snake is a constrictor, and usually destroys its prey by enfolding and crushing it.—*Amer. Turf Reg.*

*Essay on the External Conformation of the Horse.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*

SIR,

Of all animals, none are more useful to man than the horse; but we find different individuals much better adapted to perform one service than another: the dray horse would ill suit the saddle, and the blood horse is as badly adapted for drawing a heavy load—between these extremes there is a great variety, and the proper selection of an animal for the purpose he is best adapted is a subject of considerable importance. In treating of the external conformation of this animal, we shall consider the body as divided into head, neck, trunk, and extremities.—The value and utility of the horse depends in a considerable degree upon the head: its size, shape, features, and the manner in which it is connected to the neck, are all materially concerned. Some people contend that a large head is of little importance, and that it does not diminish the quality of the horse, but they must allow he would be better with a small head; and I may here observe, that, take it in the abstract, bones cannot be too small, which applies in an especial manner to the head; it acts as a weight to a pair of steel yards, the shoulders is the fulcrum, the neck the lever, and if a large head is placed at the end of a long neck, the weight will be increased in such a manner as must operate with great disadvantage to the fore legs, and would indeed have been insupportable, had not the author of nature provided a peculiar apparatus, (not found in man) which obviates this difficulty in a great degree: this is the ligament of the neck, the yellow substance seen in a shoulder or neck of mutton; it is elastic and supports the head, allowing the muscles (which would otherwise become tired like our arm when extended for sometime) to move the head with ease in any direction: the elasticity of this ligament is seen drawing the horse's head back after death.

A small head will therefore considerably lighten the fore hand, and render the animal better adapted for the saddle: for harness it cannot be of so much importance; on the contrary, a large head must be rather favourable for draught by the increase of weight

hanging forward. The shape and features of the head generally express the temper and disposition of the animal, which is rendered obvious by the situation or position of the ears; thus, a vicious and obstinate animal is recognised by the treacherous manner in which he casts his eye behind him, with the angle of his mouth a little drawn up, while his ears, which are placed at some distance from each other, are inclined a little out and backward. In the horse of courage and spirit, the head is broad and the ears are placed at nearly the same distance from each other as in the former, but generally erect, approaching each other, and the whole countenance is full of animation and spirit; but in those cases where the head is narrow and the ears arrive very near each other, the animal is generally of a timid disposition, and liable to shy and start. The first of these remarks is illustrated in the conformation of the heads of ferocious and courageous animals, whose head is broad and the ears placed at some distance from each other, as the lion, tiger, cat, bull-dog, &c. and in the latter instance, by the conformation of the narrow heads and arrangement of the ears of timid animals, as the rabbit and hare.

The front of the face should be straight from the ears to near the nostrils, where the bones should incline a little outward to allow an expansive nostril: if the bones are depressed or dish faced, the cavity of the nose is diminished, and will in some degree obstruct the free passage of the air to and from the lungs; if the nose is arched or Roman nosed, the bones turn inwards at the nostril and diminish the opening which will have the same effect. The mouth should be moderately large, the lips thin, and the front teeth of the upper and under jaw should meet each other exactly; if the upper be shot over the under, it is generally a mark of age; the jaws must be wide so as to allow the head to be bent inward without pressure on the windpipe, which would obstruct respiration. The eye should be bold; but neither startling nor showing the white, nor sunk and small like the eye of a pig: the first is too convex



and short sighted, and is a cause of starting; the latter is often an index to a sluggish or obstinate disposition: both extremes, but especially the first, are considerably predisposed to disease. The beauty of the head is increased or diminished by the manner in which it is connected with the neck; for if it is so closely connected that the outlines of the head are not distinctly marked, there is no distinction of parts, and the one is lost in the other; the space between the jaw and neck is filled with glands, and the whole has a stiff and heavy appearance. Such horses cannot bridle well, but always hold their noses out; this is owing to the processes of the skull or occipital bone being too deeply sunk into the cavity of the atlas or first bone of the neck, with which it articulates; the less the depth of the cavity of the atlas, and the longer the processes of the skull, the better; this will allow a free and exclusive motion, as in the shoulder of the human subject.

The neck ought to be of sufficient length to allow the animal to reach the ground with his mouth; but if this is done with difficulty, we find it an advantage in other respects; if it is light and well placed it cannot be too short; a long neck is against their wind, speed, and fore legs: if the neck is long, the windpipe will also be long; and if it is long, the air will in proportion be longer in going to and returning from the lungs, hence the muscles of respiration (when the animal is put to great exertion) will have to exert greater force to enlarge the chest in inspiration so as to cause the air to flow more rapidly into the lungs; and thence the animal, from the extra exertion, will in proportion become sooner fatigued, than if the neck were shorter; for the same reasons the windpipe ought to be large and detached, as it were, from the neck: heavy, badly formed neck, whether long or short, renders the animal fit for nothing but harness. One form of neck is not fit for every purpose. Hunters, Chargers, and Hacks must be well up before; but for speed, the neck should incline downward as in the greyhound. How, for instance, would a race horse run with his head reined up? he would be suffocated; but to avoid this, he brings the nose and windpipe into a

straight line so as to give no obstruction to the air in passing to and from the lungs.—Horses that are low before, although best for speed, are apt to come down, and therefore are not fit for the road.

The advantage of high withers and arched neck for some purposes are evident, when we consider the anatomy of the neck; the ligament of the neck has its origin from the top of the withers, running along under the mane, is attached to the skull betwixt the ears, giving off slips to most of the bones of the neck; thus it is enabled, by the advantage of the length of lever, to support the weight, and to allow the muscles to act with greater power, when the animal trips, to recover him. We sometimes see horses of this description, although they may have low action, and are liable to trip, seldom come down, while those with low withers and high action are frequently falling: the advantage of a horse being well up before is so well known that we try to make it up by art, where it is deficient by nature; thus, we raise and support the head by the bridle, and in doing this, we not only relieve the weight by the counter lever of our arms, but by this means we raise the fixed point of a muscle called *lavator humeri* (a muscle common to quadrupeds) which arises from the bend of the arm at the elbow, and is continued up over the point of the shoulder along the side of the neck, to be attached to the occipital bone behind the ear, and to the first bone of the neck giving off slips as it runs up to the other bones of the neck: when the head is raised, this muscle draws forward and elevates the limb (this is well seen when their head is reined up) which of course extends the base upon which the animal moves, and thus renders him much safer to ride.—The body, from the point of the shoulder to the point of the hips, cannot be too long, if the back, from the withers to the haunches, is short; for with this shape the shoulder must lay oblique and the hind quarters, from the haunch to the point of the hip, must be long.

The back, after falling a little behind the withers, should run in a straight line backward to the loins, where it ought to rise with a gentle curve, shewing great

muscle, as in the greyhound, which enables them to gather themselves well up in galloping.—When the back is hollow it is weak, the motion is easy for the rider: but as the muscles are placed mostly on the upper side, and always draw towards the centre, we find the hollowness increases with old age.—A high or low back may be strong, but is liable to injury from the saddle: the motion of such horses is unpleasant, and they are confined in their action. Broad loins are essentially necessary to allow space for the attachment of muscles; if the loins are narrow, the horse is said to be nagged hipped: the haunch bones appear to project too far out; but this is the fault of the loins, the haunch bones cannot project too far out, nor too far forward, they are levers to muscles.—If the loins are broad, the ribs circular, and the last rib approaching close to the haunch bones, the horse is said to be ribbed home; and we have a large cavity of the abdomen, allowing the digestive process to go on with freedom; but, in the reverse of this shape, that is, narrow loins, flat ribs, and a considerable space between the last rib and the haunch bone, we find there is not sufficient room in the abdomen to complete the digestive process, and the horse is liable to purge with slight exercise, and will not carry flesh; and this is more especially the case if the animal is also narrow in the chest.

The constitution is greatly affected by the make of the chest: if it is wide, the ribs circular, and the loins broad, the animal is disposed to become fat and to carry flesh; this is the case with bred oxen, and is the best form for a dray horse, but would be a disadvantage in a saddle or blood horse, and would greatly diminish speed by the additional weight; but we find nature has guarded against this, by giving animals intended for speed narrow chests anteriorly so as to keep down weight, as in the hare, deer, &c. but they also require a capacious chest to support the exertion of speed; this we find is done by increase of the length of ribs and depth of chest, also by being considerably expanded behind the shoulder. The hind quarters should be as long as possible from the haunch to the point of the hip. The root of the

tail, and the point of the hips should be well elevated: dealers know this and introduce ginger into the fundament to raise the tail and quarters, which improves a horse's appearance; when these parts are well raised they increase the length of the muscles of the hips, which in galloping will consequently increase the length of the animal's stride—in fast trotters these parts are very powerful, but not so long as in gallopers, and are not so much elevated, but incline to droop a little; this motion requiring shorter but more rapid strides; the position of the quarters lengthens or shortens the muscles by the increase or diminution of the angles over which they pass. If the quarters are short, the muscles are short, and the action will be short in proportion; the effect of the length of muscle, and the extent of their action, are seen in the extensive motion of the fore legs.—From the hip joint or whirl-bone to the stifle, and from the stifle to the hock, cannot be too long; but from the hock to the ground cannot be too short; this part acts as a counter lever against the rest of the limb, and therefore, according to the shortness of the resistance and the length of the purchase (the rest of the limb) will be the propelling power, this is the form of the greyhound's limb: the buttocks in a line across the stifle should be large and even wider than at the haunch bone; the advantage of long and full hind quarters is well seen in the kangaroo, which, with the assistance of the tail, propels the body forward about eighteen feet at every hop. The hock should be large and broad, and the hamstring or tendon detached, so that on grasping it with the hand, there may be felt nothing but a doubling of the skin between the finger and thumb. The bone of the hock to which this tendon is principally attached, is the principal lever of the limb, and should rather incline backward; but I have never seen it so much so as in the off hind leg of the bay horse in the plate of race horses exercising, No. 2, *Annals of Sporting*:—if it inclines forward, it comes near the line of the tendon, and the lever is nearly lost; such hocks are liable to curbs, the ligaments that connect it to the shank bone are long and are therefore more easily strained: if the hocks are much

bent or cow hocked, they are often good leapers, but are also liable to curbs; they are generally small below the hock, which is brought too low and the leg too far forward when in motion, so that the weight of the body falls perpendicularly on the ligaments which connect the shank with the point of the hock, thus putting them greatly on the stretch: the hocks viewed from behind should stand nearly parallel to each other at a moderate distance, the point rather inclining in than out: some fast trotters stand wide in their hocks, but they cannot bring their hind legs under the body to raise and balance the fore parts, and are therefore bad gallopers, and the action is unpleasant to the eye: the toe should stand in a line under the stifle, in which position the body will be pushed further forward by it when the animal moves than if it stood further back.

Depth of shoulder is as important as length of quarter, and for the same reasons, to give length of muscle. If the withers or spinous processes of the back bones are high, the horse is said to have a good shoulder; this is not always the case, for although the withers are levers to the muscles of the shoulders, and must increase their action by their length, yet the shoulder may at the same time be upright or heavy and loaded. The goodness of the shoulder depends upon its obliquity: in this position, its muscle, and those by which it is connected to the trunk, are long, and will therefore admit of the greatest extent of motion; the obliquity of the shoulders gives the neck the appearance of length. Upright shoulders are thick and heavy; in these, the withers are generally short, the shoulder blade heavy and covered with fat and cellular membrane: a thick shoulder must be an advantage, if the thickness arises from the largeness of muscles. Muscles are the moving power and cannot be too large; but the bones, being only passive, cannot be too small, if their processes are long, and if they are able to support the weight without breaking, or without bending, as is sometimes the case with the human subject. From the point of the shoulder to the elbow, and from the elbow to the knee, cannot be too long,

nor the muscles too large, and the shank cannot be too short. For speed, the fore legs should be short; but, unless they bear a proper proportion to the hind legs, the animal is liable to come down: the length and strength of the hind quarters propels the body forward with so much force that the fore legs are not able to support the weight; more especially in going down hill, when the weight before is greatly increased; this is the case with the hare; the shortness of her fore legs gives her an advantage going up hill; but in going down she is often thrown heels over head. The elbow should stand straight with the side; if it incline in, it is short, the horse turns his toes out, and is liable to cut, as the fetlock is pressed down and inwards by the weight of the animal, and the limb has a circular motion which brings the foot against the opposite leg; this is in a great measure prevented by thickening the inside heel of the shoe, and as they seldom bend the knee well, and are thence liable to trip, the toe of the shoe might also be bent up in the French fashion, which will, by skipping over an uneven surface, prevent the concussion which tripping gives to the whole limb. If the elbow is turned too far out, which is frequently the case in wide chested horses, the toes are turned inwards, the horse has a rolling motion; such horses are very liable to trip, as the foot is moved broadside on. From this cause, as they are generally bent outwards at the fetlocks, the external ligaments of the fetlocks are very subject to injury by being put on the stretch. This is in a great measure prevented by thickening the outside heel of the shoe. The knee must be broad in front to allow extensive attachment to the ligaments and tendons, and must be broad laterally to act as a lever and to allow the tendons or back sinews to pass beneath the capsular ligament at some distance from the shank bone, forming a broad leg which increases the lever according to the distance from a line drawn through the centre of the joint, which is the fulcrum, showing great bone, as it is said, but more properly speaking, great sinew and small bone: round legs have always most bone but least sinew, and that running close to the bone; the legs should



stand widest at the elbow and incline gradually to each other to the foot; the feet should stand parallel to each other with pasterns of a moderate length, forming, when viewed laterally, about half a right angle with the ground; if too long it descends and the whole weight of the body is thrown perpendicularly upon the tendons, and they are liable to get strained or ruptured; this is considerably assisted by thickening the heels of the shoe. If the pastern is short it is also upright, and the weight falling perpendicularly upon it, produces concussion, and hence they are liable to

fractures of the pastern bones, ring bones, splints, &c. &c. We must here increase the obliquity by the thin heeled shoe, the legs must be perpendicular from the pastern joint to the elbow; if too far back, they are over loaded and liable to fall, when too far forward it indicates disease of the feet. The foot should be the natural form, that is, as broad from the one side to the other as it is long from the heels to the toe, with a full frog, concave sole, and strong crust, forming an angle of 45 degrees.

D.

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### COURSING.—The GREYHOUND.

This diversion, which has been practised from the earliest periods, was formerly more diversified than at present; that is, the greyhound was used to pursue the stag, the wolf, and the fox, as well as the hare; or, at least, so we are informed by those who have handed down to us their excogitations through the medium of the press.

However, it is not necessary to proceed beyond the length of the preceding few lines in an useless attempt to fathom the boundless abyss of antiquity, since we are very well aware that coursing has been, for many years, and still continues to be, confined to the pursuit of the hare. We know, further, that it has been much cherished of late years; that it has assumed a form and consistency; that it is patronised by the great and good, and consequently demands particular notice in this place.

Speed, and the power of maintaining it, should always form the leading characteristic in a greyhound; while *turning* is a most important consideration in fixing rules by which courses should be decided; "but one dog being a better turner than his fellow, has no need to have the advantage of a casting point in his favour, as he, in fact, *pays himself* by subsequently gaining a greater number of points, from being possessed of that faculty; nevertheless, turning requires much consideration, as the stoutness of a greyhound is ascertained by his enduring a number of turns in succession, one dog being much

sooner tired with them than another. It may be said that this is owing to one being of a better breed, or in better condition than the other. That breed or condition will shew itself in a greyhound's racing, as well as turning, must be admitted, although turning will bring it to the test the soonest. Suppose a case:—two greyhounds of the same breed and the same litter, when they have been fairly entered one season, and found equally good in their trials, then, when they have commenced training for the next season, let one of them be exercised wholly by running him by the side, or with, horses, without running him a single course till his trial day: the other run with horses for a part of his exercise, and the other part with coursing, so that the muscles and parts brought into action by turning, are exercised and strengthened. These two dogs, in other respects fed and trained alike for a few weeks, may be brought to trial; and it will soon become apparent that turning distresses the one not exercised to it much more than it does the other; and, therefore, that turning has an effect upon dogs which requires due allowance. Experience also shews it in other cases.—Two dogs of the same breed, equally good for speed and turning, but one of them in worse condition than the other; that defect in condition, it will be admitted, will begin to shew itself in some stage of the course or other: a close observer will first perceive that defect by the



dog shewing less quickness, activity or vigour than the other in recovering from his legs upon a turn, and thereby shewing that *turning* has an extra tendency towards lessening his powers.

Also, take two dogs of the same breed and condition, but one slower than the other, supposing them both fair runners: the slower dog will give more turns than the *latter*, while the speedier dog will exceed his fellow in this respect at the *first* part of the course, and thus reduce his power to a level (or even below) the slower dog. It does not, however, always follow that because a dog gives the most turns at first, he should be defective at the last part in comparison with his fellow, from the distress occasioned by those extra turns, where his breed and condition are good; as the powers of a dog will weaken faster in a course, or become more visible, by a defect in breed or condition than by the extra exertion of turning where there is no such defect; and, therefore, if the more speedy dog has also the advantage of breed and condition on his side, he will maintain his superiority, to a certain degree, independent of his undergoing the extra exertion of giving the most turns.

Where it is evident, from a number of turns, that they weaken and distress a greyhound, it must be allowed that *one* turn only, though the weakness caused by it is not visible to the eye, has its due proportion towards lessening his powers for the subsequent part of the course; and though that portion may be trivial, and what takes place in the course afterwards may be trivial also, yet there is no drawing any other line, than allowing for it in the regular ratio, and that principle ought to be followed in all other single or trivial circumstances that occur, otherwise the principle would become a dead letter.

Should there occur nothing in a course upon which to decide but a superiority of speed, it becomes highly important that the judge or tryer should be in a proper situation for observing it. To many persons in the field it may appear that the last dog gains upon the first, when in reality he does not gain; and this impression arises from the situation whence it is viewed: if the dogs

are running in a direction straight from you, or obliquely, it will appear so, because the actual distance between the dogs appears to diminish the further they get from you, when, in fact, the distance or space does not diminish in the least; and it will also appear that the first dog does not gain when he actually is gaining. If you are situated laterally; that is, the dogs presenting a complete side view; at a moderate distance, you will easily see which of the dogs gains upon the other; but to those who continue stationary, this exact lateral direction can only be momentary, and the greater the distance, the less perceptible is any trifling advantage.

From twenty to forty yards to the right or left of the dogs is the best situation for the tryer or judge, which distance will not only enable him to observe the superiority which one dog may maintain over the other, but also whether the course is a straight stretch, or the hare running in a bend, which cannot be perceived by persons who are at a great distance to the right or left.

It sometimes happens that one dog is behind the other in the first run up to the hare, from their not starting equally together, and without any fault of the last dog. By some this is held that it ought to be looked upon as the fate of war, and that the other ought to be allowed what he gained by it. The fortuitous circumstances which occur in coursing are numerous and frequent; and it may be contended that the most simple way would be, to allow every dog the advantage and points he gains, whether gained by merit or by chance.

Merit in a greyhound is by comparison with the one with which he is contending. By superior speed he gains go-bys, cotes, turns, &c. and by stoutness he is enabled to continue them: by being a good turner, fencer, or killer, he gains more points than one inferior in those capacities. Of these points, a go-by, a cote, a kill of merit, a tripping, a jerking, a turn, and a wrench, may be called fundamental. Superior speed, a fair runner against an unfair runner; a good fencer against an inferior fencer; giving a succession of cotes

or turns in the middle of a course, may fairly admit of being allowed as extra points where the fundamental points are equal. An unequal start, an inside turn, or hare going in a bend; not seeing the hare when slipped, or dissighted from other accidental causes; a fresh hare getting up; a third dog slipped; a dog rode over, or running against horses' legs or other things, whereby he is disabled; are casualties that should be decided by the judge according to the circumstances of the case. Where the judge is unable to form a decisive opinion, the matter ought to be settled by a toss.

The hares at Amesbury, as well as many other parts of Salisbury Plain, have, and deserve to have, the character of extraordinary speed and stoutness; and though it may appear incredible to many, from the apparent superiority of the greyhound in stride and muscle, yet it is an incontrovertible fact, that, with a fair start, many a hare has run a brace of greyhounds out of sight without being once turned. Sir Walter Scott, speaking of the hare of Balchristy, says—"She usually gave the amusement of three or four turns, as soon as she was put up (a sure sign of a strong hare, when practised by any beyond the age of a leveret) then stretched out and so forth." This disposition to play with the dogs, in a strong hare, is sometimes practised to a much greater extent than three or four turns:—they will "kick up their heels in the face of the dogs after ten or a dozen turns, immediately tip them *leg-bail*, and run them out of sight." The fact would appear to be, that these strong hares cannot, at starting, exert their best pace; but, after having been on their legs a few seconds, they gain their utmost speed and use it accordingly.

With a hare of this description, if the principle were to be admitted of allowing more for the turn given towards the covert than from it (which appears recognised in the new Laws of the Leash at Ashdown Park) where is the chance of a fair running dog contending with success against a waiting one? They may, in other respects, be equal, when loosed from the slips, but by the waiting dog saving himself, coming in

for turns or wrenches, when his fellow, in a manner, brings the hare to him; his fellow exerting himself to the utmost of his power, undergoing severe twists of the body, by striking at the hare, and she doubling short back, as such a hare will do, the course she gives them afterwards, affords the waiting dog an opportunity of shewing the superiority or strength which has been left in him by saving himself—it may enable him to reach her, when he otherwise would not have done, and gain one or more turns; and, if not, he will probably manifest such superior speed in the race, as will, in a manner, eclipse any extra turn or two which the honest running dog may have gained at the commencement, more especially if it be not a fixed principle to take every point or turn throughout the course into account.

That *the best dog ought to win* is a maxim which should always be kept steadily in view; and that dog which performs the most towards killing the hare, it would seem reasonable, ought to constitute the best dog. The dog which gains the greatest number of points would appear to be the soundest principle upon which to act in the decision of the tryer or judge. It nevertheless may sometimes happen, that the best dog gains the fewest points, owing to accidental or fortuitous occurrences; yet this circumstance should not be allowed to disturb the acknowledged principle.

We shall introduce, in this place, the Rules of the Ashdown Park Coursing Meeting, which however, would appear little more than riders to the old code promulgated by the Duke of Norfolk in the reign of Elizabeth.

*General Rules for the guidance of umpires in deciding courses, and other Laws of the Leash, sanctioned by the members of the Ashdown Park Coursing Meeting, present at Lambourn on the 7th February, 1828, and inserted in the Courser's Manual, or Stud Book.*

1. A brace of greyhounds only to be slipped after a hare.

N.B. The slipper should be a horse's length in advance of the beater,

and when a hare is started, he should quicken his pace, that the dogs may both take sight, and pull in the slips before he looses them. It is necessary that good law should be given, as it materially assists the umpires in case of a weak hare.

2. If a second hare be started during a course, and the dogs divide, the course to be given to the dog that follows the slipped hare.

3. If there be only one turn and a kill in the course, the dog that gives the turn shall win, if it be a fair start.

4. If there be no turn or kill in the course, the dog that gets first to the covert, shall win, for cup or sweepstakes.

5. If there be many turns in a course, a go-by shall be equal to two turns of the hare. The lead up to the hare from the slips, and the first turn, shall be equal to two after turns of the hare. Two re-wrenches of the hare, provided the dog makes them following without losing the lead, shall be equal to one turn. The turn, when the hare is leading to the covert, shall be considered more than the turn when she is running from the covert, provided the number of turns be equal. If a dog falls in the course when he is leading, he shall be allowed a turn more than he gives.

6. If one dog follows the hare home, and the other stands still when the hare be in view, the course shall be given to the dog that runs home, though he had not the advantage in running. If both dogs stand still in a course, it shall be adjudged to the dog that runs longest after the hare.

7. If both dogs be unsighted owing to a hare running through a bush or bushes, furze or plantation, so as to impede the course, the course shall be deemed to end there.

8. If the owner of either dog, or his servant, ride over the dog of his opponent in the course, he shall lose the course.

9. If a third dog get loose and join in the course, the course shall stand good and be decided, and the owner of the third dog shall be fined according to the rules of the club.

10. The umpires shall give their

judgment promptly, before they converse with others in the field; if they be divided in opinion, they should ride apart from the rest of the company, until they have consulted a third person, who should be chosen in all courses, for cup and sweepstakes.

11. If the dogs be slipped at a hare, and they are unsighted, and before they are taken up another hare start, so that the dogs are fairly laid in, it shall be deemed a course as though the dogs went from slips.

In justice to the author of the "Coursers's Companion," we must quote the code which he proposes for general adoption:—

*Laws of the Leash; or, a Code of Coursing Laws, as proposed to be amended from those framed by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

1. A hare ought not to be coursed with more than a brace of greyhounds.

2. She ought to have four or five score yards law before the dogs are loosed from the slips, if the nature of the ground will admit of it without danger of losing her.

3. The slipper ought to have only one person to obey when to slip them.

4. The tryer ought to be in a situation to see if both dogs go together out of the slips; and he would be the fittest person to judge of the distance the hare is of, and to give the word *slip*.

5. The slipper ought to run forward with the dogs when a hare gets up, so that they will bear steadily against the slips, otherwise one or both may be turning round at the time the word slip is given.

5. When a hare is found sitting, she ought to be distinctly seeho'd, as the dogs may be alive to her getting up; and for the same purpose she ought to be halloo'd when started; the latter ought to be only by one or very few persons.

7. A cote to be reckoned two points; and a cote is when two dogs start even together, the hare going in a straight forward direction, and one dog draws endways by the other, and gives the hare a turn.



8. A turn to be reckoned one point; but if the hare turneth not, as it were, round, she only wrencheth; and two wrenches are equal to one turn. A wrench is when she strikes off to the right or to the left, at about a right-angle.

9. A go-by to be reckoned two points; but one dog being behind the other and then getting first, by the hare going in a bend, or any way unless in a fair straight-forward stretch, or by superior speed, is no go-by, but an inside turn. If a dog gives half a go-by, to be allowed one point for it, unless that half of a go-by forms part of a cote, in which case it should be reckoned in the cote.

10. Killing the hare, or catching and holding her, to be reckoned two points, if it be a kill of merit; but one dog turning the hare into the other dog's mouth, or other casual circumstance causing it, the kill to reckon only one point or nothing, according to the degree of merit the tryer considers to be shewn in effecting it, or no point if no merit in it.

11. A tripping, or jerking, the hare to be reckoned one point.

12. If a dog takes a fall in a course when he is leading, he shall be allowed one point more than he gained.

13. If one dog does not see the hare when slipped, by any accidental occurrence *not* his fault, to be deemed no course; but if, owing to his own untractableness or infirmity of sight, the dog which then follows the hare to win.

14. If there is no turn or other point gained, an equal start, and the hare going in a straight-forward direction, the dog leading first to the covert by superior speed to win. If one dog loses ground at the start, by any occurrence *not* his own fault, and afterwards evidently gains upon the other by superior speed, though he does not pass, or get even with him, yet he ought to be deemed the winner. Either dog leading first to the covert by an unequal start, an inside turn, or other occurrence where there is no superiority of speed shewn, the course to be adjudged dead; but if the unequal start was owing to the fault of the dog, losing ground by it, and who does not regain that loss by

superior speed, he ought to forfeit the course.

15. If a dog loses ground in the start by any untoward circumstance, *not* his own fault, and yet maintains equal speed with the other, if that other gives the hare a turn, or gain any other point, but the course end immediately by the hare getting covert, sough, squatting in turnips, or otherwise, except killing her, that turn or point not to be allowed for, but the course to be adjudged dead. The same if that turn was gained by the hare going in a bend or otherwise, without any superiority of speed being shewn. If the course continues longer, and other points are gained, that first turn or point to be taken into the account; and if that unequal start was owing to the dog's untractableness, or otherwise his own fault, the turn or point gained by the other dog to entitle him to win, though no other point was gained.

16. If a dog stand still in a course, otherwise than through distress, or leaves the direction of the course, for the purpose of meeting the hare, the points he has gained to be reckoned only up to the time he stood still or left the course, though he may afterwards join in it. If the points he has gained up to that time should happen to equal what the other gained in the whole course, his standing still, or leaving the course, to give the extra point against him.

17. If a dog refuses to fence where the other fences, his points to be reckoned only up to that time, though he may afterwards join in the course. If he does his best endeavour to fence, and is foiled by sticking in the meuse, or the fence being too high to top it, whereby he cannot join in the rest of the course, such course to be deemed to end at that fence. And should the points be equal, a good fencer to have an extra point over a bad one.

18. If a fence intervenes in a course that the tryer cannot get over, and thereby loses sight of the rest of the course, the course to end at that fence.

19. If a dog be rode over, or disabled, so that he can proceed no further in continuing the course, by other accident not the fault of the owners of



either dogs or their servants, the course to be decided up to the time the accident occurred; but if the fault of the owner of the other dog, or his servant, to be given against him.

20. If a fresh hare gets up during a course, and one of the dogs takes after her, the course to be decided up to the time she interfered with it. If a third dog gets loose and interferes with a course, to be decided in like manner, unless the third dog is the property of the owner of one of those engaged in the course, in which case the course should be given against him.

21. If the points be equal between two dogs, but one evidently shows most speed, that speed to entitle him to the extra point; but where one dog has a majority of points, and the other most speed, the majority of points to win.

22. The next brace of dogs to be taken to the slipper immediately on his loosing the other dogs, that he may have them ready in the slips when the tryer returns from the course; but they ought not to be slipped at a hare until both the other dogs are taken up, for fear of their joining in the fresh course.

23. Some one person should be appointed to receive the tryer's decision, and to communicate any directions to him upon the orders of the field. No other person ought to interfere or say a word to him during the time the business of the field is going on, as it is his place to judge upon the points of the course, as well as the casualties that may have occurred in it. Should the owner of either dog engaged, or their servant or partisan, make any remark to him, either directly or indirectly, before he has given his decision, he ought to forfeit the course, though it may be that his dog was entitled to it.

24. A tryer ought to have a quick eye, a clear head, and a retentive memory; and ought to give his judgment promptly and decisively, but not over hastily. No one ought to ask him why he decided on such a dog, nor ought he to answer them if they do ask him, without their first applying to the stewards,

and who ought not to suffer him to be annoyed with questions which they, the stewards, think unnecessary.

If we are to regard external appearances only, the greyhound may be placed at the head of the dog tribe, as there is an elegance in his form which will be vainly sought in any other variety of the canine race. At what precise period the greyhound first made his appearance in Great Britain is not known; but it must have been many centuries ago—all trace, in fact, of the origin of this animal is completely buried in the oblivion of antiquity.

In ancient times, the greyhound was considered as a valuable present, especially by the ladies, with whom it appears to have been a particular favourite; as, for instance, the wife of Robert Bruce, when a prisoner to Edward I. in the year 1304, had three men and three women servants, three *greyhounds*, plenty of game and fish, and the fairest house in the manor.

We make the following interesting extract from Carr's "Stranger in Ireland:"—"In the morning (says the author, who was then on his journey to Ireland) I wandered to a little church, which owed its elevation to this interesting circumstance: Llewelyn, the Great, who resided near the base of Snowdon, had a beautiful *greyhound*, named *Gelert*, which had been presented to him by King John. One day, in consequence of the faithful animal, who at night always sentinelled his master's bed, not making his appearance in the chase, Llewelyn returned home very angry, and met the dog, covered with blood, at the door of the chamber of his child: upon entering it, he found the bed overturned, and the coverlet stained with gore; he called to his boy, but receiving no answer, he too rashly concluded that he had been killed by Gelert, and in his anguish, instantly thrust his sword through the poor animal's body. The Honourable Mr. Spencer has beautifully commemorated the above event:—

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart;  
But still his Gelert's dying yell  
Hung heavy at his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,  
Some slumberer waked nigh :  
What words the parent's joy could tell,  
To hear his infant cry.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread ;  
But the same couch beneath,  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah ! what was then Llewelyn's pain,  
For now the truth was clear ;  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Llewelyn's heir.

To mitigate his offence, Llewelyn built this chapel, and raised a tomb to poor Gelert ; and the spot to this day is called *Beth Gelert* ; or, the Grave of Gelert, " where never could the spearman pass or forester unmoved."

A further instance of the attachment of the greyhound is to be found among the specimens of early English Metrical Romance, by George Ellis, Esq. under the article *Sir Friamous* ;

" The good greyhound, for weal ne wo,  
Would not fro the knight go ;  
But lay and licked his wound :  
He weened to have heald him again,  
And thereto he did his pain ;  
Lo ! such love is in a hound !

" He even scraped a pit for the dead body, covered it with moss and leaves, and guarded it with constant attention, except during the times when he was employed in securing his own subsistence.

" As his prey diminished, the length of his chase gradually increased ; and at the close of the seventh year, at the festival of Christmas, he suddenly appeared, gaunt with hunger, an unexpected visitor in the hall of King Arragon. Such an apparition excited general surprise, and particularly attracted the attention of Aradas ; but the animal, with a gentleness of demeanour, which belied his savage appearance, made the

round of the tables and disappeared. He returned on the second day, again surveyed the company, received his pitance, and retreated. The king now recollected the dog, and gave orders to his attendants, that, if he should return, they should follow without loss of time, in the confidence that he would lead them to the place where Sir Roger and the Queen were secreted. On the third day of the festival, the hall was filled at an early hour, and Sir Marrack for the first time took his seat amongst the guests. The greyhound did not fail to repeat his visits, and with the rapidity of lightning, instantly sprung upon the murderer of his master :—

" He took the steward by the throat,  
And asunder he it bote ;  
But then he would not 'bide :  
For to his grave he ran,  
Then followed him many a man,  
Some on horse, and some beside,  
And when he came where his master was,  
He laid him down upon the grass,  
And barked at the man again.

" The crowd who had followed him, spot, returned with the tidings to the being unable to drive him from the king, who instantly comprehended the

whole mystery. He directed them to dig for the body, which they readily found, and which had been miraculously preserved in such a state of preservation as to be easily recognised. It was then buried in holy ground with all due solemnity, and the faithful dog shortly after expired on the tomb which was raised in memory of his master."

The greyhounds, however, of these early days, were, in all probability, something similar to the Irish wolf dog, or large rough greyhound, from which the modern greyhound was bred no doubt; but, in the progress of what was considered improvement, very much altered in appearance, and became less powerful and less courageous. The modern greyhound exhibits a striking instance of what may be accomplished by attention in the way of speed and beauty; but this has been obtained at the expense of strength, of courage, and of sagacity. We have many recorded instances of the striking sagacity of the greyhound of old; but it is an incontrovertible fact, that the modern high-bred greyhound, on the score of sagacity, is inferior to every other variety of the dog tribe.—But to proceed:

In former days, such was the esteem in which greyhounds were held, that even their collars were composed of the most valuable materials. In Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, written in the time of Henry VII. Fame is attended with two greyhounds; in whose golden collars, *Grace* and *Governance* are inscribed in golden letters. These ornaments are often mentioned in the inventory of furniture, in the royal palaces of Henry VIII. In the Castle of Windsor, under the article *Collars*, may be found the following entries:—

"Two *grayhounds'* collars of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, lacking *torreles*."

"Two other collars with the king's arms, and at the ende portcullis and rose."

"Item.—A collar, embrowdered with pomegranates and roses, with *torreles* of silver and gilte."—"A collar garnished with stole work, with one shallop shelle of silver and gilte."

In Henry the Eighth's reign, the greyhound was distinguished as one of

the king's beasts:—we read that at the siege of Tournay, in the year of 1513, instead of a tent, Henry had a timber house with an iron chimney, and several pavilions, on the top of which stood "the king's beastes, viz. the lion, the dragon, the antelope, the greyhound, and the dun cow."

The old couplets that describe the greyhound are very exact in the points they recommend as necessary to form a complete greyhound.

"Head like a snake,  
Neck'd like a drake,  
Back'd like a beam,  
Sided like a bream,  
Tailed like a rat,  
And footed like a cat."

In choosing a whelp, the choice was formerly governed by the weight, and that which was the lightest, it was supposed, would prove the nimblest and best. The raw-boned, lean, loose-made, and unseemly whelps, grew up well-shaped dogs; whereas, those that after three or four months appeared round, close trussed, and well built in every part, were not worth the rearing, seldom proving swift or comely. It was also an observation formerly, that *bitches* were commonly more *speedy* than the dogs.

The *time* to first try and train them to their game was at twelve months old, and there is little variation in this respect at the present day.

At two years old, the greyhound is full-grown, and the choice of one at that age was to be directed by his having a fine skin, with soft thin hair, a long lean head, with a nose sharp from the eye downwards; a full clear eye, with large eye-lids, little ears, a long neck bending like a drake, with a loose hanging weasand, broad breast, his body neither too long, nor too great, a back straight and square having a rising in the middle, a small belly, broad shoulders, round ribs, with a long space between his hips, a strong stern, a round foot with large clefts, and his fore-legs straighter than his hinder.

The breeding of the greyhound was recommended to be from the well-tried and best bitches, as an indifferent dog was supposed from such a cross to get

better whelps than if the excellence was inverted, and the bitch but tolerable ; the surest way to have the whelps excellent was to have both sire and dam good, and not to exceed four years old ; if any inequality in their age, it was deemed better to be on the bitch's side, so that the dog was young.

The art of keeping a greyhound formerly, as well as entering him properly at his game, is thus described ;—The keeping of a greyhound properly did not consist solely in the meat given him, but also in *kennelling, airing, and exercise*. When he was full in flesh, he was to have the chippings of bread in fresh broth. Milk and bread, butter-milk and soft bones, morning and evening, which was understood to keep him healthy. When he was low in condition or unwell, sheep's heads or feet with *the wool on*, chopped into small pieces and made into broth, with oatmeal and sweet herbs, was to be his daily food until he recovered his flesh and health.

The kennel was to be commodious, airy, the door towards the south, and the sleeping benches two feet and a half high, perforated with holes for the purpose of carrying off the urine : (A dog of any kind, will rarely eject either his urine or excrements on his bed : on the contrary, if closely confined, he will frequently howl for hours and even days, sooner than be guilty of what appears repugnant to his nature :) the straw on the benches was to be frequently changed, and the kennel kept extremely clean.

For greyhounds that were going to run, the following diet was recommended :—a peck of wheat, half a peck of oatmeal, ground and forced through a sieve ; aniseeds bruised and liquorice were to be scattered amongst it ; and it was then to be kneaded up with the whites of eggs and new ale, into small loaves, which were to be well baked. This was to be soaked in beef or other broth, and given to them immediately after their airings, morning and evening.

Previously to airing, the dog was to be brushed or rubbed with a hair cloth ; he was then to be led out in a leash half an hour after sun-rising, to some plain where there were neither cattle nor sheep, there to be suffered to frisk about and empty himself, when he was

to be led back. In the evening, all this was to be repeated ; and in winter, he was allowed once a day the indulgence of the fire. It was recommended to keep him always in kennel, as it was thought his spirit and activity were thereby increased.

The exercise recommended for the greyhound was coursing : if the courses were long, twice a week was deemed sufficient ; otherwise, every other day, and they were to be rewarded and encouraged with the *blood* of the hare. When they were first entered, it was allowable to give them every advantage—such as finding a young hare and giving her no law ; but this was not allowable after he had once got blood.

A toast and butter, upon coursing days, was given early in the morning ; if the dog killed the hare, he was not allowed to break her ; the hare was taken from him, his mouth cleared of the fur ; and he had afterwards the heart, liver, and lights given him.

After a very hard run, his feet were to be washed with salt and water ; and after remaining in the kennel for half an hour, he was to be fed.

In regard to the modern feeding and training of the greyhound, opinions are by no means unanimous. Some insist that they should go through a regular course in these respects, something like the race horse. It is asserted, that a dog which has long courses to run should never be over-burthened with flesh, and that a greyhound too fat should have two doses of physic, allowing an interval of six days, and to be moderately blooded between the doses ; his food afterwards to be dry boiled meat, occasionally changed to fine oatmeal, reduced to a proper consistency with boiled meat, occasionally changed to fine oatmeal, reduced to a proper consistency with boiled milk.—If with this preparative food, he be allowed to run two or three courses a week, and be regularly rubbed with a hair cloth all over until the flesh upon his loins becomes elastic and hard, so far as preparation goes, he is complete. Yet it is admitted that all this nicety, all this systematic training and preparation, have frequently been thrown away, and the same dog that has failed in running, when thus artificially



prepared, has shewed itself far superior in its performances, when no course of training has been previously adopted.

One thing, however, the writer will venture to state, that the greyhound should, if possible, always be suffered to go at large. Nothing so much promotes health and activity as a state of perfect freedom.

As the greyhound has always been a great favourite amongst the sportsmen of these islands, all possible pains have been bestowed upon its improvement; and its present superiority is to be principally attributed to the unwearied perseverance of the late Lord Orford. It was a predominant trait in the character of this eccentric nobleman never to do things by halves, and coursing (and consequently the greyhound) was his most prevalent passion. There were times when he was known to have fifty couple of greyhounds; and he made it a fixed rule never to part with a single whelp till he had had a fair and satisfactory trial of his speed. In breeding his Lordship introduced every possible experimental cross. He had strongly indulged an idea of a cross with the bull-dog, from which he could never be diverted; and it is said that after patiently persevering for seven removes, he found himself in possession of the best greyhounds ever yet known: giving the small ear, the rat tail, and the skin almost without hair, together with that innate courage which the high bred greyhound should possess, retaining which instinctively he would sooner die than give up the chase.

No man, it is said, ever devoted so much time, or sacrificed so much property, to practical and speculative sporting as Lord Orford. His invincible zeal for coursing, and his undiminished rage for its improvement, remained with him to the last. No day was too long, or any weather too severe, for him; the singularity of his appearance was laughable. Mounted on a stump of a pie-bald pony, in a full suit of black, without either great coat or gloves, his hands and face crimsoned with cold, and in a fierce cocked hat which faced every wind that blew; and while his gamekeepers were shrinking from the sand-gathering blasts of Norfolk, on he rode, regardless of the elements.

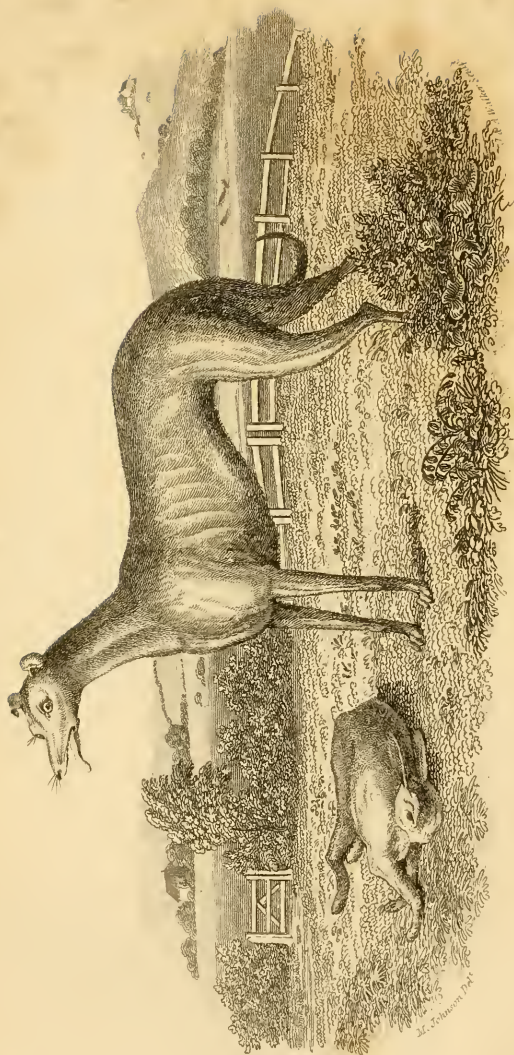
At a particular period of life, "when the springs of nature rose above their level," there was a necessity for some degree of medical coercion to bring him again within the bounds of prudent regulation. During this period of unavoidable suspension from his favourite pursuits, the extreme attention shewn to him by a person who regulated his domestic concerns, so much influenced his nicer sensations, that he dedicated to her the most tender and grateful affection during her life. The circumstance of her death (though by no means young or handsome) so much affected his Lordship, that the nerves, unstrung, again gave way, and the former malady returned with increasing violence. He was at this time confined to his chamber, with an attendant necessary to the disordered state of his mind; but, by some plausible pretext, he contrived to get his keeper out of the room, when he jumped out of the window, ran to the stables, and saddled his pie-bald pony, at the time the grooms and stable attendants were engaged.

On that day, his favourite bitch, Old Czarina, was to run a match of some magnitude; the gamekeeper had already taken her to the field, where a large party were assembled, equally lamenting the absence of his Lordship, and the cause by which his presence was prevented: when at the very moment of mutual regret, who should appear at full speed on the pie-bald pony but Lord Orford himself. All attempts and entreaties were in vain; none had power to restrain him; the match he was determined to see, and no persuasions could influence him to the contrary. The greyhounds were slipped, and Czarina won; but, during the course, it was found impossible to prevent him riding after the dogs, more particularly as his favourite displayed her superiority in every stroke: when in the moment of his highest exultation and the eagerness of his triumph, he unfortunately fell from his pony; and, pitching upon his head, he almost instantly expired.

Shortly after his Lordship's decease his greyhounds were brought under the hammer of the auctioneer. The late Colonel Thornton was the purchaser of Jupiter, Czarina, and most of his best dogs, giving from thirty to fifty guineas



COURSING



each;—for the purpose of improving the breed in Yorkshire; and by the union of the Norfolk and Yorkshire blood, the best greyhounds in the world were produced.—Snowball and his brother Major were superior to all other greyhounds either before or since—they were the very perfection of the animal; and perfection, at least in greyhounds, appears not to be stationary; as, notwithstanding every possible exertion, the breed has deteriorated a few shades, though there are at present great numbers of very capital greyhounds.

There was something remarkable in Lord Orford's favourite bitch Czarina: she won forty-seven matches, without ever having been beat; and shewed not the genial desire till she had completed her thirteenth year, when she brought forth eight whelps by Jupiter, all of which lived, and were excellent runners. She was the dam of Claret and Young Czarina, both of which challenged all Yorkshire and won their matches. Snow-

ball and Major, the two celebrated dogs above-mentioned, who united the very best of the Norfolk and the Yorkshire blood, were got by Claret out of a favourite bitch belonging to Major Topham; and a couple of the whelps, of which Major was one, were sent to Colonel Thornton; as, in fact, a sportsman's privilege for the use of his dog. Major, from several private trials, was concluded to be a shade swifter than Snowball; though the latter was considered as a more complete greyhound; all countries were alike to him: and, taken "for all in all," he was regarded as the most perfect greyhound ever produced. He won four cups, couples, and upwards of thirty matches at Malton, and upon the Wolds in Yorkshire. Snowball ultimately challenged the world, and met with no competitor.

The following epitaph for the tomb of Snowball was written by his master, Major Topham:—

He who outbounded time and space,  
The fleetest of the greyhound race,  
Lies here!—At length, subdued by death,  
His speed now stopped, and out of breath.

Ah! gallant Snowball! what remains  
Up Fordon's banks, o'er Flixton's plains,  
Of all thy strength—thy sinewy force,  
Which rather flew, than ran, the course?  
Ah! what remains! save that thy breed  
May to their father's fame succeed;  
And when the prize appears in view,  
May prove that they are Snowballs too.

Snowball was a jet black; while his brother Major, who perhaps won as many matches as Snowball, was brindled. These two dogs won every match for which they contended; and the same remark will apply to their sister Sylvia. Sylvia in colour was similar to Major; and these were certainly the three best greyhounds ever produced at one litter.

In the year 1792, Schoolboy, the property of T. Clark, Esq. was a greyhound of much sporting celebrity at Newmarket and its vicinity. He ran a great number of matches over Newmarket, upon which very large sums were frequently depending, and never was beat.

Miller, the property of the Rev.

H. B. Dudley, though he had little to boast on the score of pedigree, ran himself into much fame.

Mr. Mundy of Derbyshire possessed an excellent breed of greyhounds, and there are few coursers who have not heard of his celebrated *Wonder*. Excellent greyhounds are now to be found in all parts of the kingdom.

A greyhound, to be fleet, must manifest the principles of speed in its form, in a similar manner to what is seen in the plate: a low dropping chest, highly raised behind, with a great length of sweep in the hind quarters and thighs. To be a good killer, he must exhibit a considerable length of neck; for this quality, the figure in the plate is remarkable.



*The JUDGE and the CHANCELLOR.*

*To the Editor of the Cabinet.*  
SIR,

On the first of July last, between seven and eight o'clock, I happened to be smoking my pipe, as philosophically as possible, in the bar of the Sefton Arms, Aintree, near Liverpool. The room, as you must be well aware, is pleasantly situated, and commands a beautiful and extensive view, from a bow window, over the lower grounds in an easterly north-easterly direction. I was feasting my eyes with the charming prospect, and pondering upon my nothingness and my fate, when my reverie was interrupted by a philosophic-looking elderly man on my right who was contemplating the same scene, and who gravely remarked, that Nature was wonderful and inscrutable in her operations: "the sea (said he) once flowed"—here he was interrupted by the unceremonious, but impressively-important, entrance of a specimen of human nature which could scarcely be ranged in the ordinary class. I have said his entrance was "*impressively-important*," an odd sort of expression; but, after picturing the entrée more in detail, I will leave the reader to judge how far those united hard words are applicable to a correct or forcible idea of the subject:—No sooner had the hall-outer door banged against its fixed counterpart than I heard a more heavy step than usually marks the progressive motion of a human being; at the same time, an elevation of voice "haw! haw! Jemmy, my boy!" accompanied it. In a few seconds, the "*impressively-important*" personage appeared at the entrance of the bar, and with uncommon dignity of demeanour stalked towards a vacant chair, distant about three yards and a half from your humble servant. In person he was tall; and though he appeared to describe an ill-defined oscillatory motion when moving, yet, when

he assumed the perpendicular (as a mason would describe it) there was something comely, aye, very comely, in his *tout ensemble*. His dismally-dull dark eye did not brightly illumine his cadaverous countenance, yet did he appear learned; an adept in the abstruse science of phrenology would have discovered, that he possessed acuteness in mysticism and practical calculation. I was sinking into deep and solemn contemplation of this wonderfully interesting stranger, when I was interrupted by a voice—"Simmy! Simmy! how are ye, Simmy?" I instinctively turned my head, when I found the voice proceeded from a man of no common caste:—I cannot describe him. I found he had been addressing the words "Simmy! Simmy!" to a clean, neatly-dressed, well behaved young man, who smiled in reply to the sonorous and familiar salutation, and whom I afterwards ascertained was Templeman, the highly respectable rider,—or jockey, I suppose, Mr. Editor, you would call him. Immediately afterwards, the same person pronounced, in a high-sounding key—"Calloway! how are ye, Calloway? You ride Lady Sarah, Calloway! I judge:—come within half a neck, Calloway, and you shall have the cup!" Judge! thinks I to myself—is it of the Common Pleas, or the Court of King's Bench? But before I had time to reflect on the subject, there arose a clamour of voices, in which I heard this person or judge vociferate—"I'll take 6 to 1 against the *Chancellor*;" upon which he drew out a book in which he entered some notes, and which I concluded must be an abridged or pocket collection of practical jurisprudence. Judge of my surprise, when I discovered the Chancellor was a race horse, and the collection of jurisprudence a large, a *very large*, betting book!

IGNORAMUS.

THE  
SPORTSMAN'S CABINET,  
AND  
*Town and Country Magazine.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The amusing communication from* LIEUTENANT SHIPP *shall appear in our next number.*

*Animadversions upon the conduct of* G. F. *are under consideration, and will most likely appear.*

*The remarks of* VINDEY *are under consideration. They are severe. He asks, if the individual to whom they allude be insane? We have known him to be guilty of several insane acts; but for further information on the subject, we must refer VINDEY to his physician.*

Summary of the Season, with Illustrative Observations

OCTOBER 1.—We observed in our last number that an accident prevented us from visiting the moors and enjoying the princely diversion of grouse shooting: ranging the mountains is very laborious; and to have attempted it with a lame knee might have put us *hors de combat* for the remainder of the season. Yet we had made more than ordinary preparation; as, in addition to a sufficient number of pointers inferior to none in the world, we had procured a new gun: this engine had been ordered many months ago, under the express condition that the maker should not be hurried, but that he should ultimately produce an instrument equal to any gun which had ever preceded it. This, at the first blush of the case, would seem too much to expect from a provincial manufacturer; since, beyond all question, the perfection of mechanics, and indeed of arts and sciences generally, is to be found in the largest and most extraordinary city which ever existed, London! with, however, one exception at least; we allude to the periodicals on field sports. The streets of this immense metropolis afford neither fox hunting, hare hunting, coursing, nor shooting; yet the *Old and New Sporting Magazines*, as they are erroneously called, vomit forth their spurious monthly trash, manufactured in the purlieus of Warwick Square and Lincoln's Inn Fields! How long will the genuine sportsman suffer himself to be thus insulted?

In regard to London gun makers, many of them produce most exquisite workmanship. Manton, for many years, stood pre-eminent: Joseph Manton was successfully rivalled by Purdy and several others. Last September, in company with R. Watt, jun. Esq. of Speke, Lancashire, I shot with a gun (belonging to the gentleman just mentioned) made by Messrs. Smith, of Prince's Street, Leicester Square; a very neat, well-finished, beautiful instrument; which carried its shot remarkably well. It was not discharged by means of the cap, but by what I should call the *cup*, or rather perhaps the *saucer*, as the bit of copper which contained the priming much more resembled a saucer than a

cup in its form. In the month of June last, I called upon the inventor, when Mr. Smith, junior, shewed me the section of the nipple, and explained the nature of the improvement. By this plan, the flame or fire produced by the ignition of the percussion powder has a shorter space to traverse to the gunpowder in the barrel, and by the touch-hole being widened at the lower end, a greater body of fire is driven into the charge, thereby rendering the explosion more instantaneous (if possible) the combustion of the powder in the barrel more complete, and the projectile force greater also.

Some time previously to this period I had an opportunity of visiting *Stadium*, and viewing the establishment of the Baron de Berenger. This very ingenious Prussian, amongst other matters, has a gun manufactory; and he exhibited to me several admirable specimens of these projectiles, as well as several highly important improvements in the use and discharge of the musket: but what interested me the most, was his invention for preventing any accidental discharge of the fowling-piece; which is much superior to any thing of the kind which has fallen under my observation.

Altho' I am quite willing to admit that, in point of workmanship, London-made guns, generally speaking, are superior to those manufactured in the provinces; yet it cannot be denied that much inferior work bears the *London mark*, altho' this mark contains no charm by which to conjure bad workmanship into good. A few days ago I had a gun put into my hands, of London make, with "Mills" engraven upon it: had it not borne the metropolitan ensign, I should never have suspected that it had been manufactured in London: it appeared more like the work of a village blacksmith!

Some years since, a gun became valuable in the estimation of the unreflecting sportsman, more from the name of the maker than from the intrinsic value of the workmanship. In this system the name of Manton was the Lord of the Ascendant for a longer period than was ever enjoyed by any other person. And

in justice to Mr. Joseph Manton, I must observe, that I never met with one of his guns that would not bear examination, but the price he charged appeared enormous. I have seen excellent guns made by Egg, the inventor of the copper cap and nipple; by Forsyth, and particularly by Smith.

It has been my custom for many years to shoot with a gun only two feet two inches long, very light and consequently pleasant to carry: such an instrument would not bear a heavy charge; and indeed I have long been convinced that guns are in general overloaded. I use a small charge of powder and one ounce of shot for a load, and find it amply sufficient: when I was in the Highlands of Scotland I frequently used only half an ounce of shot. My old gun weighed 7lb. my new gun is a trifle lighter, 16 guage; and the maker prevailed upon me to allow the barrel to be two inches longer. I am well aware that the gun in question is shorter and lighter than those in general use; I willingly allow too, that a stouter gun will carry a greater load or charge; but for all the legitimate purposes of game shooting, my weight and length are amply sufficient. Colonel Hawker would recommend a much greater length and weight of metal; but this gentleman's conglomerated constellation of ideas, which he has given to the world through the medium of the press, on the subject of shooting, I can regard in no other light than as a literary abortion.

This part of my subject brings me to the examination of some crude notions of Ezekiel Baker, which, though they have been committed to the press with a studied affectation of candour and plausibility, are by no means consistent with that philosophic simplicity which a slight glance at his "*Remarks on Rifle-Guns*" might induce a superficial observer to suppose constituted the very essence of his publication. "On the 19th of February" (says Ezekiel Baker) "I proved a pair of double barrels on the percussion principle; and, though one pair had been proved at the Company of Gun-Makers' proof house, both in their single and double state—had stood the proof, and were marked as sound barrels—had been afterwards proved by me in

the usual manner, both regular and water-proof; yet, when I proved them by the percussion principle, both barrels bulged, were much shivered, and were, consequently, spoiled.

"The other pair had undergone the strictest proof at my proof house" (continues the writer) "and such as would be generally considered sufficient to justify the strongest recommendation for safety; yet, on trying them by the detonating principle, the result was the same—both barrels were seriously injured.

"Feb. 22, 1823.—I have this day tried another pair of barrels" (says Baker) "which had undergone the regular proof, and which I had absolutely fitted to the stock for sale, by specific order—both barrels failed.

"Thus, for the purpose of satisfying numerous enquiries, for my own satisfaction, and on the principle of endeavouring to prevent the fatal accidents which are daily occurring, have I, at some expence, made these trials, in the hope of conducing to perfection in the use of rifles and fowling pieces; but, above all, with an anxious desire to avert the dreadful calamities which may arise from pursuing a favourite recreation.

"These barrels had stood every proof which is usually considered safe; and yet, from the suddenness with which the powder is ignited by the detonating principle, all the barrels failed. Consequently, the result of these experiments convinces me, beyond any theoretical views entertained by others, that the proof of double barrels with the percussion locks can only be satisfactorily proved by the detonating principle. Every other proof, however it may appear to pass the ordeal of safety, is not a sufficient guarantee: and I can only add to my former injunctions, that no gentleman should venture to use the double-barrel with the percussion lock, without having it first proved by its own strength and power."

Now, what does all this prove? Why, truly, that to charge a gun, fitted up on the detonating or percussion principle, not so large a quantity of gunpowder is requisite; or, in other words, that, from the instantaneous ignition of the gunpowder in the barrel, a less quantity of it will produce the requisite force; nor



could Ezekiel Baker have brought forward more incontestible proofs of the decided superiority of the percussion principle, than what he has adduced in a tone of condemnation; for he clearly manifests the greater force with which the shot must be driven when the gun is discharged in the manner just mentioned. He tells us the barrels which he tried "had undergone the strictest proof at his proof-house, and such as would be generally considered sufficient to justify the strongest recommendation for safety, yet, on trying them by the detonating principle, both barrels were seriously injured." Thus, then, when the quantity of powder used in proving barrels is ignited by percussion priming, the force is so much increased, as to "seriously injure," if not burst, the barrels; and that, too, even after the said barrels had withstood the severest test of proof by water. It hence results, not only that the principle in question is the best calculated for the purposes of the sportsman, but advisable, above all, in the proof of barrels, as affording the best possible test of the strength of the metal, and, consequently, of the safety of those whose business or inclination induces them to use fire-arms.

Our author also enumerates what he calls the *advantages* and *disadvantages* of the percussion principle.—"ADVANTAGE.—By the detonating or percussion principle, the whole of the powder is fired instantaneously; but the very quickness with which the powder is burnt, in my opinion, lessens its general effect; and I am satisfied more execution will be done at an equal distance with the charge from the common flint. Indeed, I have proved this fact, by many experiments from the same barrel.—In rain or snow, the percussion lock will act, from its detonating power, more correctly than the common flint lock; and this, by sportsmen, is considered its greatest and, I must confess it appears to me, its only advantage.

"DISADVANTAGES.—Although the powder in the barrel is fired much quicker, the barrel is necessarily more strained; and to this cause I attribute most of the accidents arising from the bursting of barrels: as it stands to reason that the suddenness of the ignition requires a

greater thickness at the breech, and, consequently, that the barrel must either bulge or break, if it be not a sufficient thickness to resist the power of the charge. This observation applies more particularly to double-barrelled guns when fired by percussion: and in all descriptions, the recoil to the shoulder is more powerful. If, on the other hand, I reduce the quantity of powder to prevent the chance of bursting, or to lessen the force of the recoil, then I can decide, from repeated experiments, that the same charge from the common flint lock is more effective, and throws the shot with more strength, and in greater quantity, to the object; and I am corroborated in this result by the practical test of many scientific sportsmen. I may be allowed to add, that, in my judgment, the percussion lock may mend a bad fowling-piece; but I never found it of peculiar advantage to a good one."

To me, I must confess, it appears most extraordinary that Mr. Baker should have made these remarks after what he has said about the *proof of barrels*; it is "passing strange," also that while he admits the superior force or strength with which the shot is thrown by the percussion or detonating principle, he, nevertheless, says he is "satisfied more execution will be done at an equal distance with the flint. And when he follows up this assertion, by observing, "indeed I have proved this fact by many experiments from the same barrel," I can only say, that his experiments on this subject afforded very different results from those of many other persons. Further, I maintain, without the fear of demonstrative contradiction, that it is not possible to make any flint-lock, by any means whatever, shoot so strongly, or drive the shot with so much force, or so truly, as by the percussion principle.

As to the barrel being "necessarily more strained," this must always happen where the pressure or force is greater. If the same charge of powder be fired by percussion as with the flint-lock, the force of the former will be found to exceed that of the latter to such a degree as would not fail to astonish those who had never made the experiment.

In fact, to sum up the whole, it may be justly remarked, that, by the percus-

sion or detonating principle, a less quantity of gunpowder will produce the requisite force ; and, from the very extraordinary rapidity with which the ignition of the charge of gunpowder in the barrel is accomplished, and from the effectual stream of fire which is driven into it, the discharge is produced much quicker, and consequently much better, than it is possible to effect by the flint-lock.

Such, indeed, is the difference of the two plans, or principles, that those who have used the percussion-lock would suppose the best flint-lock to hang fire, should one of these afterwards happen to fall into their hands.

There has not, I believe, ever occurred a single instance where a person having used a percussion-lock has laid it aside and recurred to the flint-lock, at least, since the great improvements that have taken place in the manufacture of the percussion powder, and also in the modes of applying it to the fowling-piece, and more particularly since the introduction of the copper cap.

I feel a perfect conviction that there are very few sportsmen (I am inclined to think not one who has used it) who will not readily admit the decided superiority of the percussion principle, either as regards the weather, quickness, or effect—indeed, it appears to me a self-evident fact, that as, by the detonating plan, the shot is driven quicker and stronger (the latter being the consequence of the former,) it must be rendered more effectual than where, by a slower process, as in the flint-lock, it is not possible it can reach the object with the same force or the same precision. Mr. Baker admits that the discharge of the percussion-gun is more instantaneous and much stronger ; and yet, by a strange anomaly, declares, that he is “*satisfied more execution will be done at equal distance with the charge from the common flint !!!*”

In accidental, or chance shots, and also in woodcock or cover shooting, the percussion is preferable to the flint gun, from the superior rapidity of its discharge. In wet weather, and particularly amongst the drizzly rain on the grouse mountains, the former will be found much more effective, particularly since copper caps are made *water-proof*, and can thus be had, I believe, at any gun-smith's. I am not aware, indeed, of any quality in

the flint lock which the percussion does not possess in a higher degree ; while less is to be apprehended from it on the score of accidental danger.

On the subject of the percussion principle, compared with the flint lock, I was surprised at reading the following passage in Colonel Hawker's “Instructions,” &c. He says a detonator “*goes quicker, though not stronger !*” This expression must surely have been made without due consideration, since it is clearly a self-evident fact, that the quicker the discharge, the stronger the shot must be driven. Or, supposing a cannon ball to fly through the air at the rate of two miles in two seconds, and another to occupy six seconds in passing the same distance, can there be a doubt which of the balls will strike the object with the greater force ? Further, I think no person will be hardy enough to deny, that, generally speaking, projectile force must entirely depend upon its velocity. The colonel's remarks upon the comparative length of gun barrels appear to me almost, if not equally, faulty.

Among the many improvements that have been made in the mode of discharging the fowling-piece, as well as in its construction, none have excited more attention, or produced opinions more diametrically opposite, than the length of the barrel. It was, at a period not very remote, generally supposed, that a great length of barrel was indispensable, if the shot was to be driven any considerable distance ; and pursuing this train of ideas, it was taken for granted, that the longer the barrel of the gun, the further the shot would be thrown ; and hence we see, in many ancient halls and farm-houses, gun barrels of such a length, that it is not without great difficulty they can be presented from the shoulder ; some, in fact, require a rest, after the manner of the old harquebuss, when they are to be pointed at any object. The length of the barrel is a matter which is involved in doubt, though abundant evidence has been obtained to prove that the antiquated notion of long barrels carrying the farthest is completely erroneous. After a great number of experiments, I have found that a barrel twenty-six inches long, of the common fowling-piece calibre (five-eighths of an inch diameter,) shoots

fully as strong, if not stronger, than any other greater length, though the difference between twenty-six and twenty-eight, or even thirty inches, is not very great; but for any increase of length beyond thirty inches, the difference or the decrease of force would very much surprise any person who had never witnessed the experiment. I have shortened five different barrels, gradually, inch by inch, for instance, and the result has invariably been the same; and, in these experiments, great pains were taken in regulating the charge, so that, in this respect, no perceptible variation could take place. Nevertheless, though a barrel twenty-six inches long (I have never tried one shorter) may impel the charge with more force than a greater length, yet I prefer a barrel a trifle longer, as it is pleasanter to load, and the aim may perhaps be better taken with it; yet, for my own choice, I would never exceed twenty-eight inches.

At first sight it may be asked, how it happens that a long eighteen-pounder carries farther than a shorter cannon? To which it may be answered, that it is possible an increase of length might be added, with advantage, to the longest eighteen-pounder in the service; since, on comparison, taking into consideration the difference of the calibre, a fowling-piece barrel, twenty-two inches in length, is proportionably longer than any cannon whatever.

If the bore, or calibre, of the fowling-piece, be made extremely wide, it will require a greater charge, and will, of course, admit of a greater length of barrel.

The *breeching* of the fowling-piece has been considered of essential importance; but is, I am inclined to think, of less consequence than is generally supposed. As to the best form of the breech, many opinions will be found to exist: there are few gunsmiths who will not tell you that they have made improvements in this part of the fowling-piece; and, of course, every one of these breech-improvers will recommend his own plan. It would, perhaps, be difficult to ascertain which is the best form of the breech, as a number of trifling variations have been effected, without any perceptible difference.

The elevated breech is a modern in-

vention, and consists of a sort of broad rib which runs along the top of the barrel, thicker at the breech end, and tapering to the muzzle: by this contrivance, the muzzle acquires an elevation, and the shot is consequently thrown higher; for those, therefore, who are apt to shoot under or below the object, the elevated breech is to be recommended; but a straight stock will answer every purpose, and the barrels will have a neater appearance, and be stronger with the same weight of metal.

The *copper cap* is preferable to every other percussion principle; and the nipples, or touch-holes, upon which the caps are placed, should be screwed into the barrel on the upper part of the breech, in a sort of sloping direction.

The *stocking* of the fowling-piece must always be an object of the first consideration with the sportsman; as, supposing the piece to be of superior workmanship, and to shoot in a capital manner, it is of little service if it be not stocked to suit the person who uses it; the fowling-piece, therefore, should be stocked the exact bend and length to suit the owner; at the same time, it should be properly *laid off*, a circumstance which is very much neglected by gunsmiths; indeed, many will be found who are altogether ignorant of the subject. The Birmingham gunmakers never pay the slightest attention to this particular; and the immense numbers of fowling-pieces which are annually vomited forth from this great and general manufactory, and spread all over the kingdom by means of spurious auctioneers, and professed swindlers, are never to be depended on: they are got up in such a manner as to appear well to the eye of a superficial observer, and are sold uncommonly cheap; yet they should be received with caution: it is true, a tolerable article may be sometimes met with amongst the many thousands which are yearly sent forth; but they are always to be suspected, and are utterly unworthy the attention of the sportsman. What is meant by the term *laid off*, is that peculiar form or method of mounting the stock, so as to bring the upper surface of the barrel in a direct line with the eye of the shooter. I would strongly advise sportsmen never to purchase a fowling-piece which they have not tried,



and with the shooting of which they are not perfectly satisfied.

The quantity of powder and shot which constitutes the correct load or charge for the fowling-piece, is another circumstance which ought to be duly impressed on the mind of every shooter, and to which, I am inclined to think, not sufficient attention is generally paid. On trial, it will be found that all guns shoot the strongest the first discharge, or, in other words, when they are perfectly clean, and that the force decreases in exact proportion as the piece becomes foul; hence the necessity of occasionally wiping out the barrel during a long day's shooting. There is also a certain proportion of powder and shot which will exactly suit every fowling-piece; and to ascertain this should be the first object with all new guns. If a piece be overloaded with powder, the shot will scatter very much, and but few pellets will strike the object; whereas, if an insufficient quantity of powder be used, the shot will not be driven with sufficient force. Yet, it is more than probable, that a trifling variation will be found in all guns; or, to speak more plainly, it will be a difficult matter to find two pieces, though of the same length and calibre, which require precisely the same charge. A very good method of ascertaining the proper load for a fowling-piece is by firing at sheets of paper at given distances, and the progressive result will guide the shooter in the increase or decrease of either the powder or shot, or both.

Finally, it may appear unnecessary to remind the sportsman, that cleanliness in the fowling-piece is an object of the first importance. The bursting of barrels arises, in nineteen instances out of twenty, from the piece being kept in a filthy state. Scarcely any gun, however inferior the materials be of which it is composed, if properly loaded and kept clean, will burst; but, whenever the inner surface of the barrel is suffered to become corroded, so as to form specks of rust, the gun is never afterwards to be depended on. Superficial rust amounts to nothing; but when a speck of rust is allowed to eat away the inner surface, moisture will always lodge in that particular spot when the gun is

cleaned; thus corrosion continues to weaken the already injured part, till bursting becomes the inevitable consequence. Shot getting loose, may be very likely to produce the same effect; and the same remark will apply should the muzzle become stopped with dirt or snow; so that, on every view of the case, too much attention cannot be bestowed on an instrument so indispensable to the delightful recreation of shooting.

I have seen many of the best guns which have been manufactured in England, but I never had one in my hand which gave me such unqualified satisfaction as the new gun noticed a few pages back. The workmanship is equal to what I ever saw from Manton, Purdy, &c. &c. and though as far as regards my own taste, I should have preferred the mounting quite plain, yet I must confess the engraving is uncommonly beautiful: I never saw any thing of the kind superior to it. The mounting is beautiful, the locks are uncommonly well fitted, they are what may be called back locks, and having a very considerable length of main spring, the working of them is easy and effective. On the whole, I am doubtful if I ever saw it equalled. It was made by Messrs. Williams and Powell, successors to the late Mrs. Patrick, Liverpool; price £25. I have known Mr. Williams many years; he is a very clever and a very ingenious mechanic; and has lately produced what I call a crow gun, which, for rook shooting, and all purposes to which the air gun is applicable, is superior to any thing ever yet produced, and will, unquestionably, supersede the air gun altogether.

In our last number, on the subject of shooting, I mentioned punched wadding in a sort of recommendatory way; which, however, I have abandoned. For the last two years, I have used the cartridge—not the patent cartridge, or the cartridge inclosed in a wire net or frame. My cartridge is my own manufacture: and is merely an ounce of shot (No. 5) inclosed in a double fold of paper; it is of course made to fit the barrel, but to go down easy, by which means the operation of loading is rendered more simple, quicker, and the shot in one barrel



less liable to move from the discharge of the other: no other wadding is necessary than the paper which incloses the shot. Another advantage attending the use of these cartridges is, the gun does not become foul so soon, as the passage of the cartridge down the barrel wipes away much of the feculent matter which adheres to the interior surface on every discharge. As to the patent cartridge, with its wire frame and dust, for the legitimate purposes of shooting game, it possesses no advantage over the common method. When I prepare my own cartridges, I oil the shot in order to prevent adhesion: in the patent cartridge, dust or sand is used instead of oil. The wire cartridge will sometimes *ball*, particularly if rammed hard.

I use the common copper cap, primed with the composition of oxymuriate of potass and antimony. I repeatedly tried Joyce's anti-corrosive caps, and found them liable to miss fire, nor was the discharge from them so effective. Anti-corrosive copper caps are a gross imposition; the corrosion arising from them being fully equal to that from the common cap just mentioned. The French caps ought to be uniformly rejected, as the use of them is very dangerous. On the discharge of the common cap, it opens into four divisions, and remains on the nipple: the French cap, on the contrary, when discharged, flies into fragments in all directions, and consequently places the eyes of the shooter in great danger, to say nothing of the liability of being wounded in other parts by the splinters. The French cap is punched without divisions, and hence arises the danger in using it. The price of it is lower; but the price of the common cap is low enough.

After discharging one or both barrels, I uniformly load before I proceed to re-prime; by which I have an opportunity of observing if the gunpowder appear in the nipple; if so, all must be right.

I do not practise the fashionable method of carrying the gun cocked; since I cannot divest myself of the old fashioned notion that great danger attends such a practice. Moreover, in ninety-nine instances out of one hundred, plenty of time is afforded for de-

liberately cocking the gun; and I feel no hesitation in sacrificing the meagre commission of one per cent if infinitely greater safety be insured by it.

A variety of new fangled names have at various times been given to gun barrels for the purpose of sinister gain and imposition: thus, we are treated with wire-twisted, steel-twisted, silver-twisted, and Damascus barrels. This is all gross delusion, to say the least of it; as every gun maker is well aware that *stub-twisted barrels* are immeasurably superior to every other kind: and as to the terms *steel-twisted* and *silver-twisted*, they are absolutely ridiculous, as applied to gun barrels.

There are few persons, sportsmen or others, who have not heard of the superior excellence of *Spanish barrels*; but whether they ever deserved the character they acquired, and the preference given them, is somewhat doubtful. Spanish guns always were, and still continue to be, very awkward-looking instruments; and, from the circumstance of the same person manufacturing the whole gun, barrel, lock, stock, &c. it is not likely the same perfection can be attained, as the English fowling pieces display, the manufacture of which is judiciously subdivided among several persons. The Spanish iron, especially that of Biscay, was supposed to be the best in Europe; and the Spaniards formerly possessed the reputation of forging and boring their barrels with more care than other nations. The barrels made at Madrid were said to be composed of the old shoes of mules and horses collected for the purpose; and we are gravely told, that "some idea may be formed of the very great purity to which the iron was brought in the course of the operation, when it is known that to make a barrel which, rough from the forge, weighs only six or seven pounds, they employ a mass of mule shoe-iron weighing from forty to forty-five pounds, so that from thirty-four to thirty-eight pounds are lost in the beatings and hammerings it undergoes before it is forged into a barrel." However, of the Spanish barrels those only that were made in Madrid were accounted truly valuable; and, in consequence of this predilection, numbers were manufactured

in various parts of Spain, and also in other countries, and the marks of the Madrid gunsmiths surreptitiously put upon them: nor have I the least doubt that most of the barrels, of late years sold in this country as the workmanship of Spain, were manufactured in Birmingham. There are, however, many persons still to be found who have a very high opinion of Spanish barrels; and those made by men who have been dead many years are held in the greatest estimation. A writer, speaking of Spanish barrels, says, the true ones are made of iron, worn and beaten for a long time, as heads of nails in the shoes of mules, which travel with a slow and incessant pace along the hard roads; but that a very small proportion of the great quantity of Spanish barrels sold in all parts of Europe can have this advantage. He adds, that the Corsican iron has a toughness nearly equal to that of the prepared iron of Spain; and the metal of the Corsican barrels, well made, is little inferior to the generality of Spanish ones.

Whatever may be the material from which the barrel is manufactured, whether made from Spanish mule-shoe iron or otherwise, the first object in the choice of a fowling piece ought to be *safety*; and whatever may be the weight of the barrel, the metal should be so disposed as to prevent even the remote probability of bursting. In double guns, the stoutness of the barrels is indispensable, if the shooter has any regard to his own safety; for in light double-barrel pieces, the firing of the one will frequently loosen the charge in the other barrel, and should the shot be shaken so as to leave the powder a few inches, and the second barrel fired with the muzzle pointing downwards, it will most likely burst. The lower or breech end of all barrels should be made very strong; it is of little consequence how thin the muzzle end may be; it is the instantaneous expansion which ensues on the ignition of the powder which puts the barrel to the test; and the moment the charge commences its progress up the barrel, as it were, all danger of bursting has passed away.

It has been supposed that barrels forged from steel are lighter, safer, and

shoot stronger than all others; but it has been satisfactorily ascertained that, where steel was used, the barrel neither welded nor bored so perfectly as when iron alone was employed. Twisted stubs are old horse shoe nails twisted together; there are also iron-twisted, inferior to the former. Wire-twisted are stubs drawn into wire and then twisted and formed into the barrel. Damascus barrels are iron and steel curled together, which gives the barrel a beautiful appearance. Damascus barrels are inferior to twisted stubs; though, as they bear a foreign name, and as the peculiar curling of the iron and steel gives them a pleasing appearance, they have of late been in request; and, as the English gun-makers found it inconvenient to import a sufficient number, they did not hesitate to manufacture Damascus barrels, and not more than one real barrel of this sort out of a hundred, perhaps a thousand, is to be met with. It is well known that the temper of the Damascus scimitars is superior to any other; and there is every reason to believe that the originals of what are called Damascus barrels were absolutely manufactured at the place, the name of which they bear; a real Damascus barrel occasionally reaches this country, generally through Russia; and the few which have fallen under my observation are certainly much superior to those manufactured in England, and distinguished by the same appellation.

*The Force of Prejudice.*—W. Blundell, Esq. of Crosby Hall, Lancashire, had one of Purdy's double guns, with an extra pair of locks; and some months ago, he determined upon having the extra locks fitted to another stock and other barrels; and for this purpose he took the locks to Liverpool, and when about to enter the shop of the late Mrs. Patrick, he met with an acquaintance who entered it with him. Having listened to the instructions given by the enlightened owner of the locks to the gunsmith, and not for one moment suspecting the locks were made by Purdy, he took them into his hand, examined them very minutely, and commenced a lecture upon the inferiority of provincial workmanship. He gave many cogent reasons to prove the utter impossibility of

the latter bearing the smallest comparison with the immaculate performances of the metropolis. "I can tell a country-made lock (said he) the moment it comes into my hands; I can tell it by the very feel: I should be certain that these were country-made locks though I had not touched them—had I merely seen them in the hands of another person!" How much farther the lecturer might have proceeded in his animadversions, I know not; but Mr. Blundell, feeling for his unfortunately mistaken position, with a good natured smile, remarked, that "*they were made by Purdy!*"

Amongst other improvements, as far as shooting is concerned, the *Copper Cap Primer* is fairly entitled to notice. This instrument was introduced to the notice of the sportsman two or three years since; but had not, at that period, attained its present comparative perfection. At its first introduction I paid but little attention to it, conceiving that the obvious and simple operation of placing the cap on the nipple needed no auxiliary beyond the finger and thumb. However, I was thoughtlessly underrating a useful invention. The primer in question is a balloon-formed piece of brass, the operation and merit of which would be difficult to image to the mind correctly by written description; however, a few minutes of manual and visual examination will give a satisfactory knowledge of the instrument, as well as of its practical utility. The one I use bears the impress "*S. Allport, improved.*"

For some days before the first of September, the markets were abundantly supplied with partridges; and in Liverpool, on the 28th of August they were selling at four shillings a brace. The late Act of Parliament relative to game has removed one of the greatest impediments in the way of the poacher, by opening him a ready market for his nefarious merchandize. However, without entering into a discussion on the policy or impolicy of the Game Laws, no person will deny, that, like all other human institutions, they are necessarily imperfect; and their operation is frequently rendered contemptible and disgusting by the conduct of the basely-

bred and the low-minded, who, dotted all over the kingdom, appear like murky specks in the beautiful order of society.

On the 16th of August, what is called in the north a *Notice Paper*, was left at my residence. When it was first put into my hands, I was at a loss for its meaning. It was written plain enough, however; and signed "*Benj. Scott Riley*," with all the flourishes of the professed writing master. As I studiously avoid any thing approaching to trespass in my shooting excursions, I could not conceive why such a document should have been thus invidiously directed to me: and what was more, I was most perfectly unacquainted with the *highly important personage* from whom it emanated, although upon inquiry, I found he was not a very distant neighbour. The fact is, he was a new comer; and upon further inquiry I was informed that he held several small fields, amounting in the whole to twenty-seven acres! I will therefore embrace this opportunity of informing the said "*Benj. Scott Riley*," that I never committed a trespass upon his widely-extended domain, that I never entertained a thought of such a thing; and when I tell him that I can at any time be accommodated with an extensive beat from *Genuine Gentlemen of rank and distinction*, I think he will agree with me that a man would be a superlative fool to potter in a dirty pinfold, when he can move with freedom amongst his betters:—Would not even the famishing wretch satisfy the imperious cravings of his appetite upon roasted beef in preference to feeding on carrion?

Under all the circumstances of the case, therefore, we entreat him to let no frightful visions disturb his balmy repose for fear of trespass from the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet: and as he appears so sensitive, so tremblingly alive, so very feverish, on the score of *contemplated trespass*, we further entreat, that he will offer no cause for complaint in his own person; that he will not trespass upon the land held by me; and, above all, that he will not come upon it with his gun and pointers, *accompanied by three greyhounds, several beagles, and a staff man!*

The first of September happening on a Sunday, the pursuit of the partridge



did not commence till the second. Several papers, and the Old and New Sporting Magazines in particular, had led their readers to anticipate an abundance of feathered game; it is seldom, however, that much dependance can be place on such reports: in fact, as far as relates to the sports of their field, the information contained in the Old Sporting Magazine is collected in Warwick Square, while the rat hunts of Newgate Market may be said to constitute the Editor's hunting excursions. The New Sporting Magazine has a wider range, including the "*incomparable combination*" of an excursion to Westminster Hall and the circle of Lincoln's Inn Fields!

I did not, I must confess, expect to find an abundance of partridges, as I was already aware that the later hatches, owing to the wet and boisterous weather, which took place so unseasonably during the month of June, had suffered very severely, on the lower grounds almost to annihilation. There was another cause for the scarcity of birds: the late Game Bill (as I have already observed) by opening a ready market to the poacher, has removed one of the greatest obstacles with which he had to contend, and therefore I was well aware that he would pursue his infamous vocation with redoubled energy. Further, I was aware, that during the week preceding the first of September, partridges in abundance had been offered for sale in Liverpool for four shillings a brace!

On the second of September, at an early period of the morning, in company with my son, and a looking-on friend, I went in quest of two fine covies which had been many times seen near my residence. But they had disappeared. The poachers have improved their system of depredation: they no longer *drive*, they no longer use the *drag net*; five of them carry the net expanded, with a few pieces of lead drawing on the ground for the purpose of disturbing the sleeping covey; upon the fluttering of which the net is dropped. By this method the poachers are enabled to try the fields successfully which have been staked with thorns.

I had been informed by a neighbouring farmer (W. Howard) that there were two fine covies in his fields: however,

on beating well for them with four excellent pointers, one solitary bird was found, the rest having found their way to Liverpool before the light of the morn; Howard had seen them on the previous day. The ground which we beat was principally in Melling, chiefly belonging to Lord Skelmersdale, and he does not preserve it. The day was beautifully fine, the scent brilliant, and by one o'clock we had bagged one brace and a half of birds and a hare.

We crossed through Maghull to Lydiate, and happening to meet with an unbroken covey, bagged four and a half brace and a hare; making, in the whole, six brace of birds, and a brace of hares: two brace of dead birds were lost. Thus ended the first day.

The second day, September 3, it was my intention to visit Halsall; but the weather was wet, blowing, and even stormy; so much so, that on rising in the morning, I found numbers of sea gulls hovering over my residence, having been blown from the shore by the violence of the gale. I had lain several hours in bed, unwillingly listening to the whistling, hollow, howling blast, as it furiously swept from the Irish Channel across the low flat country which separates Sportsman's Cabin from the sea; whilst violent rain beat fiercely against my chamber window. I was therefore prepared to expect the scene which presented itself, and to defer my excursion.

SEPTEMBER 6.—On the evening of the 5th, the sun sunk below the horizon (into the bosom of the ocean, as it were) in a resplendent blaze of dazzling magnificence: the glorious orb was enveloped, not in the red and fiery ensign of Mars or blustering Boreas, but arrayed in the softer tints of gold and purple, a certain prognostic of fine weather the following day. At 7 o'clock, therefore, on the morning of the 6th, I mounted my dapple grey, and set her head towards Speke Hall, the residence of R. Watt, jun. Esq. Proceeding through that part of the county of Lancaster, with Childwall Castle (belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury) on my right, I was presented with a delightful view of the charming landscape which stretches from the rising ground over which I was



slowly passing, to Knowsley Park and Prescott.

Speke is a compact manor, delightfully situated on the Lancashire bank of the River Mersey, every acre of which is the property of Mr. Watt, and he is, consequently, intersected by the land of no other person. The ground is dry, and as many thick fences occur, Speke may be justly considered as well calculated for the production of game; and in fact it is generally well supplied; but suffers from the depredations of poachers, being within six or seven miles of the town of Liverpool, where shops for the sale of game are very numerous, many of them in the hands of professed poachers; where, therefore, this infamous fraternity find a ready market for their plunder. Several new establishments of this description have started into existence, one of which attracted my attention, as the name informed me that it is kept by a man who has ardently pursued poaching from his cradle, and whose three brothers have uniformly followed the same profession. Another man goes to the expense of a certificate, and thus makes a living by selling game! Under such circumstances, it requires no great skill in prophecy to foresee, that, at no distant period, game will become extinct. The game bill, passed by the present administration, has by no means answered the object in view: it stands much in need of revision; and when it comes next under discussion, I would advise the ministers to raise the price of the certificate to ten pounds.

It was nearly 12 o'clock before we left Speke Hall for the purpose of shooting: a slight trifling breeze from the north-west, with a mild atmosphere, indicated good scent. It was not long ere the dogs drew, but in such a desultory manner as convinced me the birds were somewhat scattered and would get up in a wild or random manner. I was not disappointed. We were on the skirts of the manor on the Liverpool side; and for the purpose of frustrating the efforts of the poacher, the birds had been constantly run up or sprung on the approach of evening. We leaned to the right, and found a moderate stock of game, with abundant indications of the effect of the boisterous and wet weather during

the month of June. Barren pairs were not of unfrequent occurrence, with packs of old bachelors. The young birds were remarkably well grown; a proof that they had been hatched at an early period, and had attained sufficient strength to endure the pitiless pelting of the wet and stormy weather during the month of June.

We obtained pretty shooting; and I am not aware that I ever enjoyed a few hours diversion with more pleasure. I took three pointers, one of which was scarcely six months old, and he very much excited the attention of Mr. Watt (and also of his keepers.) I had repeatedly mentioned to this gentleman that my pointers were allowed to follow me to the field as soon as they testified an inclination for that purpose; that they educated themselves, or, in other words, took to hunt, set, and back without any trouble; yet he appeared very incredulous on the subject, and I therefore embraced this opportunity of dissipating his doubts. He was pleasingly surprised, particularly when, on one occasion, the three pointers (the sire, the amt, and the youngster) drew up in a triangular position, each steadily pointing a bird. I had not the least doubt, about the superlative qualities of setting, backing, and steadiness in the whelp, but I expected he would have come to heel in about two hours: yet he continued to work to the end; and thus became so exhausted that on giving up, when of course the spirit of the chase subsided, I observed him repeatedly lie down for a few seconds on our return to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Watt.

Speke Hall once formed the residence of a religious community, where I have not the least doubt many a counterpart of Friar Tuck enjoyed his glee and his bottle. It is a large quadrangular building, upon which "Time's defacing finger" has not worked so great a change as is observed in most of the similar piles which are occasionally met with in all parts of the country. The moat has been converted into a garden, with sloping banks, which gives it a picturesque appearance, and it forms an interesting contrast to the very venerable pile which it surrounds. In the court yard, two large yew trees raise

their heads, and create a degree of solemnity in the mind of the contemplative spectator.

The mansion is placed in the bosom of a romantic grove, and thus almost buried beneath the lofty and spreading branches of that respected vegetable monarch of the English forest, the oak, the chesnut, &c. A serpentine road through the grove leads to the Mersey, literally upon the banks of which it is situated.

If the external appearances of Speke Hall are thus interesting, the interior is not less so. The spacious and lofty hall, with its commodious and antique fire place, its grotesque ornamental figures, and its complete lining of oak, black from age, excite a lively attention in the antiquary, and present to the mind a retrospect of ages passed away. The whole of the interior is completely wainscotted with hard black oak, and in several of the rooms, those recesses (called priests' holes) which afforded the wretched monks a temporary asylum in the days of fanaticism and persecution may be plainly recognised. The rooms are numerous, many of them have suffered from time and disuse, as well as from rude and unworthy treatment. From what I have stated, it will easily be perceived, that when night spreads her dusky mantle over the earth, the aspect of Speke Hall is gloomy to a romantic extent. On remarking to Mr. Watt that it would form an admirable foundation for a novelist, who with a little imagination might call in the interesting embellishments of a ghost, &c. he observed, that the ghost was already made to his hands, as several of the servants would inform me; and, amongst the rest, the steward, Mr. M'Farlane, whom I knew to be a sensible man, but whom I found a little credulous upon this point.

But, if we put the ghost out of the question, it may be very truly observed, that the founders of Speke Hall were excellent judges of the beauty and advantages of situation, which they knew how to improve; that, however earnestly they might exercise their religious functions, they neither forgot nor neglected luxurious convenience and good living: the inmates could enjoy the blessings of Providence, secure from the

gaze of vulgar inspection, beneath the awe-inspiring roof of this venerable and highly interesting mansion.

SEPTEMBER 14.—I mounted my dapple grey at half-past 8 o'clock, cantered down to the Blue Bell in Barton, and found my old friend Brown (the Landlord) as eloquently loquacious as ever: I have known him for eight and twenty years: and though he is consequently older by the period just mentioned since our first acquaintance, Time seems to have flapped his defacing wings in vain against his hardy and almost iron constitution. At the age of 78 he is uncommonly well on his legs, and on the 14th of September he appeared quite as active as I ever saw him. He is one of those blunt honest rustics, who prides himself in speaking freely to his "*bettters*." The late Mr. Thos. Scarisbrick very good naturedly indulged Brown in this respect to an almost unlimited extent: and I felt a melancholy pleasure in perceiving the sympathetic tear suffuse the eye of the patriarch as he spoke of his late and universally-lamented landlord.

I came to shoot; and I learnt that about a week before, a band of ruffians, four in number, made their appearance at this point at the dawn of day, and commenced ravaging the country as soon as they were able to discern objects. Intelligence of their depredations was, in the course of a short time, conveyed to Houghton, the keeper, who attempted to oppose their progress. The poachers, however, produced their certificates, assumed a tone of defiance, and continued their operations. At length their progress was stopped by the collected tenantry, when they returned to the village for the purpose of wreaking their vengeance upon the youth, who had given the signal of alarm to the keeper. It was fortunate they could not find him, or murder might have ensued. The ruffians in question have two establishments in Liverpool, regularly licensed for the sale of game; and, being provided with certificates, they are enabled in some degree, to plunder with impunity, and to dispose of their infamously acquired traffic without the least difficulty.—So much for the operation of the late Game Act. If some alteration

be not made, it will be no easy matter to prevent the extirpation of those creatures denominated game. The price of the certificate for killing game ought to be raised to £10, (as before observed) which, with the method pointed out at page 330 of our last number, under the signature of "A SUFFERER," would remedy the evil so much to be deplored.

With three pointers I beat field after field in vain; at length the dogs drew and four old birds rose out of distance. In short, I continued to traverse the township of Halsall, where, up to the present period, I had uniformly found plenty of game, and I never saw a *young* bird. I met with several barren pairs, and two or three small collections of old batchelors; and as the previous night had been very stormy, they rose out of distance and flew as wildly as possible. I gave it up at four o'clock, having obtained three random shots and bagged one bird! Had I continued the pursuit, I might have killed a brace or two perhaps on the approach of evening; but as I found none but the stock of old birds to draw upon, and those by no means in sufficient numbers to produce a moderate quantity, should the ensuing breeding season prove favourable, I could not think of abusing the generosity of the owner of the manor, the accomplished Charles Scarisbrick, Esq.

The breeding season of the present year was very unpropitious to the propagation of the partridge. The very early hatches, those, for instance, which had left the shell, and gained sufficient strength to endure the wet and stormy weather which commenced in the early part and continued during the month of June, were found strong on the wing on the first of September. At the general hatching, the rain fell heavily, and except in a few spots, a general destruction was the consequence. Where a nest happened to be formed on a dry bank, and the adjoining ground pasture or fallow, the tender birds might survive the pitiless pelting of the storm; but if the eggs were deposited amongst clover, mowing grass, or corn, destruction was inevitable.

Finally, it may be very truly stated, that black game and red grouse are about an average stock; the ptarmigan would be found as usual: but the pheasant and partridge suffered to an incredible extent at the general hatching, in some districts almost to annihilation. Hares are numerous. Once more let it be observed, that as the market is completely open to the poacher, and as he is able to convert the Certificate into an instrument to authorize his system of plunder, in two or three years the extirpation of game may be confidently anticipated.

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### *FACTS and INCIDENTS.—DEER STALKING.*

MR. EDITOR,

Having been on a visit to a friend in Knoydart, I was returning by way of Fort Augustus, and put up at a little inn just by the residence of the late Glengary. In one of my strolls, I met a gentleman whom I soon found to be a countryman, and after some preliminary conversation, he gave me an invitation to accompany him in a deer stalking excursion on the following day; I shall, however, pocket this invitation for the present, while I give some information both to sportsmen and tourists, who may visit this part of the country. Though a sportsman may consider good quarters secondary to good sport, yet I never found one, who did not prefer both; I would therefore advise him to

stop at this Highland inn,\* in preference

\* The Glengary Arms, commonly called, if I mistake not, the Taliso, is close to the mansion of Glengary; it was lately in the possession of Mrs. Grearson, who is lately deceased: the inn is now managed by her daughter. The tourist or sportsman from Fort William to Fort Augustus or Inverness, who wishes to see Glengary's country, would do well to get out of the steam boat at Laggan locks, from hence he will easily have his baggage, transported to the Taliso, and there he will find every necessary that he can desire, with every possible comfort that kindness and attention can afford. When he wishes to go forward, an application



to proceeding to Fort Augustus. He will have as much comfort and more attention, and in the neighbourhood there is entertainment for tourist and sportsman. The residence of the late Glengary is close by: as the residence of such a man, it must ever be an object of curiosity, although it has no pretension to architectural beauty or internal decoration, the latter consisting of memoria of the chase he loved, exhibited in several fine antlers of the red deer. The entrance would almost remind you of Scott's Osbaldistone Hall, heads of deer being its principal furniture; the dining room has the same peculiarity, and the other parts of the house are not distinguished by any but the ordinary furniture of a country gentleman: the offices too present the same appearance; there are excellent kennels for pointers and staghounds, to which are attached yards with their usual characteristics. Still on entering the room where Glengary used to set the table in a roar, we could not but feel something more than ordinary interest. In that chair near yonder recess, as the bottle passed round after dinner, used the chieftain to sit and delight all his hearers by details of the deeds of other times, and awake by his extraordinary powers of description, the ire, the pity, the enthusiasm, or the tears of his audience: indeed, no person exemplified the hospitality of the chieftain, or the ardour of the sportsman, in a more eminent degree than this extraordinary man. Before we proceed further on our route, Mr. Editor, a few circumstances relating to his tragic end may not be uninteresting to your readers, which I will give as told to me by one of his followers. I cannot of course vouch for the correctness of a Gillie's picture of scenery, but the facts are, I believe, from after enquiry, perfectly correct. Glengary, with part of his family, were returning

to Mr. Hood, will always procure him the use of his boat to put his baggage on board the steam boat; and if the tourist is anxious to see Fort Augustus, as the steamer stops there near two hours, he will have plenty of time to see all that is worth seeing. In fact there is but little there worth seeing.

in the steamer from a visit to some of their more Southron friends: they had passed through the Creonian Canal, and were within but a few miles of Fort William. The day had been excessively boisterous, but now the wind appeared to collect its greatest power to destroy the ill-fated vessel, and in spite of every exertion, it was fast approaching the shore, which presented a bold and rugged appearance. The vessel pitched most awfully, and a water cask having broke from its moorings, added to the danger and horror of the scene, by the tremendous force with which it rolled from side to side: on the one hand, threatening destruction to any one who should attempt to stop it; and on the other, presenting a certainty, if its progress was not interrupted, that shortly the bulwarks, and probably the side of the vessel, would be stove through. Seeing this, a powerful man, a factor of one of the neighbouring land holders, took advantage of a momentary cessation in its career, and forced it to the side: unfortunately he had not time either firmly to fix it or to receive assistance, ere another roll of the vessel threw him down, the cask passed over and left him a disfigured ghastly warning for others to avoid the dangerous experiment. They were now close on the shore, and the boat lay beating on the ground, every moment threatening to go to pieces; she lay close to a large rock which communicated with the land. Glengary, with a view of assisting, volunteered to jump ashore; but the vessel receding just as he was in the act of springing, threw him short, and he fell, striking his head with dreadful violence against the rock. He, however, lost nothing of his presence of mind, he gained the shore, assisted in landing his family, &c. &c. and it is said, walked near a mile to some neighbouring residence, which having reached, he called for a looking-glass, examined and bound up his head, "bad enough (said he) but a pretty man may get over it yet." He then lay down, went to sleep, and never woke again. Upon a post-mortem examination, the surgeon expressed the greatest surprise on hearing the circumstances, as the torture the gallant chieftain must have



endured, though so coolly borne, must have been past conception, from the dreadful fractures which the skull had sustained. He died a Hero, as he had lived a Patriot. His memory will long be embalmed in the hearts of his clan; he is almost the last relic of the high minded independent chieftains of former years. He encouraged all manly and national sports, was an enthusiastic follower of the chase, and an extraordinary good fowler; but, over all, love of country triumphed in his heart. I would say to his son, the present chieftain, Go thou and do likewise:—but, alas! the glory is departed from Judah, “the harp is hung on the willows,” there is now no “song in the halls of Tara.” The spirit of the Gael is fled, and the ghost of the departed chief may wander on the misty hills of Morven, and see no likeness of himself.

But I fear, Mr. Editor, whatever the tourist may say, that if a sportsman is accompanying me with his fixed eyes on yonder splendid cover, the haunt of the doe and her graceful fawns, that he has often wished my tongue stuck to my mouth, rather than I should have told this long-winded story. Stay, my dear fellow, I have to sleep before we commence deer stalking; accompany me, and though the rifle is now absent, I will introduce you where, if you enter properly prepared, I will ensure a haunch, I mean of course two, before night. The devil's in it, exclaims the tyro, only one head in a day;\* only one, and bless your stars if you get that; for, depend on it, after the difficulty of getting near enough is overcome, it is no bad exploit to hit a roe upon the jump. We will proceed: at about 200 yards or so from the mansion, is the factor's cottage (Mr. Hood), an Englishman by birth, a Scotchman from long residence, and a gentleman by nature. He possessed the entire confidence of the late chieftain, and

well deserved it, nor is he, I believe, less esteemed by the present. Hospitable, straight-forward, and honest, he is an honour to his native country, and the one he has adopted. Go forward along that winding path, it leads round the base of the rock on which the ancient castle stands, the loch washes its verdant sides; proceed cautiously, and you may surprise the sleeping monster of the lakes,\* the fresh water shark, as he basks in drowsy luxury in the shallows near the bank. Frowning above you is the ancient castle, strong it might have appeared to the naked heroes of by-gone times, whose arms were the bow, the spear, and the sword; but it fell an easy prey in forty-five, to the more powerful means of the Duke of Cumberland, who battered it to ruins, and carried away its young artillery as memorials of his triumph; these consisted of 12 muskets, which would carry, I should think, a pound ball: they are about six feet long, and were fired from the shoulder, but fixed on swivels attached to the wall—it is said they would do good service at the distance of a mile. The Duke of Cumberland lodged them in the tower of London, but on the accession of the late Glengary to the estate, he re-obtained them, and they may be seen with many other specimens of the weapons of our forefathers, in a small armoury attached to the mansion. Keeping the road towards Laggan locks, you arrive at the well of the Heads. Over this beautiful spring has been erected by Colonel M'Donell, a lineal descendant of the M'Alister, a neat monument or memorial of one of those awful and fearful murders which characterised that era of Scottish history, and also of the decisive mode of punishing, I should rather say, avenging such crimes: the base of this monument is divided into four squares or tablets, each of which contains a recital of the crime and its punishment, and each in a different language, English, Gaelic, French, and Latin. I forgot to mention, that the well derives its name from the bloody heads being washed of the gore at this spring, pre-

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\* The reader must not suppose I mean it impossible or improbable, that two or three roes or deer may be killed in a day; it has often been done: but, on the other hand, I have known one of the best deer stalkers in the country try for a week, and kill but one deer.

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\* I need hardly say the pike is here referred to.

vious to their being presented to the chief; and certainly if the representation of the murderers which crowns the monument be correct, such a murderous looking set of cut throats were well out of the world. Now, Mr. Sportsman, we will return for about a mile, and enter the cover of which I have talked so much. Still, however, must I talk, a damning sin by the bye, if you're in search of venison: we will enter across this style, pursue the path which, with a serpentine inclination, will take you through the cover to the top of the mountain: here, if you have not the music of the spheres, you will hear the language of nature from the raven's croak, the whistle of the hawk, the melody of the mavis, to the troat of the buck, and bellow of the hart, all of which are not unfrequent in this secluded spot. Glengary had this path cut for his own convenience and seclusion; it is still called Glengary's walk. It must be interesting to the visitor, as here, surrounded by wood and water, heather and mountain, characteristics of his country, he pondered and matured the improvements he afterwards effected for his country's good. From this turning (about half way up) the tourist who may be fond of the picturesque, will have a fine view of the best part of the glen, of Loch Oich, and part of Loch Lochy; and there, Mr. Sportsman, see'st thou yon heathery knowe top'd by a slightly projecting rock, creep softly forward, ah! first try the wind, it is tolerably fair: well! hold your breath, and if with noiseless step, avoiding cracking and decayed sticks, you reach the top, I will ensure you a view of my graceful friends, the roes. Beautiful in form, and of exquisite elasticity, they afford the finest rifle practice in the world: indeed he who can with a single ball bring down (at 100 yards) a buck on the jump has some right to call himself a sportsman.

I will return, Mr. Editor: some of your sporting friends are perhaps saying, this fellow spins too long a yarn to be a good deer stalker; get to bed, get to bed: for if you intend to tell us as much of the incidents of the chace, as you have of the character of the country, you will be tired before to-morrow

night. Well, here I am, snugly ensconced by Miss Grearson's fire-side: Miss Grearson's, I say. Now, do not picture to yourself by this emphatic Miss, that a cross old maid is the mistress, I would rather say, priestess of this temple. No! a young and engaging woman, has now the government of this "hostelrie:" attentive to her friends, and modest in her demeanour, as frank in her offers of service. Mind you observe my directions in the preceding pages, and you will thank me for this introduction.

At half past three next morning, off started three long legged fellows with our dogs: about an hour afterwards, we mounted our horses and proceeded across the Gary Bridge, on the route to Greenfield: along a good road made by the late chieftain, you proceed about two miles, keeping the river Gary to your right hand, till you come to a bridge of wood; you cross this and keep along the road close to this brawling stream, losing sight of the Gary, keep this road till you come to its end. When this work had been carried to within two miles of Greenfield, the late chieftain died, and thus ended this improvement; it is at any rate in *statu quo* for the present. We here dismounted, gave our horses to a boy to lead on to Mr. R's at Greenfield, and walked on ourselves. Arrived there, we renewed our strength by a good breakfast, and our spirits by some good whiskey; I will back Mr. R's against any in the Highlands: and by daylight, we proceeded on what may be called a still hunt. As it is performed by creeping along against the wind, the sportsmen keeping within sight of each other as much as possible, making a chain across a cover of perhaps forty yards,\* and thus completely beating it. We were in hopes of unharbouring a hart at the break of day, as they will frequently, after feeding, lie down amid the brackens, instead of returning to the woods; in this, however, we were disappointed: we went forward, and though we more than once roused a buck or a doe, yet we withheld our fire in the hope of meeting a nobler victim in the red deer. We pursued

\* There were but three of us.

our noiseless course, only interrupted, now and then, by the cracking of branches incautiously trod on, or the impatient whine of the hounds in leash in our rear, ready to be slipped if fortune favoured our hopes: in this arduous pursuit the sun had attained its meridian. I had just reached the top of a small knowe, when a tremendous rush from below warned me of having roused something! another moment gave to my view a fine roe buck. This, I think, had been the fourth during the day; disappointed, from pure vexation I fired, and he fell; the hounds were slipt, and very soon discovered to my companions my most heinous offence; the dogs were taken off, a man despatched with the buck, and I had to give an account of my sins. By the time I had squeezed out the truth, we had reached the top of the knowe from which I had fired, and we sat down, being perfectly aware the report of the gun would drive the red deer from our immediate neighbourhood. I hastily swallowed a trifle, as brother Jonathan would call it, of the cretur; and to make amends as much as possible, for my want of temper, I scanned the cover in every direction with my glass; I was just giving it up in despair, when having ranged over the side of the mountain, I thought I saw a small herd, if I may so call an assemblage of five harts, standing at gaze, at about a mile distant, quite at the foot of the mountain. Giving the glass to the Highlander, whose practised eye soon confirmed my hopes, down was instantly the word; when in a stooping posture we instantly proceeded, carefully keeping out of sight, till a turn of the hill hid us from the view of the deer. We here held a council of war, and Mr. —, my English friend, agreed to lead us to the passes on the top of the hill, while the Highlanders with the hounds, were to make a wide detour to gain the windward side of the harts about a mile beyond them; and there stay till they saw Mr. — on the top of the hill, as the harts as soon as they got the tainted wind would make for the mountain. Mr. —, and his friend, having been out before, kindly placed me in the best pass, and mounted the others higher up and further on. Here I sat behind

a rock, which commanded a view of the pass for perhaps a quarter of a mile: who shall paint the nervous anxiety which possessed me? Not a soul nigh, nor sound to give even an idea of silence—it seemed as though nature was in its original state, and I was the last, or rather first, man, except indeed the sad memorial of the advance of destructive power; the fatal rifle which my hand retained. Suddenly the distant whistle from the drive broke on my ear, an occasional shout near and more near, distinct and more distinct it became, presently bang, another minute bang again, startled me into expectancy, and as I rose from my crouching attitude, a fine hart with his tongue lolling from his mouth, bounded past, pursued by the two hounds perhaps a hundred yards in his rear; I raised the rifle immediately to my shoulder, off went the piece, and the powerful spring of the animal told it had not been raised in vain: still he held on till brought down by old Caustree, one of the late chieftain's favourite hounds; in a few minutes we arrived at the spot, took off the dogs, and congratulated ourselves on success. But to whom the glory: Mr. — denied all the honour, he said that he perceived the deer (setting the drivers at defiance) forcing his way up the very face of the hill, that he fired though at upwards of 300 yards, simply to turn him; this brought him across his friend, whose ball had actually broke his shoulder; mine had passed clean through him, still such was his game that if the hounds had not been there, it is more than probable, he would have been lost. The men who had gone off with the buck, directed by the report of the guns, now made their appearance, with considerable difficulty, and with the assistance of a stout pole, for which of course, we were not long looking, we at last saw our noble victim safely at the foot of the mountain, and a horse having been obtained from Mr. R, our prize was fairly lodged in his barn. We paid the usual acknowledgments to our host, and having partaken of a good plain dinner, and a strong tumbler or two, we are once more on our route on a fine autumnal evening, rapidly pursuing our way; that is, where the road



would allow it and arrived at Glengary about half past ten.

Notwithstanding the invitation of Mr. —, to stay a day or two, I was obliged to leave the following morning. As the steam boat passed Glengary House, I availed myself of the offer of his boat to put me and my baggage on board, and in about forty-eight hours, I found myself once more at the Buck's Head in

Glasgow: what a transition, from seclusion to riot, from the beauty of nature to the filth of a manufacturing city. From thence I wended my way to my more Southron home, and from my little domicile recall these mementos of my visit to the Highlands, and am,

Your's, &c.

C. YEWTLER.

*Bristol, Sept. 4th, 1833.*

## OBITUARY.

On the 21st of August, died at Ravensdale, county of Louth, Ireland, Sir Harry Goodricke, Bart. aged 36.—Sir Harry had been a distinguished fox hunter in Leicestershire for many years; and when Lord Southampton declined the management of what were called the Quorndon Hounds, he was voted his successor by uniform consent, and he cheerfully accepted the appointment. At this period the death of his uncle, Viscount Clermont, put him in possession of a great addition to his fortune. His income, previously to the death of his relative, was about £7,000 per annum; Lord Clermont left him more than £20,000; so that his yearly income was about £30,000. Under such circumstances, he did not hesitate to accept the office of Master of the hounds in question, without any subscription further than was necessary to defray the expence of the covers.

Lord Southampton removed the hunting establishment from Quorndon to the town of Leicester; Sir Harry Goodricke built stabling, kennels, &c. at the village of Thrussington (5 miles from Melton) and removed it to that place. The buildings and conveniences at Thrussington are very far inferior to those of Quorndon; but the situation was more convenient for Sir Harry's residence. During the hunting season, he resided in a convenient hunting box in the town of Melton, which was shared with him by Mr. Little Gilmour.

Last November, the writer, in company with Sir Harry Goodricke, went through the establishment at Thrussington: In the stables were thirty-six hunters; in the kennels sixty couple of indifferent hounds.

In early life, Sir Harry Goodricke was a dashing forward rider; and frequently produced an inward curse from the huntsman for pressing upon the hounds. He, however, became more philosophical; and for the last several years I have often admired his very superior workmanship over a country. As a master of hounds, candour compels us to admit, that he did not give unqualified satisfaction; nor is it probable that the Melton or Thrussington hounds will in future be conducted upon the same plan; but again become a subscription pack.

In person Sir Harry Goodricke was tall and handsome. He died of cholera morbus.

The above account is at variance with every other respecting the melancholy event here recorded; but may nevertheless be relied on, and will be found correct.

The compiler of the "Rural Sports," the Rev. W. Daniel, breathed his last on the 18th of August in the 81st year of his age, in the rules of the King's Bench. As a sportsman his knowledge was confined to shooting and fishing. Mr. Daniel resided many years at Little Waltham, Essex, which place he quitted in 1796. Notwithstanding his "Rural Sports," he possessed no genuine pretensions to authorship, the work just mentioned being merely an ill-digested compilation, very slovenly put together, and grossly incorrect in a great variety of instances. The Supplementary volume is contemptible beyond measure. If we are to regard Mr. Daniel as a writer, it may be justly remarked, that he manifested neither superior education nor extraordinary powers of de-



scription: his composition is inelegant, flimsy, and even vulgar. His subjects had been studied very superficially; nor does it appear that his slender mental capacity was susceptible of philoso-

phical research. The plates were well engraved, and some of them manifested a degree of characteristic truth, a compliment which can be paid to but few modern publications on field sports.

### REIN DEER.—(Plate.)

Of all animals of the deer kind, the rein-deer is the most extraordinary and the most useful. It is a native of the icy regions of the north; and though many attempts have been made to accustom it to a more southern climate, it shortly feels the influence of the change, and in a few months declines and dies. Nature seems to have fitted it entirely to answer the necessities of that hardy race of mankind that live near the pole. As these would find it impossible to subsist among their barren, snowy mountains without its aid, so this animal can live only there, where its assistance is most absolutely necessary. From it alone the natives of Lapland and Greenland supply most of their wants; it answers the purposes of a horse to convey them and their scanty furniture from one mountain to another; it answers the purposes of a cow, in giving milk; and it answers the purposes of the sheep, in furnishing them with a warm, though an homely, kind of clothing. From this quadruped alone, therefore, they receive as many advantages as we derive from three of our most useful creatures; so that providence does not leave these poor outcasts entirely destitute, but gives them a faithful domestic, more patient and serviceable than any other in nature.

The rein-deer resembles the American elk in the fashion of its horns. It is not easy in words to describe their minute differences; nor will the reader, perhaps, have a distinct idea of the similitude, when told that both have brow antlers, very large, and hanging over their eyes, palmated towards the top, and bending forward like a bow. But here the similitude between these two animals ends; for, as the elk is much larger than the stag, so the rein-deer is much smaller. It is lower and stronger built than the stag; its legs are shorter and thicker, and its hoof much broader than in that animal; its hair is much thicker and

warmer; its horns much larger in proportion, and branching forward over its eyes; its ears are much larger; its pace is rather a trot than a bounding, and this it can continue for a whole day; its hoofs are cloven and moveable, so that it spreads them abroad as it goes, to prevent its sinking in the snow. When it proceeds on a journey, it lays its great horns on its back, while there are two branches which always hang over its forehead, and almost cover its face. One thing seems peculiar to this animal and the elk; which is, that as they move along, their hoofs are heard to crack with a pretty loud noise. This arises from their manner of treading; for as they rest upon their cloven hoof, it spreads on the ground, and the two divisions separate from each other, but when they lift it, the divisions close again, and strike each other with a crack. The female also of the rein-deer has horns as well as the male, by which the species is distinguished from all other animals of the deer kind whatsoever.

When the rein-deer first shed their coat of hair, they are brown, but in proportion as summer approaches, their hair begins to grow whitish; until, at last, they are nearly grey. They are, however, always black about the eyes. The neck has long hair, hanging down, and coarser than upon any other part of the body. The feet, just at the insertion of the hoof, are surrounded with a ring of white. The hair in general stands so thick over the whole body, that if one should attempt to separate it, the skin will no where appear uncovered: whenever it falls also, it is not seen to drop from the root, as in other quadrupeds, but seems broken short near the bottom; so that the lower part of the hair is seen growing, while the upper falls away. The horns of the female are made like those of the male, except that they are smaller and less branching. As in the



REINDEER



rest of the deer kind, they sprout from the points; and also in the beginning are furnished with a hairy crust, which supports the blood vessels, of most exquisite sensibility. The rein-deer shed their horns, after rutting time, at the latter end of November; and they are not completely furnished again till towards spring. The female always retains her's till she brings forth, and then sheds them about the beginning of November. If she be barren, however, which is not unfrequently the case, she does not shed them till winter. The castration of the rein-deer does not prevent the shedding of their horns: those which are the strongest cast them early in winter; those that are more weakly not so soon. Thus, from all these circumstances, we see how greatly this animal differs from the common stag. The female of the rein-deer has horns, which the hind is never seen to have: the rein-deer, when castrated, renews its horns, which the stag never does; it differs not less in its habit and manner of living, being tame, submissive, and patient; while the stag is wild, capricious, and unmanageable.

The rein-deer, as was said, is naturally an inhabitant of the countries bordering on the arctic circle. It is not unknown to the natives of Siberia. The North Americans also hunt it under the name of the *caribou*. But in Lapland, this animal is converted to the utmost advantage; and some herdsmen of that country are known to possess above a thousand in a single herd.

Lapland is divided into two districts, the mountainous and the woody. The mountainous part of the country is at best barren and bleak, excessively cold, and uninhabitable during the winter; still, however, it is the most desirable part of this frightful region, and is most thickly peopled during the summer. The natives generally reside on the declivity of the mountains, three or four cottages together, and lead a cheerful and social life. Upon the approach of winter, they are obliged to migrate into the plains below, each bringing down his whole herd, which often amounts to more than a thousand, and leading them where pasture is in the greatest plenty. The woody parts of the country are much more desolate and hideous. The whole face of

nature there presents a frightful scene of trees without fruit, and plains without verdure. As far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen, even in the midst of summer, but barren fields, covered only with a moss almost as white as snow; no grass, no flowery landscapes; only here and there a pine tree, which may have escaped the frequent conflagrations by which the natives burn down their forests. But what is very extraordinary, as the whole surface of the country is clothed in white, so, on the contrary, the forests seem to the last degree dark and gloomy. While one kind of moss makes the fields look as if they were covered with snow, another kind blackens over all the trees, and even hides their verdure. This moss, however, which deforms the country, serves for its only support, as upon it alone the rein-deer can subsist. The inhabitants, who, during the summer, lived among the mountains, drive down their herds in winter, and people the plains and woods below. Such of the Laplanders as inhabit the woods and the plains all the year round, live remote from each other, and having been used to solitude, are melancholy, ignorant and helpless. They are much poorer also than the mountaineers; for, while one of the latter is found to possess a thousand rein-deer at a time, none of the former are ever known to rear the tenth part of that number. The rein-deer makes the riches of this people: and the cold mountainous parts of the country agree best with its constitution. It is for this reason, therefore, that the mountains of Lapland are preferred to the woods; and that many claim an exclusive right to the tops of the hills, covered in almost eternal snow. As soon as the summer begins to appear, the Laplander, who had fed his rein-deer upon the lower ground during the winter, then drives them up to the mountains, and leaves the woody country, and the low pasture, which at that season are truly deplorable. The gnats, bred by the sun's heat in the marshy bottoms, and the weedy lakes, with which this country abounds more than any other parts of the world, are all upon the wing, and fill the whole air like clouds of dust in a dry windy day. The inhabitants, at that time, are obliged to daub their



faces with pitch, mixed with milk, to shield their skins from their depredations. All places are then so greatly infected, that the poor natives can scarcely open their mouths without fear of suffocation; the insects enter, from their numbers and minuteness, into the nostrils and the eyes, and do not leave the sufferer a moment at his ease. But they are chiefly enemies to the rein-deer: the horns of that animal being in their tender state, and possessed of extreme sensibility; a famished cloud of insects instantly settles upon them, and drives the poor animal almost to distraction. In this extremity, there are but two remedies to which the quadruped, as well as its master, are obliged to have recourse. The one is, for both to take shelter near their cottage, where a large fire of tree-moss is prepared, which filling the place with smoke, keeps off the gnats, and thus, by one inconvenience, expels a greater; the other is, to ascend to the highest summit of the mountains, where the air is too thin, and the weather too cold, for the gnats to come. There the rein-deer are seen to continue the whole day, although without food, rather than to venture down to the lower parts, where they can have no defence against their unceasing persecutors. Besides the gnat, there is also a gadfly, that during the summer season, is no less formidable to them. This insect is bred under their skins, where the egg has been deposited the preceding summer; and it is no sooner produced as a fly, than it again endeavours to deposit its eggs in some place similar to that from whence it came. Whenever, therefore, it appears flying over a herd of rein-deer, it puts the whole body, how numerous soever, into motion; they know their enemy, and do all they can, by tossing their horns, and running among each other, to terrify or avoid it. All their endeavours, however, are too generally without effect; the gadfly is seen to deposite its eggs, which burrowing under the skin, wound it in several places, and often bring on an incurable disorder. In the morning, therefore, as soon as the Lapland herdsman drives his deer to pasture, his greatest care is to keep them from scaling the summits of the mountains where there is no food, but where they go merely to be at ease

from the gnats and gadflies that are ever annoying them. At this time there is a strong contest between the dogs and the deer; the one endeavouring to climb up against the side of the hill, and to gain those summits that are covered in eternal snows; the other forcing them down by barking and threatening, and in a manner compelling them into the places where their food is in the greatest plenty. There the men and dogs confine them; guarding them with the utmost precaution the whole day, and driving them home at the proper seasons for milking.

The female brings forth in the middle of May, and gives milk till about the middle of October. Every morning and evening, during the summer, the herdsman returns to the cottage with his deer to be milked, where the women have previously kindled up a smoky fire, which effectually drives off the gnats, and keeps the rein-deer quiet while milking. The female furnishes about a pint, which, though thinner than that of the cow, is, nevertheless, sweeter, and more nourishing. This done, the herdsman drives them back to pasture; as he neither folds nor houses them, neither provides for their subsistence during the winter, nor improves their pasture by cultivation.

Upon the return of the winter, when the gnats and flies are no longer to be feared, the Laplander descends into the lower grounds; and as there are but few to dispute the possession of that desolate country, he has an extensive range to feed his herd in. Their chief, and almost their only, food at that time, is the white moss already mentioned; which, from its being fed upon by this animal, obtains the name of the *lichen rangiferinus*. This is of two kinds; the woody lichen, which covers almost all the desert parts of the country like snow; the other is black, and covers the branches of the trees in very great quantities. However unpleasing these may be to the spectator, the native esteems them as one of his choicest benefits, and the most indulgent gift of nature. While his fields are clothed with moss, he envies neither the fertility nor the verdure of the more southern landscape; dressed up warmly in his deer-skin clothes, with shoes and gloves

of the same materials, he drives his herds along the desert, fearless and at ease, ignorant of any higher luxury than what their milk and smoke-dried flesh affords him. Hardened to the climate, he sleeps in the midst of ice; or awaking dozes away his time with tobacco; while his faithful dogs supply his place, and keep the herd from wandering. The deer, in the mean time, with instincts adapted to the soil, pursue their food, though covered in the deepest snow. They turn it up with their noses like swine: and even though its surface be frozen and stiff, yet the hide is so hardened in that part, that they easily overcome the difficulty. It sometimes, however, happens, though but rarely, that the winter commences with

rain, and a frost ensuing, covers the whole country with a glazed crust of ice. Then, indeed, both the rein-deer and the Laplander are undone; they have no provision laid up in case of accident, and the only resource is to cut down the large pine trees that are covered with moss, which furnishes but a scanty supply; so that the greatest part of the herd is then seen to perish without a possibility of assistance. It sometimes also happens, that even this supply is wanting; for the Laplander often burns down his woods, in order to improve and fertilize the soil which produces the moss, upon which he feeds his cattle.—*Johnson's Sportsman's Cyclopaedia.*

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### *The BALD EAGLE.*

The bald eagle is the most distinguished of the North American species, not only from his beauty, but also as the adopted emblem of our country. This bird has been known to naturalists for a long time, and is common to both continents, chiefly frequenting the neighbourhood of the sea, and the shores and cliffs of lakes and large rivers. He is found during the whole year in the countries he inhabits, preferring the spots we have mentioned from his great partiality for fish. The following poetic description of one of his modes of obtaining his prey is given by Wilson: "Elevated upon a high, dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below—the snow-white gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the busy *tringa*, coursing along the sands; trains of ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one, whose action instantly arrests all his attention. He knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at

the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment, the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerging, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are a signal for our hero, who launching into the air, instantly gives chase; soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying, in the rencounter, the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unincumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp, ere it reaches the water, and bears it silently away to the woods." The bald eagle also destroys quadrupeds, as lambs, pigs, &c; and there are well authenticated instances of its attempting to carry off children. When this bird has fasted

for some time, its appetite is extremely voracious and indiscriminate. Even the most putrid carrion, when nothing better can be had, is acceptable. In hard times, when food is very scarce, the eagle will attack the vulture, make it disgorge the food it has swallowed, and seize this disgusting matter before it can reach the ground. The nest of this species is usually found in a lofty tree, in a swamp or morass. It is large, and, being increased and repaired every

season, becomes of great size. It is formed of large sticks, sods, hay, moss, &c. Few birds provide more abundantly for their young than the bald eagle. Fish are daily carried to the nest in such numbers, that they sometimes lie scattered round the tree, and the putrid smell of the nest may be distinguished at the distance of several hundred yards. The eagle is said to live to a great age—60, 80, or even 100 years.—*Amer. Turf Reg.*

**THE STRIPED OR GROUND SQUIRREL.**—The subterraneous dwellings of these animals are formed with much art. They are wrought into long galleries with branches on each side, and each of them terminates in an enlarged apartment, in which they hoard their stock of winter provision. Their acorns are lodged in one; in a second, the maize; in a third, the hickory-nuts; and, in a fourth, perhaps their most favourite food, the chesnut. In Siberia, the striped squirrels hoard the kernel of the stone-pine in such quantities, that sometimes ten or fifteen pounds weight of these have been taken out of a single magazine.

As a Swede was, some time ago, making a mill-dike, late in autumn, he took for that purpose the soil of a neighbouring hill, and discovered a subterraneous walk belonging to a family of these squirrels. After having traced this to some distance, he found a gallery on one side, like a branch parting from the main stem. It was nearly two feet long; and, at its extremity, there was a quantity of acorns of the white oak, which the careful little animal had stored up against the winter. He soon afterwards found another gallery, on one side, like the former, but containing a store of maize; a third had had hickory nuts; and the last and the most

secret ones contained as many excellent chesnuts as would have filled two hats.

**THE HARE.**—Whilst Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, a young hare was brought to him, which was took so much pains with, as to render it more familiar than these animals commonly are. In the evenings it was so frolicsome, that it would run and jump about his sofa and bed. Sometimes, in its play, it would leap upon, and pat him with its fore-feet; or, whilst he was reading, would even knock the book out of his hand. But whenever a stranger entered the room, the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

**A TAME SPIDER.**—We are told in the life of the celebrated Baron Trenck, that his inhuman persecutors, astonished at his serenity in prison, under all his ill-treatment, kept watch upon him, and discovered that he had found amusement in taming a spider; they immediately deprived him of even this consolation. The story of the tame spider has been doubted. We are told, however, by Signor Pellico, who was confined ten years, on a charge of treason; by the present Emperor of Austria, that he made a pet of a spider on the wall, which he fed with gnats and flies, and which became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance.



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 ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

**THE CANARY BIRD.**—In 1820, a Frenchman exhibited in London four and twenty canary birds, many of which, he said, were from eighteen to twenty five years of age. Some of these balanced themselves, head downwards, on their shoulders, having their legs and tail in the air. One of them, taking a slender stick in its claws, passed its head between its legs, and suffered itself to be turned round, as if in the act of being roasted. Another balanced itself, and was slung backward and forward on a kind of slack rope. A third was dressed in military uniform, having a cap on its head, wearing a sword and pouch, and carrying a firelock in one claw: after some time sitting upright, this bird, at the word of command, freed itself from its dress, and flew away to the cage. A fourth suffered itself to be shot at, and falling down, as if dead, to be put into a little wheelbarrow, and wheeled away by one of its comrades; and several of the birds were at the same time placed upon a little firework, and continued there quietly and without alarm while it was discharging.

**THE EAGLE.**—A gentleman in Scotland had a tame eagle, which its keeper one day injudiciously lashed with a horsewhip. About a week afterwards, the man chanced to stoop within reach of its chain, when the enraged bird, recollecting the insult, flew in his face with such violence as to drive him out of further danger; and he was found lying disfigured with blood, and stunned with the fright and fall. The bird screamed in apparent triumph, and shortly afterwards broke its chain and escaped.

**THE BEAVER.**—In the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, there is now, or lately was, a beaver from the Rhine, which exhibited almost as much ingenuity as has ever been ascribed to the species in a wild state, and more than enough to silence the incredulity of sceptics respecting the beavers' dams and their

magazines of winter provisions. This beaver, for instance, we are informed by M. Geoffry St. Hilaire, was, during the severe weather in winter, furnished with fresh twigs of trees, to give exercise to his propensity to gnawing, and with apples, &c. as a more nutritive food. One night there came on a snow storm, and the snow beat into his house in considerable quantity, till he found out a plan of shielding himself from the inconvenience. For this purpose, he cut his supplies of twigs into proper lengths, to be wove in the basket fashion, between the bars of his cage, chopping his apples in pieces to fill up the intervals between the twigs; and whenever this did not appear sufficiently air-tight, or (if you will) storm-tight, he kneaded the snow into the intervals. By the morning it appeared that he had laboured hard all night, and had completed a very neat and ingenious barricado against the intrusion of the snow.

**THE KANGAROO.**—The Kangaroo may be domesticated. Mr. Cunningham saw a large tame one, which he describes as a mischievous wag, "creeping and snuffing cautiously towards a stranger with such an innocently expressive countenance, that roguery would never be surmised to exist under it; when having obtained, as he thinks, a sufficient introduction, he claps his forepaws on your shoulders (as if to caress you) and raising himself suddenly upon his tail, administers such a well-put push with his hind legs, that it is two to one but he drives you heels over head! This is all done in what he considers facetious play, with a view of giving you a hint to examine your pockets, and see what *bon bons* you have got for him, as he munches cakes and comfits with epicurean *goût*; and if the door is ajar, he will gravely take his station behind your chair at meal time, like a lackey, giving you an admonitory kick every now and then, if you fail to help him as well as yourself.

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**LAMENTABLE FATE OF DR. DIXON, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.**—A letter received from Cape Coast Castle, dated

April 28, 1833, gives the following account of this catastrophe:—"Dr. Dixon was proceeding through the interior of



Africa from the Dahomey coast, to meet Captain Clapperton and his companions at Katunga. The King, into whose territory he was about to enter from Dahomey, having sworn to afford him protection and assistance, came out of his principal town to meet him, attended by his sons and chiefs, and desired his eldest son to swear fidelity to the stranger, after the fashion of the country. This is done by drawing a sabre, and making a long harangue, using the most violent gestures, and pushing the sword in the face of the person in whose favour the oath is taken; in fact, they shew their dexterity by cutting close to the face, with-

out actually touching it. Dr. Dixon unfortunately mistook the nature of the ceremony, and thinking the king's son meant to kill him, drew his sword and thrust it into his body. The Doctor would have been sacrificed on the spot, but the King ordered him to be safely guarded, declaring that he could not break his oath, though his son had been killed. The next morning Dr. Dixon was sent on his journey, under the protection of an escort; but the instant they passed the boundaries of the King's dominions, thinking the King's oath no longer binding, they fell on the Doctor and killed him.

Physicians prescriptions, when written, are unintelligible enough, as every poor fellow knows who has had to swallow them; but I doubt if the man can be so bold as to take the following compound *verbatim et literatim*. A worthy disciple of Æsculapius had ordered his patient to take quinine and magnesia—two very simple simples, though not quite so simple as the poor negro wench to whom the order was entrusted to procure them at the apothecary's shop. She had no written prescription with

her, and in order to refresh her memory she continued repeating her instructions till she entered the shop. It can easily be conceived that by this process quinine might become changed into cayenne, and magnesia into magnolia or any other similar name: but what was the astonishment of the apothecary's boys when she enquired for "an ounce of Queen Anne and a shilling's worth of imagination—what the doctor scribed for!"

**THE GREAT WALDEN TASK.**—This extraordinary feat was yesterday accomplished. Mr. Samuel Hill undertook to run two coach-wheels, at one time, a mile; run a six-inch cart-wheel a mile; run backwards half a mile; ride on horseback two miles; and jump over twenty five-barred gates separately, without touching the same; the whole to be completed within 38 minutes. The feat was performed in 36 minutes and a half, in the presence of a number of spectators.—*Cambridge Press*.

**SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.**—An offer of a considerable bet, on the part of the Earl of Eglington, to run on foot a distance of fifty yards, turning round a flag-staff, and returning the same distance, against a gentleman on horseback, was accepted the other week, and one of the officers of the yeomanry agreed to ride the match against his Lordship. The race came off on Tuesday week, and was witnessed by a considerable number of spectators. On starting, his Lordship ran very swiftly, and reached the flag-staff about the same time as the horse, which turned cleverly, but shyed immediately after. This advantage was seized by his Lordship, who, turning quickly, made all speed home, and won the match.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

*The SNAKE and the ADDER.*

*(From the Gamekeeper's Directory.)*

These reptiles are generally held in detestation and abhorrence, and not without reason. Their form and appearance produce any thing rather than pleasing sensations on the mind; while their manners and mode of life are no way calculated to atone for or recompense their hideous deformity.—They prey upon frogs, field mice, &c. and I have no doubt destroy the unfledged young of winged game whenever it comes in their way.

“A gamekeeper of Mr. D. Grosvenor in Dorsetshire, hearing a partridge utter a distressful cry, was attracted by the sound into a piece of oats, when the bird ran round him much agitated: upon his looking minutely among the corn, he saw a large snake in the midst of the infant brood, which he killed, and perceiving the body of the reptile considerably distended, he opened the belly, when to his astonishment, two young partridges ran from their horrid prison, and joined their mother; two others were found in the snake's stomach quite dead.”

It might be hastily supposed that young partridges, being so swift of foot, would easily run away from the snake; but before we come to such a conclusion, we must look at all the circumstances of the case, and particularly consider the mode in which reptiles of this kind secure their prey. It has already been seen that the weasel tribe are able to overtake the hare or the rabbit, notwithstanding their very inferior speed.—The wretched animal which forms the object of pursuit is so terrified that it may be said to be literally frightened to death: The same may be said of the prey of the serpent tribes, though they resort to a very different mode of accomplishing their object. Serpents of necessity move very slowly, and therefore may be said to wait for, rather than pursue, their prey. When they perceive an object for their purpose, they open their mouth to its greatest possible extent, (and it is astonishing to what a width they can distend their jaws, as I have witnessed) and glaringly fix their eyes

upon it. The animal becomes paralyzed, as it were, or at least unable to make off, and after making a few turns, and uttering plaintive cries perhaps, approaches its deadly and glaring enemy, who, as soon as its victim comes within reach, darts at it, seizes it fiercely, and ultimately swallows it. If the creature which the serpent has killed be difficult to swallow, the latter covers it with a sort of mucus or saliva, and at length draws, or rather sucks, it down its throat; though the operation may perhaps employ a considerable time, during which the reptile's eyes appear ready to start from the sockets, from the violent straining which they undergo.

When the prey is fairly swallowed, the reptile becomes completely sluggish and inactive, and as the process of digestion is remarkably slow, they will remain for weeks before their activity returns, and they again seek, or rather lay wait, for prey.

Many accounts have been given through the medium of the press of the great size or bulk of animals which the larger tribes of serpents have swallowed, and the peculiar mode in which they have seized and swallowed them.

This singular power in the serpent tribes of rendering their prey unable to escape from glaring upon it with distended jaws, has been called fascination; but the term is incorrect, since the victim is rendered incapable of escape from terror.

I once saw a moderate sized rattle snake which had just arrived from America; the weather was very warm, and the reptile was very lively, much more so than I had ever observed one before, and I have seen half a score at least. On my entering the room, it moved from one end of its cage to the other, and coiling itself up, placed its head in the centre of its folds. I approached close to the cage for the purpose of more narrowly examining it, when it fixed its eyes with the most deadly glare upon me: it opened its mouth also, and I was really astonished at the extent to which it distended its

jaws:—it presented altogether the most hideous appearance I ever beheld! After the lapse of some seconds, or perhaps a minute, it darted at me, but was prevented from reaching its object by the wires of its cage: nor can they under any circumstances dart more than their own length. However, that this is the mode in which the whole tribe take their prey I have not the least doubt.

In this country, there are but two varieties of the serpent tribe—the *snake* and the *adder*; the former of which is larger than the latter, and is, at the same time, destitute of the fangs, which clearly shews that it is incapable of inflicting a poisonous wound. The snake is more elongated than the adder; its head and jaws are narrower, and its tail tapers more to a point. I have frequently seen the snake a yard in length or more; the adder is seldom more than two thirds as long. The snake deposits eggs which are hatched, in a dunghill perhaps, and the young are very numerous.

The adder is shorter than the snake, as I have already observed; its tail tapers more abruptly, while its head presents a more triangular form; but, above all, it is distinguished from the snake by its fangs which project from the upper jaw and hang outside the lower lips. It is more dusky coloured than the snake, and altogether more ugly. Its young are formed in eggs in the womb, which, however, burst the shell before they are brought forth, and are thus produced alive. If an adder be met with in a very advanced state of gestation, is killed and opened, eggs will be found, containing living young, which, on being liberated from the shell, will make off—at least, if they are sufficiently advanced.

The adder is frequently found on moorlands, fens, and in low situations; the snake in old dry walls, banks, &c. The bite of the latter (though when caught by the hand it seldom, I think, attempts to bite) is attended with no ill consequence; that of the former is highly dangerous, and has often proved fatal; though it would appear to me not difficult of cure, as the following case will shew:—

Some years ago, while out in search of young wild ducks upon a fenny marsh

in the month of August, my dog was bitten by an adder on the point or end of the nose, which immediately swelled to a frightful size. I made my way to the nearest house (distant at least a mile) and procured some sweet oil, which luckily was in the house. I applied it to the part, which I continued to rub for a considerable time, and I had the pleasure of perceiving the swelling to abate. I continued at intervals to rub the oil upon the part for two hours, when the swelling was so much reduced that I went home; but applied sweet oil again several times during the afternoon: the swelling entirely subsided, and the dog appeared in good health and spirits the following morning.

Olive oil, it is said, is superior to any other oil: common sweet oil, however, will answer the purpose; and I am inclined to think that most of the vegetable oils, if not the whole of them, would have the desired effect. Animal oil, I am of opinion, would not answer, though I never had an opportunity of experimentally ascertaining this point.

The mode in which the wound, made by the adder, is envenomed is the following:—In the head of the adder (and indeed of all the poisonous tribes of serpents) there is a sort of alembic by which the venomous fluid is distilled, and this fluid is received into a kind of bladder, seated at the roots of the fangs, and into which it would appear the ends of the latter are inserted. The fangs are hollow or slit, or at least contain a passage for the fluid in question from the place where it is seated to the points of these fang teeth: when, therefore, the adder bites, at the moment the points of the fangs enter the object, the roots of them press upon the reservoir or bag containing the poison, which is thus injected into the wound. The venomous fluid, if taken internally, is harmless: it is the injection of it into the blood or system which produces such alarming results.

From a consideration of this subject altogether, it is highly advisable for gamekeepers to destroy these reptiles whenever opportunity offers. They continue in a dormant state during the winter in their holes:—they creep forth as the warm weather approaches, and are the most active and most dangerous during the heat of summer.



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## INSTRUCTIONS to YOUNG SPORTSMEN, &c,

MR. EDITOR,

I feel extremely happy that the genuine sportsman has been at length presented with a periodical, evidently under the conduct of a veteran practical sportsman: it was very much wanted; for what true sportsman, or indeed what man of common sense, could attempt to read the absolute trash of which the Old and New Sporting Magazines are composed, without feeling superlative disgust. The very existence of these publications is a libel on the human understanding, as well as an insulting stigma on the Sportsman. I wonder you have not handled very severely the quackery put forth by Colonel Hawker—I mean his “Instructions to Young Sportsmen,” in the advertisements for

which is the modest standing toast—“Colonel Hawker is one of the best shots in England! and his Instructions the very best we have on the subject!” With unblushing assurance these two gross, deliberate, and manufactured-for-the-purpose falsehoods are continually placed before the eyes of the public. I bought the book; it was a *take-in*, to use a vulgar phrase. Colonel Hawker is not, nor ever was, “one of the best shots in England;” and as to his “Instructions,” if they be not the miserable drivellings of dotage, they are the most contemptible scientific and literary abortion that ever fell under my observation. I shall not take the trouble of critical dissection.

A SHOOTER.

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EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—On Monday week, a soldier of the 6th Dragoons, for a considerable wager, undertook to walk on his hands from the barracks to Portobello, near Edinburgh, a distance of a mile and a half, which he accomplished, to the astonishment of a great number of spectators, in the short space of half an hour.

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WHITE SWALLOW.—A few days ago, a bird answering to the above description, was taken at Sandy Hill, near Staveley, by Mr. John Cook. The body and bill are perfectly white—the legs and eyes bright red. It is of the forked-tailed species, and was hatched in a shed adjoining the house.

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## TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

(Continued from No. 11, page 344.)

On reaching the top of the valley, on the right of which stood a well built house, the road was formed at the foot of a chain of immense mountains, from which hundreds of small streams of water ran down, and, crossing the road, formed a large stream or river in the middle of the valley. The road continued to ascend for some miles, and on this account our walk was rather laborious than pleasant. When we had gained the extreme ascent, we of course began to descend, and in a short time, had a view of the lofty Ben More, and found ourselves in a pleasant country, where, though many high mountains reared their towering heads, yet we met with much finer trees than those generally seen more to the north, and, with the exception of the lofty rugged mountains, the ground seemed to produce more luxuriant vegetation. That delicate flower, the hare bell, (or heathbell, or blue bell) presented itself in vast numbers to our observation, and added to the beauty of the landscape. I have called the hare bell a *delicate* flower,



and so it is in colour, being a beautiful light blue ; but as it grows spontaneously and in profuse abundance in many parts of these cold regions, it must be a very hardy plant, though in appearance and colour it is remarkably delicate.\* Ben More appeared on our left, and reared his head far above his fellows: this mountain in appearance presents a more pleasing form than Ben Nevis, to which only it is second in height. The top of the mountain is generally obscured by the clouds ; but the day was fine, and, as in the case of Ben Nevis, we were lucky enough to have a clear view of its very summit. Ben More is the loftiest of a range of immense mountains, from which we were distant not more than a mile. On our left was another range of lofty mountains ; and the intermediate space presented a valley, through which ran a small river, which was perhaps in as high a state of cultivation as the climate and the nature of the soil would admit. The crops of corn (oats and barley) were very green, and tolerably luxuriant ; nor indeed was all the grass cut : we observed parties of mowers and hay makers in several places. We passed a female sleeping under a bush ; and perhaps a similar scene produced the following from Donald Macpherson :—

AIR :—" Deoch slainte na'n Gaisgeach."

" O why do those heathbells, so fresh and so blooming,  
Give fragrance that heathbells could ne'er give before ?  
A wanton young Zephyr, while lately a roaming,  
Found Mary asleep in a green shady bower ;

\* Some pretty lines I just remember, of a young friend of mine, and which he permits me to use *exclusively* here, may not be inappropriate :—

Come, little flower, the Scotsman's toast,  
And pretty Highland lassie's boast ;  
Worn in the cap of warrior wight,  
When he goes onward to the fight,  
And bares his shining battle blade,  
For native land, and cottage maid ;  
Worn in the bosom of the lass  
Of many a hill, or mountain pass,  
Who joy, as to him they are true,  
To sport the bit of faithful blue ;  
Transplanted from its bed of heath,  
To bloom pure nature's breast beneath.  
Come, little flower, I'll pluck thee now,  
To twine about my Anna's brow ;  
For in thy meek and mountain dress,  
Thou'lt add unto her loveliness ;  
And seem to one who owns her rule,  
Like her so simply beautiful !  
Come, little flower, for hill, or dell,  
Grows not a bud I love so well,  
As thee, old Scotia's sweet blue-bell.

He gently stole nigh—the pilferer sly !  
And loaded his wings with the balm of her breath,  
And as he flew by, in a whispering sigh,  
He scattered the fragrance on yon blooming heath.

“ O why does the rosebud, that grows on yon thorn,  
Outrival in beauty, resplendence of dye,  
The brightest and fairest effulgence of morn,  
That spreads like the mantle of light on the sky ?—  
A Zephyr that left the fair bosom of spring,  
Where Zephyrs their dewy ambrosia sip,  
Found Mary asleep as he flew on light wing,  
And he gave to yon rose what he stole from her lip.

“ O why does the daisy that smiles through the dew,  
As it rears its meek head in the valley below,  
All flowers excelling, seem fairer to view,  
Than the brow of yon mountain when covered with snow ?  
A Zephyr of summer stole into the breast  
Of Mary, as through the green valley he flew,  
And the hue of her bosom the vagrant impress'd  
On yon daisy that smiles through the sparkling dew.”

This neighbourhood was well stocked with game ; grouse, however, were seldom found near the road side, either here or at any other place that I passed, unless on the approach of evening. One of my pointers, as we passed along, stood in the valley, and I was convinced she had game before her. Some haymakers were at work at a short distance, and as the bitch stood in what might be called a meadow, I concluded it was partridges at which she made her point. I advanced to the spot, and sprung a covey of thirteen, the young birds all well grown.

We reached Crianlarick about seven o'clock. This place I apprehend is what Colonel Thornton (in his “*Sporting Tour*”) calls Cree in La Roche, of which he thus speaks :—“ At Cree in La Roche we dined or rather attempted it ; and Mr. Gerard, from the meanness of the inn, had really rode past it ; but, conceiving this very possible to happen, I hailed him, having kept a sharp look out for that purpose. He was all astonishment ; but uncomfortable as the house was, we found good eggs, fresh barley bannocks, and tolerable porter, together with some smoked salmon which Bruce dressed ; and, on the whole, we did as well as we could ; drank some good brandy and water, and I, getting my tackle ready, fell to fishing in the river Dochart, which runs below Cree in La Roche.—The river, about two miles lower, forms a pretty lake, called Lake Dochart. Here stand the ruins of a castle, called also Castle Dochart ; the property of a Mr. Campbell of Auch Lorn, whose house we soon came in sight of, very agreeably situated at the foot of some wild hills. The vale is tolerably fruitful, and well cultivated ; some well-imagined and flourishing plantations promise, likewise, when they grow up, to make this a pleasant residence.”

Crianlarick (or Cree in La Roche, if it be one and the same place, as I suspect) may be regarded as a Highland village, more pleasantly situated than Tyndrum,\* but contains not half the number of habitations; and on this account is less animated and interesting. The inn at this place is of a very inferior description; the accommodations were the most meagre and uncomfortable of any we had met with, those of Gordonsburgh (Fort William) excepted. In the formation of this inn, or at least in the building, there was something attempted beyond a Highland cottage, but yet, it was by no means a well built or a commodious house; and under these circumstances, it afforded neither the snug comfort of the former, nor the superior accommodation of the latter, as, for instance, in the case of the King's House Inn on the Moor of Rannoch, and also of the inn at Tyndrum. The landlady was the reverse of our kind hearted, obliging hostess at Inveronan. She had passed the meridian of human existence; she was taller than the generality of Highland women; her eyes were small and of a dingy grey; her face was shrivelled: and, either from disappointment in love, or the vexatious cares of life, her countenance was interesting only as it was expressive of something out of the common way.

But we were not to be dismayed by trifles, (though many would be disposed to regard an ill tempered woman as no very *trifling* concern :) we procured some indifferent tea, with which, however, we made a tolerable shift, accompanied as it was by eggs, broiled grouse, broiled salmon, and oat bread and butter. My friend F——, though one of the pleasantest companions in the world, was no great toper; and therefore after our repast, I might be said to indulge myself alone. I uniformly found that I slept more soundly and more comfortably after a few glasses of good strong toddy; and on the present occasion, I was determined not to neglect that from which I had repeatedly derived such essential benefit. We retired to bed about ten o'clock—my companion was soon fast asleep; but, turn on which side I would, I could get but little of that sweet sleep which we are told is the “balm of hurt minds,” great nature's second nurse; at last I fell into a troubled slumber, in which I was haunted by all the hags and ghosts of the Highlands, and from which I awoke at four o'clock. My travelling companion continued to enjoy the most happy repose; and in this state of things I rose and sallied forth to enjoy the beauties of nature on a very fine morning, amidst the mountain scenery by which I was surrounded. I turned to the left, and in about a mile, I reached the top of some elevated ground: on each side of which were high mountains, a valley below to the left, containing a small stream, which was continually increased by tributary sup-

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\* Frequented by Rob Roy.

plies which descended from the chains of mountains on each side. I have already remarked that the morning was fine, the cold was nevertheless severe, and even piercing; the mountain vegetation was spangled with dew drops; the sides of the hills on my left were ornamented by the mountain ash, as well as some other small trees; and the scene altogether, though not rich in the luxuries of nature, was, notwithstanding, highly interesting—it was beautiful; and my feelings were wound up almost to extasy in the contemplation of it. I crossed the stream or rivulet for the purpose of ascending the opposite mountains, the summits of which shone resplendently from the reflected beams of the morning sun. I found the distance from the place on which I stood to the base of the mountains in question, much greater than I had calculated; still, as the morning was uncommonly charming, every thing around appeared delightful. I was repeatedly much surprised, during my progress through the Highlands at the circumstance just mentioned, namely, the distance from one mountain to another. Standing on the side of one mountain, and looking across the valley to the chain of hills on the opposite side, the distance appeared scarcely half so great as it will be uniformly found on traversing the intervening valley; and this deception appeared greater when the sun's rays were reflected from the sides of the opposite hills, owing, as I conceived, to the refraction of the rays of light. I had frequently experienced something of a similar nature in the grouse mountains in the north of England, but not in so great a degree, on account, in all probability, of the difference in the size of the acclivities, those, of course, in the Highlands of Scotland being much larger than the others. However, those only who are strangers to the country, labour under the difficulty or the deception just mentioned, as I found the inhabitants were able to state the distances with tolerable accuracy.

I gained the opposite mountains, and had proceeded some hundred yards up the ascent, when I seated myself, not merely for the purpose of rest, but also to contemplate, at my ease, the novelty, the extent, and the simple beauty of the scene by which I was surrounded. My pointers accompanied me, but I had left my fowling piece in the bed room at Crianlarick. The pointers drew upon something, which, from their manner, I conceived, could not be their game; I was not mistaken—it was game of the noblest kind—a fine stag rose from his lair, and, after moving majestically for a few paces, he turned and gazed around him, for I still kept my seat, and the dogs regarded the noble beast in silent astonishment, not without evident symptoms of alarm: it was the first time they had seen a stag, and they were at a loss in what light to consider their new acquaintance. The stag continued stationary for some seconds, prompted by curiosity, I thought, rather than fear—he erected his head, stared, and made a peculiar blowing



noise;\* he then trotted off along the sides of the mountains, and by the inequality of the ground was quickly hidden from my view.

I turned to the right, and proceeded towards our quarters at Crianlarick, on reaching which I roused my slumbering companion, and in about half an hour we sat down to breakfast, which consisted of much the same materials as that which had constituted our meal of the preceding evening.

We turned out about eight o'clock; the morning was fine, and the towering height of Ben More rose proudly above a cluster of minor hills, and formed a much more picturesque appearance than the Highland mountains are in general found to produce. The view of immense mountains cannot fail to be interesting to a stranger; but in order to render the scene truly picturesque, the hills should present forms in unison with the subject; which in the Highlands of Scotland is not always the case. That there are views in these parts superior to any thing of the sort to be met with in Great Britain, no one will be hardy enough to deny; but they derive this superiority from their grandeur and extent; and thus, while we admit that they are remarkable for the qualities just mentioned, we must perhaps allow also that many of the views in Wales are much superior in picturesque beauty.

We took the direction of Loch Tay, and after proceeding some miles along the road that runs by the side of the valley

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\* It has been hastily supposed by naturalists, or at least by those who have written on the subject, that this peculiar blowing of the stag (which is observed also in fallow deer, and is common, in all probability, to animals of the deer kind) is performed by means of two orifices, one of which is situated at the corner of each eye. On this subject, Bingley, in his "Animal Biography," observes:—"When these animals drink, they plunge their noses, like some horses, very deep under water, and continue them in that situation for a considerable time; but to obviate any inconvenience, says that observing naturalist, the Rev. Mr. White, in his Natural History of Selborne, they can open two vents, one at the inner corner of each eye, which have a communication with the nose. Here seems to be an extraordinary provision of nature worthy of our attention; for it appears, as if these creatures would not be suffocated, though both their mouths and nostrils were stopped. This curious formation of the head may be of singular service to beasts of chase, by affording them *free respiration*: and no doubt these additional nostrils are thrown open when they are hard run. To this account, which was addressed in a letter to Mr. Pennant, that gentleman has thus replied:—"I was much surprised to find in the antelope, something analogous to what you mention as so remarkable in the deer. This animal has also a long slit beneath each eye, which can be opened and shut at pleasure. On holding an orange to one, the creature made the same use of those orifices as of his nostrils; applying them to the front, and seeming to smell it through them." I am much disposed to think that none of these gentlemen mentioned above, minutely examined the subject; for certain it is, (at least if the testimony of those who have killed and dressed hundreds of these animals, can be depended on) that no such communication as that above stated (between the orifices in question and the nostrils) will be found to exist. For what nature intended these apparently superfluous apertures, I will not pretend to decide.

which contains Lake Dochart, a Highlander boy overtook us, who had quickened his pace for that purpose; his eye sparkled with delight, though to our interrogatories he replied in the language of his native hills, interspersed with an occasional word or two which we were able to comprehend. The boy was apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age, and possessed a very intelligent countenance. He repeatedly uttered the words "*black cock*" and "*wee bit*," pointing at the same time with his finger:—his meaning was not difficult to understand. The young rogue was anxious to witness a little diversion, and I felt a disposition to indulge him, rightly conjecturing, from his shepherd-like appearance, that he could point out the places where good sport was to be obtained. A little before, we had passed a farm house, where several men, in a small inclosure, were busily occupied with a number of sheep; and by their continual bleating, I thought the lambs had been just separated from the ewes. We had left the place about a mile, when the young Highlander overtook us, and were passing by the side of hills well clothed with luxuriant heath, and dotted with mountain ash and other hardy trees. It was every way calculated for the resort of black as well as red grouse, and I was anxious to try it: I was repeatedly about to quit the road for this purpose, when the little mountaineer prevented me by signs too plain to be misunderstood. At length we reached an opening in the mountains to the right of the road, which formed an extensive glen, not remarkable for the beauty of its landscape, but, from its appearance, was nevertheless very attractive in the eyes of a sportsman. Our young guide immediately quitted the road, and directed his steps towards the glen: we followed him; and had not proceeded many yards before one of my pointers made a dead set. The boy repeated the words *black cock*, and I stood over the bitch, confidently expecting one of these fine birds to rise: the heath was uncommonly luxuriant; the bitch was motionless and all was still: at length, I moved the heath with my foot, and, instead of a black cock rising, a fine leveret moved from beneath. I killed it, and we proceeded. After having walked for about a quarter of an hour, my pointers drew and stood—I advanced—four grouse rose, one of which I killed. We soon afterwards reached a spot where much fern was growing, which appeared to be the resort of a considerable quantity of black game. My friend F—— was anxious for a grey hen (the female black game); and though I was perfectly aware that to kill\* one was at variance with general custom, yet I undertook to furnish him with a specimen. This I very soon accomplished, and after killing a brace and a half of black cocks, the young Highlander led us to

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\* I have already stated my opinion as to the impropriety of uniformly sparing the grey hen, as well as the hen pheasant.

his native home. It was situated farther up the valley, and though a Highland cottage to all intents and purposes, it was more commodious than many others which we met with.\* As usual we were compelled to stoop a little as we crossed the threshold; but on proceeding forward, or rather taking the requisite turn,† we found, as usual, a good fire in the centre of the room, and the only inmate a woman about five and thirty years of age. From her gesticulation and manner of speaking, I concluded she was angry with her son for bringing us to the cottage: this, however, was conjecture, since she expressed her feelings in her native tongue, which to me was unintelligible. We had acquired a few Gaelic phrases; but our progress was very limited; and though we were able to pronounce the customary salutation, as well as a few other words, yet we were never able to reply to the most trifling Gaelic that was addressed to us.

The female whom we found in the interior of the cottage was evidently the mother of the little Highlander who had acted as our guide; and though she appeared angry with her son, she nevertheless possessed an agreeable countenance in which good nature constituted the leading feature. We made shift to ask for whiskey (*usquebaugh* or *usqueba* in Gaelic) and we were grieved to find that the place contained not a single drop. But I had provided, in some degree, against such a contingency, having always kept my flask as well replenished as possible. We procured oat bread, milk, and butter, and after partaking of this hardy fare, I paid my respects to the spirit flask.

From the obliging disposition of the woman, I have no doubt she would have provided us with the best accommodations in her power for passing the night; but much of the day remained yet unspent; and I felt disposed to move forward. With some little difficulty, we made the boy and his mother understand that we wished to find more commodious accommodations, and for that purpose required the boy as our guide. The young rogue manifested his willingness to undertake the task in a manner that could not be mistaken, as well as his readiness to commence his task immediately. My gun had already attracted his attention, at least as far as regarded the percussion lock, and he at first viewed it with almost superstitious amazement: he had never seen a contrivance of the kind before, and therefore the astonishment.

We quitted the cottage about four o'clock, and from the pleasure which the lad appeared to feel in the pursuit of grouse, I had

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\* The most wretched cottages with which we came in contact were in Caithness.

† Highland cottages have a turn and frequently two doors, for the purpose, I apprehend, of rendering them warmer, by thus more effectually excluding the piercing winds of these northern regions.

little doubt he would continue to take us where more diversion might be easily obtained. However, before we set out, we presented the woman with the leveret, and also with one of the black cocks, with which she was highly pleased. From the direction which the boy took, I concluded that we were moving from Crianlarick, to which place we had no wish to return, and therefore felt perfectly satisfied. The weather continued fine for about one hour and a half, during which I killed a brace and a half of black cocks; but the walking was excessively laborious, and I began to feel somewhat fatigued. Rain came on, which furnished a good excuse for discontinuing our sport, and we directed the lad to lead us the nearest way to our quarters for the night. Had I been disposed for slaughter, I could have accomplished it to a considerable extent, as the part we were in was remarkably well stocked. But with this last mentioned commodity, we were sufficiently provided for the present, and we therefore resolved to leave the mountains with all convenient speed. In about an hour we arrived in sight of Sleigh or Sley, (Perthshire) which the young Highlander pointed out to us as a place where we should obtain accommodations, of which indeed we had no doubt from its appearance. Sleigh consists of a congregation of human habitations, several of which were much superior in appearance to the generality of Highland cottages, and its situation is altogether pleasant. Our guide now testified a desire to leave us; we therefore gave him a shilling, with which he seemed highly pleased, and he commenced his return.

We had very little difficulty in finding out a place of public accommodation; for although in the Highlands of Scotland, those distinctive external emblems so generally met with in other parts of Great Britain, seem but little used, yet there is generally something in the appearance of the Highland inns sufficiently indicative of the nature of the business for which they are intended.

Almost the first house we reached was evidently intended for the "reception and entertainment of travellers." The landlord was standing at the door, and received us with a manly civility which to me was much more pleasing than all the fawning and *booing* of Glasgow. As usual we were ushered up stairs; and though the month of August was not passed away, we required a fire to dry our wet garments as well as to warm ourselves. We were soon furnished with this, as well as with tea, bread and butter, milk, eggs, our usual accompaniment of broiled grouse, and, in the course of one short hour, I felt myself as comfortable as possible. The landlord served the office of waiter, and attended to all our wants with an alacrity and good temper which seemed to impart a portion of this admirable quality to every thing within the reach of its influence. I set down the man, in my own mind, for a genuine Highlander: he was tall, robust, and well-formed;



there was something martial in his manner, accompanied by a manly and obliging demeanour, which inspired confidence and induced favour. I afterwards found that he had served several years in the British army; and indeed a military character seems to pervade the Highlanders generally; during the course of our progress through this country, we met with a number of old soldiers, some of whom bore honourable marks of their courage in the hour of danger.\*

In the course of the evening, we learned from our host, that we were in a good district for game, and that a considerable part of it was rented by an English gentleman, by paying a sum annually for the exclusive liberty of shooting over it.—When I entered the house I felt much fatigued; but from that refreshing and my favourite beverage, tea, I found on this, as on all similar occasions, the utmost benefit. A meal, composed of such materials as I have just mentioned, dissipates, in a great degree, previous fatigue; and I generally feel disposed, under such circumstances, to sacrifice to the Jolly God ere I retire to rest.—I have already several times observed, that Highland whiskey is very palatable, particularly when converted into toddy; on me it produced a soporific effect, and I generally slept tolerably well after indulging in two or three glasses; and indeed the same effect will most likely result from any other spirituous liquor; but, during my excursion through this rugged country, the narcotic effect of the whiskey seemed more powerful than any other liquor in which I had ever indulged; but this might, in part, proceed from the laborious exertion which is rendered indispensable in crossing the Highlands of Scotland. Let it not, however, be supposed, that I am an advocate for hard drinking; or that I indulge beyond the bounds of reason myself. Owing to an alarm, which I experienced many years ago from fire, and from which I had a narrow escape, I have never slept very soundly; and even after having undergone much fatigue, I

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\* The national ballad would have applied to many of these manly specimens:

“ A Highland lad my love was born,  
The Lowland lords he held in scorn;  
He still was faithful to his clan,  
My gallant brow John Highlandman.  
Sing hey for ho John Highlandman,  
Sing hey for brow John Highlandman,  
There's not a lad in all the land,  
Can match with my John Highlandman.

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
And good claymore down by his side,  
The ladies hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant brow John Highlandman.  
Sing hey for ho, &c.”

am not able to close my eyes unless I take something more potent than the common beverage of the table.

We retired to bed at half past ten o'clock.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

*Highland Comforts and Accommodations.—Plenty of Game.—Ramble amongst the Mountains.—The Unlucky Sportsman. Proper Number of Dogs to range together.—Lose my way among the Mountains.*

On the approach of the 12th of August, I have little doubt, all sportsmen feel a degree of impatience; in this respect I can answer at least for myself; I have, in the early part of this volume, expressed my opinion on this subject; and therefore have only to remark that I felt, in the present instance, no disposition to rise very early. The morning before I had been stirring with the lark, but the accommodations at Crianlarick were not exactly suited to my taste, though, with these I could have made myself well satisfied, had it not been for the forbidding aspect, and repulsive manner, of the hostess: in our present quarters, on the contrary, I found myself perfectly at ease, and I laid till the late cock crow. By this time I had become reconciled, as it were, to the Highlands of Scotland; the customs of which, and mode of living, are not at the outset, suited to an Englishman's habit, or an Englishman's mode of thinking. In matters of this sort, more will be found to depend on the disposition of the people than on their means of administering to a stranger's comforts. From the very nature of the country and its frigid climate, comparative poverty must ever be a general feature, there must always be a great degree of uniformity in the manner of living, where, owing to the sterility of the soil, the means of subsistence are extremely limited. Yet, it must be admitted, that the Highlanders make the most of what Providence has placed within their reach, and produce much more comfort in their domestic economy than would at first be supposed, judging from the scanty materials with which their romantic country is provided. The external appearance of their cottages is not very prepossessing; and though on entering them, their interior presents forms and aspects somewhat at variance with all the pre-conceived notions of an Englishman, yet these humble dwellings are, on the whole, contrived according to the means which Providence has placed within the reach of these hardy mountaineers, and in the best possible manner. Now there is, after all, a degree of snugness in these lowly abodes which a superficial view of them seems by no means to indicate. Those who *hastily* pass through the Highlands, if they extend

their excursion beyond what is called the short tour, are frequently much dissatisfied: and hence (as I have before observed) expressions of disgust are frequently met with written on the glass of the windows, or scrawled on the walls; this I observed in many places, particularly at the King's House Inn, on the Moor of Rannoch, which, after all, is a place which affords good accommodations, and produces the utmost civility. It requires something more than a rapid movement or flight through this country, in order duly to estimate it, and its inhabitants: it will not be found a second Paradise after all; but I spent much of my time very pleasantly during my progress through it; and as far as relates to shooting, it is perhaps not to be paralleled on the face of the earth. We rose, not now with the lark, (indeed I do not recollect meeting with this pretty little songster very often in the Highlands); but soon after nine o'clock. My friend F——, breakfast being over, busied himself in revising his sketches, and I also felt an inclination for remaining within doors, as a rest from much fatigue. The day was uncommonly beautiful: not a cloud was to be seen: the azure vault of heaven appeared at an immense distance, while the summits of the hills were irradiated by the dazzling beams of a splendid and almost meridian sun. This was too tempting; we therefore ordered a good substantial lunch, or early dinner, and soon after one o'clock I prepared to ascend the mountains on the left of Sleigh (looking towards Crianlarick). It may seem strange that I should set out precisely at that period of the day, which in former pages I have stated to be (under the circumstance of an almost scorching sun) very ill calculated for grouse shooting; but, as I have before remarked, I seldom found game very near the road, and I thought that by the time I reached a proper situation for a little diversion, the intense heat would in a great degree have subsided.

On attempting to ascend the first mountain, I found it much higher than I had supposed, and the ascent more laborious than distant appearances seemed to promise; before I had reached the top, I turned to the right, and passing along the side of the hill, proceeded to some lower ground, which formed a kind of valley, though considerably above the level of the sea. I must here observe, that Mr. F—— remained at Sleigh; and as I went forth alone, my intention was to ramble for a few hours amongst the neighbouring mountains, and return to him early in the evening.

*(To be continued.)*

### *A GREAT CAVERN DISCOVERED.*

About six weeks ago, as some workmen were employed in quarrying stones in a lime-stone quarry situated within seven miles of the town of Ca-

her, and six miles of Michelstown, on the old line of road between the said towns, they discovered, at the distance of 20 feet from the surface, an opening

into the rock capable of admitting the body of one person; prompted by curiosity, one of the men entered the opening, and proceeded along a sloping declivity, which terminated at the distance of 40 or 50 feet from the entrance, in an abrupt descent of about 20 feet. Unable to proceed further, he returned, and having procured a ladder, he, accompanied by two or three of the workmen, proceeded to explore the cavern. Having descended the ladder, they proceeded along a passage about 300 yards in length, 40 feet in breadth, and generally between 30 and 40 feet in height, at the termination of which a superb cavern, nearly one mile in circumference, presented itself to their view. This grand cavern seemed to be supported by about 150 chrystal columns, varying in height from 30 to 40 feet, and in diameter from one to eight feet. In the middle of this spacious cavern is placed a chrystallized petrification exactly resembling a table, about seven feet in length and two feet in breadth, surmounted with chrystal candelabra of the most curious construction. The subject would be endless, were I to enumerate the variety of surprising creations which nature has displayed in this subterranean palace. At the distance of 700 or 800 yards, and immediately opposite the entrance, lies another passage which led them into what they called the lower cave, which is about three-quarters of a mile in circumference, supported like the former cave by lofty pillars, and decorated with the most fanciful productions. Having proceeded through this cave, they discovered an aperture, which having ascended by a flight of eight steps, a sight presented itself to their view capable of impressing the strongest emotions of surprise and astonishment on the mind of the spectator. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of this astonishing hall, as nothing less than the descriptive powers of a Sir Walter Scott or a Sheil could render it even

moderate justice; suffice it to say, that it is about three miles in circumference, supported, like the other caves, with innumerable pillars, and adorned with almost perfect imitations of all that art and nature presents to our view. However, I cannot forbear remarking, that in the centre of this magnificent hall, and depending from its roof, appears a petrification resembling the body of a horse, through which, at the distance of fifteen feet from the floor, issues a stream of pure water, which, after forming several evolutions on its chrystallized bed, disappears, with hollow murmurings at the furthest extremity of the hall.

Through an opening to the right in the last mentioned hall, they descended by a flight of ten or twelve steps to a cavern called the long cave, which is about a mile and a half in circumference, supported in like manner by superb columns, and adorned with many of the same imitations of nature and art. Amongst the imitations of art is a hollow chrystallized petrification resembling a drum, which, when struck upon, produces a sound, the reverberation of which will continue for several minutes. Having proceeded through the last mentioned cave, they came to a fissure in its right side, which led them into what they called the cellar cave. This cave, unlike the rest, is not supported by pillars, nor adorned with those productions of nature for which the others are so highly appreciated; but the spectator is amply compensated for the absence of those ornaments by the view of a deep and rapid river, which urges its subterraneous course through the middle of the cave, and which, in all probability, is the same which passes through another celebrated cave, called the "Sheep's Cavern," a place too well known to offer any comment upon.—Several beautiful specimens of spar, &c. have been brought from the cavern, and left for inspection at the office of The Tipperary Free Press.

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*Sale of the "Valuable Racing Stud, Hunters, and splendid Pack of Harriers," of Thomas Scarisbrick, Esq. deceased.*

On Wednesday morning, the 28th of August, I observed, at an early period, numbers of gigs, carriages, and horsemen, proceeding in the direction



of Scarisbrick: I got on horseback before 9 o'clock, although the distance was little more than ten miles, feeling no disposition to proceed more rapidly than what is vulgarly called a *foot's pace*. In this way, labouring under considerable depression of spirits, I had measured nearly two miles, when I was overtaken by that thoroughbred Englishman, Mr. Ackers, and we jogged on to Scarisbrick Hall in company.

On opening the gate which leads (by the side of the wood) immediately to the stables, I did not, as I have so frequently done, meet the much lamented Mr. Scarisbrick, my kind hearted and generous friend, if I may be allowed to use the term. No! the Presiding Genius, the Master Spirit, had vanished! and every thing appeared out of place! The court yard, the lawn, &c. were crowded with people; but, in defiance of this otherwise animating scene, gloom was the predominating aspect. The beautiful sheet of water, enlivened by the fluttering of its web-footed tenantry, had lost its charms; the park no longer seemed to present the genuine smiles of Nature; the mourning escutcheon had already been reared, and every thing appeared to weep: the cry of the hounds was no longer musical; in dismal howling they seemed to bewail the loss of their kind hearted and generous master!

From all directions might be seen pedestrians, equestrians, &c. wending their way to Scarisbrick Hall, the far greater part of whom attracted by curiosity. The assemblage was numerous; but of the superior classes the attendance was but slender. Messrs. Trafford, White, Farrington, &c. were grouped, debating the rumour of Sir Harry Goodricke's death, which I well knew to be but too well authenticated; Mr. Willis came up at the moment, and confirmed the melancholy intelligence.

On looking at the catalogue, I was much surprised at the slovenly manner in which it was put together, particularly as it must have been executed under the immediate direction of Mr. Lucas, a man whom I thought so accomplished, so completely *au fait*, in such matters. The pedigrees, in several instances, are questionable: for example, Lot 5 runs thus, "Bay Gelding, by

Peter Lely, out of I'm-sure-I-shan't, by Coriolanus, g. d. by *Sir Peter*"—query, *Marske*? Lot 9 "Bay Colt by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, out of *Tramp's dam*: query, *Thomasina*? &c. &c.

Then, again, there are names occur of which I never before heard; for instance, lot 12 "Chapeau de Paille, by Rubens, out of *Fadladinda*." This name, *Fadladinda*, occurs more than once in the catalogue; perhaps Mr. Lucas will be kind enough to throw light upon this inexplicable name.

Further, lot 18 "*Chesnut colt foal, by Peter Lely, out of Little Red Riding Hood, with a chesnut pony. Stinted to a half bred horse.*" There appears an almost unravable degree of ambiguity in this triangular and disjointed description.

The catalogue, on the whole, is not remarkable for elegance, but pre-eminently conspicuous on the score of meagre and bad description, incorrect orthography, false punctuation, and general slovenliness.

At a few minutes past 12 o'clock, the auctioneer, Mr. Lucas, mounted the rostrum, and delivered the exordium in an audible voice; but I cannot compliment him on the impressive correctness of either his orthoepy or his emphasis, upon his judicious climax, the euphony or mellifluousness of his periods; but he very judiciously avoided every thing appertaining to the high sounding rhetorical flourishes of Cicero, or the more impassioned apostrophes and vigorous pathos of Demosthenes: his oral descriptions wisely flowed in the vernacular idiom, and the use of mysterious technicalities was altogether avoided.

Amongst other expletives contained in the catalogue was the following, "*The Racing stud has been selected with great judgment.*" The judgment of Mr. Lucas was employed in the selection; and I feel well assured the best energies of his mind were called into action on the different occasions. At the sale of the late Mr. Clifton's stud, Mr. Lucas purchased for Mr. Scarisbrick, a foal for which he gave 365 guineas (if my recollection be correct); this foal is rising three years old, and is thus described in the present catalogue, "Lot 4 Bay colt, by Lottery,

out of Chapeau de Paille:" he was knocked down at 155 guineas; a striking proof of the change in the times, the perversion of taste, or something for which I cannot account, since, a foal, "*selected with great judgment*," and for which 365 guineas were given, was sold, when nearly two years older, well grown, and in perfect health, for less than half that sum.

The racing stud were disposed of at miserably low prices. Then followed the Hunters. The first of these was "Lot 22 Rose, a bay gelding, by Grey Orville." This horse is 9 years old, stands something more than sixteen hands, and is the most magnificent animal of the kind that ever fell under my observation. He was purchased by Mr. Scarisbrick, when four years old, from a person named Rose; and though hunted regularly with Mr. Scarisbrick's harriers, might very justly be said never to have done a day's work. As a hunter he is perfect (I speak entirely from personal observation;) he is a splendid timber jumper, equally so at water; in fact, no kind of fence comes amiss to him, uncommon power, uncommon speed, and good temper. Beau-

tiful in his forehead and hind quarters, with a corresponding carcase; fine, clear, bony black legs; he presents the very model of an immensely powerful hunter, in which all points and parts harmonize. Compared with Mr. Little Gilmour's celebrated horse, Vigat-un, he is handsomer, more powerful, I think; equally fleet, if not more so. He was knocked down to Mr. Cross-thwaite of Liverpool, at 180 guineas, which is not one third of his value.

Birmingham, purchased by Mr. Lucas for Mr. Scarisbrick, and for which 1500 guineas were given, had been previously disposed of to go to Russia, for 1000 guineas, and therefore did not appear in the catalogue. Birmingham was a roarer when he left Beardsworth's hands: his day is gone by; he has done too much work to make a stallion worth a straw. Beardsworth sold him well; he was well sold to the Russian agent, though at a loss of 500 guineas. The intrinsic value of this once justly celebrated horse is about twenty five pounds.

The following exhibits a sort of bird's eye view of the business:—

Lot	Guineas
1. Georgiana, a chesnut filly by Teniers—Bought by Mr. Robinson, Car-navy . . . . .	42
2. Scamp, a bay colt by Lottery; Capt. White, Manchester . . . . .	180
3. Chesnut colt, by Peter Lely; Mr. Hollinshead . . . . .	43
4. Bay colt, by Lottery, out of Chapeau de Paille; Mr. Brown, Liverpool . . . . .	155
5. Bay gelding, by Peter Lely, out of I'm-sure-I-Shan't; Mr. Dicconson . . . . .	120
6. Bay filly, by Peter Lely, dam by Whisker; Mr. Hollinshead . . . . .	32
7. Brown filly, by Young Corrector; Mr. S. Lees, Manchester . . . . .	40
8. Brown filly, by Neptune; Mr. John Reynolds, Burscough . . . . .	58
9. Bay colt, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck; Mr. Dicconson . . . . .	190
10. Chesnut colt, by Velocipede; Sir Thomas Stanley . . . . .	74
11. Bay filly, by Peter Lely, out of Bonny Bess; Mr. Lees, Bolton . . . . .	11
BROOD MARES.	
12. Chapeau de Paille, by Rubens, with a foal at her foot; Mr. Wilson . . . . .	185
13. Young Duchess, by Constable, out of Lady Abbess; Mr. S. Lees, Manchester . . . . .	70
14. Whisker mare, stinted to Lottery; Mr. Boardman . . . . .	36
15. Rose, by Rubens, stinted to Felt; Mr. Willis . . . . .	16
16. Little Red Riding Hood, by Warrior; Mr. C. W. Lyon . . . . .	17
17. Bonny Bess, by Old Corrector, out of Lady Abbess; Mr. Leicester, Moor Hall . . . . .	25
18. Bay mare, 3 yrs old, stinted to a half bred horse; Mr. Atkinson . . . . .	44
FOALS.	
19. Bay colt foal, by Peter Lely, with a brown cart mare; Mr. Trafford . . . . .	38
20. Chesnut colt foal, by Peter Lely, with a chesnut pony; Mr. Ackers . . . . .	24

Lot	Guineas
21. Bay colt foal, by Peter Lely, out of Young Duchess; Mr. Thompson, Wigan . . . . .	15
HUNTERS, &c.	
22. Rose, a bay gelding, by Grey Orville; Mr. Crossthwaite, Liverpool . . . . .	180
23. The Priest, a bay gelding, 7 yrs old; Mr. Hollinshead . . . . .	85
24. Driver, a bay gelding, by Langolee; Mr. Dicconson . . . . .	180
25. Grey gelding, by the Marshall; Ditto . . . . .	150
26. Brown mare, by Sir Gilbert; Mr. Trafford . . . . .	85
27. Two year old colt; Mr. Greenham . . . . .	20
28. Brown mare, 7 yrs old; Mr. Dicconson . . . . .	75
29. Chesnut mare (Mallow Lass); Ditto . . . . .	45
30. Brown mare, stunted to half bred horse; Mr. Bibby . . . . .	10
31. Black horse; Mr. Mather, Manchester . . . . .	19
32. Brown horse; Mr. Leicester, Moor Hall . . . . .	20
33. Grey cart horse; Sir Thomas Hesketh . . . . .	21
34. Old cart horse . . . . .	4
Splendid pack of harriers (22 couple); Mr. Dicconson . . . . .	45
Travelling phaeton, nearly new; Ditto . . . . .	100
Stanhope gig, nearly new; Mr. Harriot, Ormskirk . . . . .	31

### *Of BREEDING for the TURF.*

(From the Turf Expositor.)

This subject, though highly interesting to the sportsman, will be considered by many, perhaps, as one upon which little, if any, new light can be thrown; a superficial view of it might impress such an idea upon the mind; but as I am not aware that it has ever been treated physiologically, at least through the medium of the press, I will venture to record my ideas upon it, commencing, as all matters, of science at least, should be commenced, with the fundamental principles.

If, in the first place, we take a cursory survey of the vegetable kingdom, we shall find that almost continual crossing or alterations are indispensable to perfection, or even improvement; and, without descending to minute particulars, it may be observed, that the unlearned agriculturist, having gained knowledge from practical experience, never sows wheat upon the identical soil where the seed grew: he is aware that such a method would be highly injurious to his interest—he is aware in fact, that the crop would inevitably be very indifferent, if not a failure altogether: therefore, to avoid such an unwelcome occurrence, he procures his seed from some distant part of the country, or at least from some place where it has been

propagated on a soil very different in quality or nature from that on which he purposes sowing it; and thus insures, as far as the seed is concerned, an abundant and healthy crop. Similar observations are equally applicable to barley and all other kinds of grain, and indeed uniformly to vegetable life. Grain and vegetables sown or planted upon the very soil on which they were propagated, will, in the second crop, appear dwindling, poor, and diseased; in the third crop, these appearances will not only increase, but the puny and fading produce will scarcely pay for the mere labour of preparing the ground for its reception.

We next come to Animated Nature; and, recurring again to the simple farmer, we perceive he carefully changes his bull at certain periods, so as to prevent him coming in contact with his own progeny. The same plan he pursues in regard to his sheep, and indeed, to the whole of what is called his *live* stock;—he well knows, from the best of monitors, experience, that all attempts at propagation by consanguinity must be unprofitable, if not altogether abortive. By breeding in and in, the produce, in the first instance, will sometimes be handsome in form, but unhealthy, and



what, in sporting phraseology, may be termed, *weedy*—I know of no other word or phrase that will so forcibly express my meaning.—Proceeding still further on the same plan, the produce will be still more diseased, till, in the third or fourth generation, I am of opinion, they will lose the power of propagation, even should they live to maturity, which is doubtful.

Turning to Nature in a wild or unsubdued state, we shall find, that what is called instinct produces similar effects to what, in such animals as are subdued by man, are accomplished by judicious removes or crossings. The partridge may serve as an illustrative example:—the male, female, and young, if undisturbed, continue to live in the greatest harmony throughout the summer and winter: but, on the approach of spring, when the individuals feel the access of desire, desperate battles ensue: the old hen is the first to commence the fray—she views the young females with a jealous eye, and drives them from her domain with the utmost animosity: the cocks too attack each other, and a general dispersion is the consequence; the old pair alone remaining on the usual or frequented ground. Birds, in general, feed their young for some time after they leave their nest, as is well known; but after a certain period, the parents drive them away. The young of most, if not all, animals, after living for some time in harmony, become scattered by the law of nature, as it were, and thus those crossings or mixtures of blood take place which are indispensable to the health, the well-being, and the perfection of the species.

Let a person, if he wish to try an experiment of the effects of breeding in and in, procure two pointers, for instance, father and daughter: the produce of these may perhaps equal the parents in size and beauty of form; but in sagacity an evident degeneracy will be perceived, and most likely they will be useless for the field: proceeding, the produce of the next couple in the degenerating chain, will exhibit an inferior animal conformation, as well as an evident deficiency in vigour and energy: they will be utterly without sagacity, diseased, most likely, and altogether as worthless as possible.

Let us just take a glance at human nature; if a person will carefully look round him with a philosophic eye, he will perceive that, in secluded villages, where families are much in the habit of intermarrying, that the beings which are thus generated, are what may be called a sickly race, the greater part of whom, if they arrive at a doubtful maturity, die of scrofula, or decline before they have attained the meridian of life; while it frequently happens that intermarriages are completely sterile: lunacy is to be enumerated amongst the catalogue of diseases, generated or brought on by what I have just mentioned. I have frequently seen the miserable effects produced by marriages in what may be called the same families, particularly in some of the villages of Leicestershire and Derbyshire. On the contrary, if we turn our attention to Lancashire, we shall find in this county the finest, the most robust, and strongest race of men and women in the united kingdom, owing, as I believe, to that intermixture of blood, which cannot fail to arise in that manufacturing district, from the numbers of strangers which are almost constantly arriving from Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, many of whom marry and settle in it. Lancashire has long been proverbial, and justly so, for the beauty of its women, which I have every reason to believe has arisen from the cause just noticed.

From what has been stated, the necessity of particular attention to judicious crosses in breeding for the turf appears so evident, that any further reasoning on the subject would be superfluous; indeed, instances are not wanting, where the most incontestible proofs have been unwillingly obtained of the injurious effects of breeding in and in; particularly in the case of the Earl of Derby, whose partiality for the Sir Peter Teazle blood induced him to continue the same strain till the produce were completely worthless. Hence, it may easily be perceived, that all consanguinity should be avoided; and hence arises a doubt, whether an introduction of Arabian blood, at the present time, might not be advisable. I cannot give a decisive opinion upon this subject, since horses brought together from distant parts of the kingdom, having been differently treated, and having



breathed a different atmosphere, may perhaps answer the purpose better than the conjunction of the Arabian, particularly as our present racers are not only much larger than their Arab sires, but immeasurably superior in every respect to the source whence they sprung. It is true, there may, and most likely is, some degree of consanguinity throughout our racers, but, in most cases, it is very remote; so much so indeed, that, taking into consideration what has been already noticed, namely, distance of station or abode, a difference of atmosphere, and probably some difference in food, it is not too much to suppose, that the degenerating influence which is found to obtain in closer relationship, or nearer degrees of consanguinity, thus becomes superseded by all those excellencies which we frequently perceive propagated in our present breed of thorough-bred horses.

It would be ridiculous in this place to attempt to point out the best stallions of the present day, as, in judicious breeding, much must depend upon judgment in the selection; since, however excellent the form and qualities of a particular horse, he may, nevertheless, not be exactly calculated for every description of mare. Blood of the very best quality should always constitute a leading feature in both sire and dam; and then, as to qualities and form, should the mare

be deficient in either, or in any essential points, a stallion of an opposite description should unquestionably be selected.

This is intended as a general rule, to which some exceptions can scarcely fail to apply: as, for instance, there are horses to be met with, possessing the requisite qualities, whose stock or produce prove the reverse of expectation; while, on the contrary, there are horses whose stock almost uniformly prove racers. Also, mares, which have been well bred, but which have never been able to appear on the turf with credit, have produced, as brood mares, some of the best Racers that have ever appeared on the turf. Lastly, if a horse and mare possessed the best possible blood; if in form and powers also they were absolutely unobjectionable; yet, if they were roarers, or inclined to roar, or were afflicted with disease, I should certainly not be inclined to breed from them, lest the malady should appear in the offspring. As to age, it is reasonable to suppose, that animals in the full strength and vigour of life, are the most eligible from which to breed; still good racers have been produced from very aged mares, as well as from very old horses: but I should not advise breeding from very aged animals on both sides:—age and youth coming together must be far preferable.

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### *OPPOSSUM HUNTING in INDIANA.*

From an unpublished work, about to be issued in the West:—

One day, as I was leisurely riding along through a heavily timbered district, I came suddenly upon a lad, apparently between ten and twelve years old. I had passed no house for many miles, and could see no 'clearing' in any direction around me. I was surprised to find such a mere child alone in such a wilderness: I dismounted, and approached him. He stood at the foot of a dead tree, from a hole among the roots of which every now and then issued a tremendous growl. He turned his eyes upon me for a moment, as I neared him, and I was struck with the intelligence of his countenance, and his apparent indifference at the approach of a stranger. He had a certain wag-

gish look, and on the whole I was satisfied that he had seen travellers before, and that, notwithstanding his youth, he knew perfectly well what he was about. He was armed with a long stick or pole, sharpened at one end, which he was very dexterously, but most unceremoniously, thrusting into the hole whence proceeded the terrible growling that had at first arrested my attention.

'What have you my boy?' enquired I, after surveying him for a few moments.

'A stick, if I know,' replied the urchin, turning up as quizzical an eye as can be found in a thousand, and then giving the occupant of the hole a tremendous punch, which brought forth a growl that made the woods reverberate.

'And a pretty sharp one too, if I

know,' responded I, smiling. 'But what have you treed?'

'I have a 'possum *holed*,' replied the boy, giving a second arch look, and another tremendous punch.

'I should rather think you had him *halved*,' said I stooping down and peeping into the burrow.

'Do you belong in these here parts?' asked he, eyeing me attentively, though with something of a leer, as before.

'I do not, Sir.'

'You're a traveller, looking at the land, 'specten to purchase, if I know,' continued the boy.

'*Specten to purchase*' It cannot be the imp of a band of robbers, thought I, wishing to sound my purse. But I almost immediately replied, 'A traveller, though not on a land speculating tour, if I know.'

'You never lived in the woods, I know,' said he.

'I never did. But how do you know that?'

'I think so. An you never hunted 'possums?'

'No—never.'

'I thought that too.' Why, he continued, dropping his pole, and assuming a look of some importance—'when you've been as long in these here back woods as me, you won't talk of *halviny* a possum in its hole. They've more lives nor a cat, and I might stand here till harvest and punch, and be no better off. Wait a minute or two, and I'll show you how to hole a possum, a little the slickest.'

Saying this, he took a large jackknife from one of his pockets, and an arrow head in flint from another, and heaping together a few pieces of spunk, or dry rotten wood, he struck, and in the course of ten minutes had a 'pretty smart' fire kindled at the mouth of the possum's hole. This, he said, was for the purpose of 'smoking him out.' Pleased with the boy's activity, and the almost manliness of his every action, I seated myself at a short distance, to watch his movements.

'The tree may burn, and your horse may get scared and break away, if I know,' said he, 'and you had better look out.'

But before I had time to look around, a large possum galloped past me. The young Hosheroon, however, was close

in the rear, and the animal's flight was soon stopped: for no sooner did it feel the weight of the boy's stick, now that it had emerged to the light, where its movements could be seen, than it dropped down, and keeled over on its side, to all appearance dead.

'That was a well aimed blow my boy,' said I.

'But it hain't done much, though, if I know,' said he, with a knowing shake of the head.

'Why you have killed the animal,' said I, 'and what more do you want?'

'I want to *halve* it,' replied he, not yet forgetting my witticism, and with an arch smile, which I did not exactly comprehend.

'And if you'll hold it up by the hind legs for a moment, I'll show you how we do these things back here.'

I assented, though not without some fears of his waggery, and he again whipped out his jackknife. But the blade had hardly found its way through the animal's skin, when I flung the opossum over my head to the distance of twenty feet, and jumped nearly as far in an opposite direction. The truth was, I soon felt the animal's cold tail against my wrist, and looking down, saw its eyes glaring, its jaws extended, and its back curving to a degree that would soon have brought its mouth in very close neighbourhood with my hands. I thought it best to get rid of such a dead charge as soon as possible; and in less than no time, as the young Hosheroon would say, I and the opossum were something like a distance of forty feet apart. The boy had anticipated the result; and seizing a club, he bounded after his enemy, and brought it to its back again, 'as dead as ever.' He then turned round, and enjoyed a hearty laugh, at my expense, apologizing, however, by 'sposing I'd pardon him, as it mought have been dead.' And, though I was not ignorant of the character of the animal, dead I certainly thought it was, after receiving such an unmerciful punching, and such a blow as the young Hercules had given it when it emerged from its hole.

'I presume it is dead now,' said I, again approaching.

'As dead as it was afore, if I know,' answered the boy. 'Why, these here

things has fifty lives, and will sometimes run after their heads is off. I understand managing 'em well, though, and if you ai'n't in too big a hurry, and 'll wait a leetle bit longer, I'll show you *how* to kill 'em.'

'But this is *certainly* dead,' said I, turning it over two or three times with my foot.

'As dead as it was afore, and I'll show you, if I know,' replied the boy, as he moved off in the direction of the fire he had kindled to 'smoke out' the possum. He soon returned with a live coal stuck in a split stick; and opening the jaws of the animal, he forced the fire into his mouth and held it there till the dead came to life, and began to scamper away again. I now expressed myself satisfied that it was *not* dead, and he quickly pursued and overtook his victim. Again it was stretched upon the ground, and the young 'Hosheroon' began his preparations for its *execution*. He cut a forked limb from a sapling, and sharpened the prongs. This he placed over

the possum, one of the prongs on each side, and driving them into the earth, thus confined the animal so that it could not possibly escape. He then took his jack-knife, and proceeded with great deliberation to sever the animal's head from its body. Its struggles were great, but availed it nothing; and in a few minutes it was not only *halved* but quartered too, and its different parts were scattered over the ground.

It was near night, and I accompanied the youth to his home, which was about a mile distant from the scene of the preceding exploit, where I was made 'comfortable' till the next morning. I thought the little fellow had performed quite a heroic action, worthy of being recorded, as illustrative of the character and habits of the back-woods youth. His parents, however, seemed to look upon it as a common affair; and his mother chid him that he had not taken an axe with him, instead of going and butchering the animal so unmercifully.—*New York Traveller*.

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### *The HUNTER of the ALPS.*

On my return from an excursion into the valley of Argentiére, I visited the cabin of a hunter of the alps, and I could as well have fancied myself in the hut of one of the hunters north of Hudson's Bay. The habitation of this hardy sportsman is perched upon the steep declivity of a mountain, high above the village of Argentiére. It is a little wooden building, now half buried in the snow, with long pendent icicles hanging from the projecting eaves. The exterior of this hut was in perfect unison with the present appearance of the truly alpine scenery around, nor was the interior in less appropriate character. The entrance is through a narrow and dark passage, which leads to another and still darker passage, at a right angle with the first. At the extremity of this second passage is a door which opens into the principal, or as far as I could discover, the only apartment. One little window, more than half blocked up with snow, would have left this room in darkness, but for the aid of some dying embers on the hearth, which afforded just sufficient light to enable me to look around.

The room is in form an oblong square, neither large nor small; at the upper end is the spacious fire place, before which was a three legged table and a wooden stool, and at the side near to the lower end, and opposite to the window is the door opening to the dark inner passage; to the left of the hearth in one corner of the room, was a low pallet, raised a few inches from the floor of stone and clay; by the bed-side was a large wooden box, and in the opposite corner to the right, stood a chest of drawers; within, and around the ample chimney, were suspended bags of grain, dried herbs, dried chamois flesh, and various other articles.

Over the chimney were ranged a few culinary implements and two large rifle guns. In another part of the room hung several other instruments of the chase, and among these a ladder; beneath which, lying on the floor, were ropes, grappling hooks, mountain batons armed with iron spikes, and a few rough articles of dress. By the side of the door was a wooden clock, and near this a wooden crucifix, under which, nailed



to the wall, was a little pewter vessel, intended for the holy water, (not that it contained any, or that there was the least appearances of any ever having been there) and beneath this, shut up in a small glass case to represent the Holy Virgin, was a little waxen doll, decked out in tinsel garments something the worse for wear, and shewing the tarnish of many a year. Heads, horns, and skins of chamois and the bouquetin,\* with other trophies of the chase, hung round the room in all directions, and complete, I believe, or very nearly so, the inventory of furniture, and finishes this picture of the interior of an Alpine Hunter's Hut.

Of the hunter himself I have not yet spoken, and here description will be much more difficult. I can say that his appearance was that of a middle aged man, short and robust in make; but the expression of his countenance half hidden in a head of long black hair, or of the rapidity and extreme brilliancy of his dark eye, under the shaggy and projecting eye-brow, I am unable to create even a faint idea; the inimitable pen of the great master of description might have succeeded, but it is a task to which mine is totally inadequate.

If, however, the future visitor to this valley should feel any curiosity to see the man, and he should chance to be still in existence, the name by which he is here known is "*Le chasseur à l'œil de chamois*;"—*the hunter with the chamois eye*. His devotion to his mode of life, as is generally found among this race of people, appeared to be earnest in the extreme. To him, the dangers of the chase appeared the delights; and nothing, I believe, that could be offered would prove sufficient inducement to withdraw him from this pursuit.

To form any idea of the dangers amidst which the alpine hunter lives, it is necessary to have seen the places over

which he pursues his nimble game. The mind, accustomed to contemplate the frozen precipices, must shudder to think they are ever trodden by human footsteps; but here it is the chamois hunter passes days and nights, forming his bed upon the icy rock, surrounded by mountains apparently inaccessible, in the midst of avalanches, and in regions where rain never falls but in the shape of snow.

Having a strong desire to witness a specimen of the mode of pursuing game in these high regions, I proposed to this "*hunter with the chamois eye*," that I should accompany him to-morrow on an expedition for this purpose; he smiled and replied, that the hazard at the present season of the year (November) was even too great for himself to venture upon; I was consequently obliged to defer the gratification of my curiosity to a more favourable opportunity.

In answer to my inquiry, he mentioned about two hundred paces, as the distance at which he could kill with tolerable certainty. He always uses a single ball, and his rifle, when he fires, is rested upon a rock. This, the extreme weight and length of the piece seem to render absolutely necessary. The mode of pursuit is that of loitering day and night among the mountains where the animals are expected to pass, as the system of moving always in herds, and of keeping continual watch, prevents a more open plan of attack.

After spending some time in the company of this hardy hunter, we parted, each, I believe, much pleased with the interview.

I was much struck with the mode of life and whole appearance of this man, and he appeared gratified by the interest I took in the subject most interesting to him; but my offer to submit myself to his guidance amongst snowy mountains, and to brave the fatigues and dangers of the chase at this season of the year, seemed quite to win his heart.

T.

\* A species of wild goat, found among the Alps.

### *The Rivers of Burgundy and Franche Comté.*

Your Frenchman is but a sorry angler. He is grieved with neither skill, patience, nor perseverance. Possessing the finest streams, flowing through see-



nery proverbially beautiful; yet has France never produced its Walton.\* There is not a single original treatise on angling in the language. Art, which in that country, generally carries to the highest pitch of excellence whatever conduces to the enjoyment or amusements of life, has entirely neglected the manufacture of fishing tackle. The only rods I ever observed in the hands of the natives are those long taper reeds which grow upon the banks of the Rhone, at some distance below Lyons. Neither has a Frenchman any idea of proportioning the strength or fineness of his tackle to the size and nature of the fish of which he is in search. Clumsy hooks, large as those on which salmon flies are usually tied, answer all purposes; and a dead minnow, or that species of rank muddy worm, to which an Englishman never resorts until he has consumed all the rest of his stock, constitutes his only bait. These he slashes into the water with a noise and violence, that would have made old Izaak's grey locks stand on end with horror; allowing them to remain upon the bottom, until chance, or the approach of one of the very few fish accustomed to feed in that position, produces a "glorious nibble." The entire man, his toggerie, equipments and all, are a practical libel on the sport; and I am inclined to believe the great English Lexicographer had a Frenchman in his eye, when he defined the word "angle" to be, "a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other!" Had the Doctor, during his Highland Tour,† en-

countered some plaid girt mountaineer on the shores of Loch Ness or Loch Oich, engaged for more than an hour in killing a forty pound salmon, with a rod of eighteen, and a line of ninety feet, he certainly had spoken less contemptuously of one of the manliest and most exhilarating of all rustic amusements. But to return to our French friend. Should his morning's diversion prove successful, he crams his scaly prey into the *rod bag*, with which, tied over his shoulder, *à la militaire*, like a sword belt, he swaggers off, pipe in mouth, to finish the day with the more congenial pastimes of the billiard table and wine shop.

If float angling be thus imperfectly understood, they are still less skilled in the fabrication and use of the "nice dissembled fly." With the exception of now and then a solitary individual who has been initiated into the art and mystery, by some wandering Englishman, these are unknown. Sterne observes on one occasion, "every thing is good for something;" and this ignorance of the natives, has in many laughable instances, proved very advantageous to me. Near Dijon in Burgundy, is a small river called the Suzon, flowing through a stupendous and singularly romantic mountain pass, the Val de Suzon. This stream has the reputation of producing the most finely flavoured trouts in France: they are indeed of a very beautiful colour, and, though small, exceedingly numerous. With a May fly in its season, (which in this warm climate, commences at least a month earlier than in England,) and at other times with the yellow dun, and a Welsh fly called the *coch y bondi*, three or four dozen may be caught in an afternoon's fishing. As the Suzon is only

\* There is an *original* English copy of this work in the Public Library of Dijon, dated 165- *odd*. It appears to have been new when presented, as the binding, though antique, is in excellent condition, and the leaves when I discovered it, were still sticking together from the size used by the binder in marbling them. As the provincial French are extremely incurious respecting English literature, the volume probably had never been opened before for upwards of a century and a half, and it is difficult to conceive how a work of that description should be found there at all. The library and the building

containing it, formerly belonged to the Jesuits. It may therefore have been brought over by one of that body, whose intercourse with England in the reign of Charles 2d was notoriously frequent. We recommend a sight of the volume to such of our sporting friends as are labouring under the influence of the *Bibliomania*.

† Vide Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, 1st edition.

ten miles from Dijon, these trout are in constant demand for the tables of the numerous French nobles and gentry, who constantly reside in that pretty city. The river is accordingly *amodiée* or farmed out. One evening about sunset, while busily engaged on its banks, my attention was attracted by the barking of a pointer dog, and on looking round, I perceived a little gentleman bustling towards me, with a game bag at his back, and a double barrel (a Frenchman would seem to despise a single gun, I never yet saw one in use) on his arm. A low bow, a doffing of the bonnet, and the never failing "excusez moi, Monsieur," prefaced the intelligence the river was rented, that he was the proprietor, and in short I could not be permitted to angle there. Monsieur, rejoined I, with an obeisance even more profound than his own, and handing him my pair of flies, you will perceive these hooks are unbaited, without either worms or minnow, how can I catch your trout? "The fact is, Sir, we Englishmen are odd fellows, as I dare say you before knew; there is no disputing about taste; I, like many of my countrymen, have a passion for amusing myself by flogging the water as you now see, with a long stick and a string." "Ah! Ah!" exclaimed the little Gaul, eyeing me from head to foot, and grinning until his eyes overflowed, "C'est toute autre chose ça!" Monsieur is at liberty to amuse himself after that fashion, whenever and as long as he pleases. So saying, he wished me a very pleasant evening's pastime, and rejoined his companion, to whom, judging from his gesticulations, and frequent bursts of laughter, he was recounting the absurd diversion of the mad Englishman. "They laugh, however, who win," says Othello: the best of the fun remained with me; for slipping down to the tail of the stream, where, during our interview, a fine frolicsome trout had been displaying his golden spotted sides in a succession of summersaults in and out of the water, I hooked, and quickly transferred him to his fellows in my basket, unperceived by my puny little friend, who was busily engaged beating a clover field on the opposite hill side. In a few moments

after, I heard him cry "*Tout beau!*"\* a bevy of quails got up, and he brought down a brace in good style. A better shot than fisherman. The country gentlemen of France are in general keen clever sportsmen; few of them, however, possess the means of maintaining regular establishments. I don't think Louis Philippe has such an establishment as a hunting club in all his dominions.

During a similar angling excursion, I had no difficulty in persuading an honest farmer I was catching frogs, and that fly fishing was an English, and a very superior mode for capturing that favourite article of a Frenchman's diet; and which, when fricasseed, he actually prefers to the finest fish or poultry. Again I say, Mr. Editor, *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

Independently of the sport they furnish, the rivers of the middle and southern departments of France, are most attractive from the exceedingly beautiful landscape which almost universally diversifies their banks. The vine, the olive, the walnut, and the fig, intermingle their foliage of many shades; and the jasmine, the honey suckle, and the rose, clustering upon every hedge row, perfume the air with a thousand sweets: there is too, a brilliancy and lustre in the atmosphere and in the sky, unknown to more northern climes. The streams are of dazzling brightness, often flowing for miles upon a bottom of fine red gravel, in most places level as a garden walk. There the smaller fry may always be seen sporting in great numbers, and towards nightfall too, the larger breed sally forth to feed on these pleasant shallows. Of this character are all the rivers which flow into the Rhone during its course to the Mediterranean from below Lyons. The fountain of Vauchuse, sacred to the names of Petrarch and Laura, is, "*Piscatoribus sacrum*" also; for it contains a vast number of beautiful trout.

La Tille, about 10 miles east of Dijon, is a delightful little trout river. The

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\* The origin of our English Toho! the Norman French were originally our instructors in all that appertains to the sports of the field.

• writer of this paper has passed many successful hours on its long gravels.

La Beze, 4 miles beyond, rapid and famous for large fish. In the course of a day's angling, I once killed three, weighing together eleven pounds.

The Soane, flowing into the Rhone at Lyons, produces almost every species of fish, except salmon. Amongst these are grayling, very delicious eating. They rise much more freely than trout; and, missing their first spring, will return to the charge two or three times successively.

The Doubs (Franche Comté), from Besançon to Dole, is a very beautiful broad stream, with fine long stretches of gravel. The angler must wade occasionally, but during the summer of such a climate, the water is tepid as milk. A pair of the wooden shoes, called sabots, worn by the peasantry, answer well for this purpose. They can be concealed at some convenient spot near a favourite haunt, and thus the wearer will be enabled to return home dry shod. Trout of six pounds are often exposed for sale in Dole market, and I have myself killed numbers of from one to three pounds.

Of coarse fish, viz. pike, perch, bream, barbel, tench, chub, &c. every pond and river in France produces a vast abundance. One of the most extraordinary places in the world for bait fishing is the canal of Montbard. The chateau of the great naturalist, the Count de Buffon, stands at the entrance of the town, and still contains many interesting relics of that celebrated man. It is at present inhabited by his son's widow, her husband having been butchered by the ferocious brigands of the Revolution in 1792. I have seen this piece of water literally *black* with shoals of barbel, bream, chub, tench, &c. and an Englishman for a short time resident there, killed upwards of 70 lbs. in about 18 hours fishing. Excellent wine is also grown in the vicinity of Montbard, as the following little anecdote will testify:—As I lay extended under the shade of one of the fine poplar trees, planted on the banks of the canal in question, engaged in watching my three rods, I heard a lusty voice trollying merrily a catch from the bank behind me.

Looking in the direction whence these sounds proceeded, I was astonished and amused to see a fat man in a priest's garb, who, from his rubicund visage and rolling unsteady gait, seemed that morning at least, to have been more zealous in his devotions to St. Bacchus than to the Virgin. Some little noise occasioned by my rising, attracted his attention, he stopped, tottered forwards, gazed at me a few minutes, and after stuttering forth—"Voilà un Anglais, bon camarade," commenced descending the steep and slippery bank of the canal. A long series of drought made this a task of some difficulty as well as danger; the holy man quickly lost his footing, his heels flew up, and but for my timely assistance, he would have rolled, hissing hot, into the water. After placing his reverence on his legs again, and assisting him in the removal of some unseemly stains his cassock had acquired in the descent, he swore a very unsanctified oath that he would not return home unless I accompanied him, "*pour boire du vin.*" Entering into the whim of the moment, I collected my rods and set forwards with my reverend associate towards the village, his tongue never ceasing to discourse with extraordinary volubility on the excellence of his wine store. At length he ushered me into a pretty house, overgrown with a luxuriant vine plant, from which the white and purple clusters spread in rich and tempting profusion. It was about the close of September. It has been generally observed, that the French clergy, notwithstanding their celibacy and professed indifference to the fairer part of creation, have always displayed uncommon good taste in the selection of their handmaidens. This rule was not violated in the present instance, and the door was opened by a handsome Burgundian lass, whose vermilion cheeks and bright laughing eyes, were sufficient to breed scandal against the soberest priest in all France. My host's first move was to possess himself of the key of his *cave*,\* to which he led the way, exclaiming "Bon! Bon! Bon!" as he triumphantly tapped his finger against each well filled piece. Then opening a

\* Wine cellar.



sort of biinn at the upper end of the cellar, he drew forth and committed to my keeping, with a most inimitable drunken leer, three of those tall, graceful, long-necked bottles, perfectly familiar to the admirers of French wine. Having loaded himself with an equal number, he preceded me up the steps, but so unsteadily that I expected to see him once more come rolling down, and the delicious liquor poured out, an unwilling libation, upon the cellar floor. We, however, reached the parlour in safety, where the "neat handed Phillis," had spread the mahogany with a splendid display of peaches, nectarines, grapes, plums, pears, and apples, fruits which the country around produces in vast abundance. As is the custom in France, we drank out of tumbler glasses. His holiness was indeed a choice companion; a perfect friar Tuck. He sang his *chansons à boire*, and his *chansons d'amour*, with a taste and goût that had

done credit to the most accomplished man of the world. He had been in England, he loved its people. "C'étoit une grande nation, point du vin, mais beau coup *des jolies filles* !!" It grew late, mine host's voice and utterance waxed sensibly more and more indistinct; his songs too, came like "angel's visits, few and far between;" I was in the act of emptying the sixth bottle, when the good priest fell prostrate on the floor. I lifted him up, but finding it impossible to make him keep his seat, I summoned his pretty laughing Abigail, and with her assistance placed him in his bed, which fortunately, as is the fashion in French houses, stood under a recess in the same room. How I found the way to my own lodging I know not; this however is certain, I did not go angling, nor, as I was informed, did my jolly companion say mass in the morning which followed our debauch.

SINGULAR SPECIES OF GAME.—Some time since Mr. Kerr, of Giffenmill, in the parish of Beith, took his gun in his hand, and stepped up to the mill dam, in the expectation of falling in with a wild duck; but on his arrival at the dam, game of different species attracted his notice. He observed a great number of eels disporting, close to each other, at the

place where the dam discharges itself into the mill-head; he took aim, fired, and killed fourteen of the snpple gentry at one shot, and next morning his servant killed twelve, in the same place, by another shot. Several of them measured upwards of a yard in length. They were from four to six inches below the surface of the water when the shots were fired.

## WATERING HORSES.

A writer in a Cincinnati paper censures the practice of watering horses. Many horses, he says, are killed every year, by the absurd custom adopted by stage drivers and others of giving them water every five or six miles, when travelling. Farmers, who work horses at the plough or cart all day, never break off to water their horses, except at dinner time. The practice of watering horses frequently on a journey prevails in England; but the writer informs us, that "they manage these things better in France." There, he says, they never water their horses, except when they are fed. He states that travelling

in a stage coach, over the hills of Normandy, on a warm and dusty day, the horses foaming with sweat and dust, the driver stopped at an inn, and, when he expected to see him with his bucket, giving water to each horse, he saw him bring from the house a bottle, some of the contents of which he poured into his hand, and with it washed each horse's nose, throwing a little up into the nostrils.—The liquid was found, on enquiry, to be vinegar; and, although the horses had already travelled a long stage, they went off again as fresh as at first starting.



## FIELD SPORTS in AMERICA.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING. — Hitherto this season has not been very favourable to sportsmen, for though the weather was extremely fine and dry during the period of incubation, there has been so much rain since, that the birds are scattered all over the country, and in many parts even driven up into the hills. Those whose impatience led them to go out on the first days of the season, encountered much fatigue, and bagged but few birds—while those who allowed the first fortnight to pass over, have succeeded much better. Indeed it is to be regretted that the shooting season commences so early; for, should the weather chance to be at all unfavourable during the breeding period, the birds are destroyed too young, and little or no real sport is procured. To encounter the fatigues of a long day's exertion, in beating over woodcock ground, or cripple as it is termed, only to bag three or four birds, is paying dearly for a whistle, though to mercantile men any thing appears advantageous that takes a discount off the "*long bills*."

As the season is now a little more advanced, and the birds are collecting about their usual haunts, the sport is improving; for a friend of our's this week, at thirty miles from the city, bagged on an average twenty birds for a succession of days:—this, though not great sport, is a considerable improvement on the early days of the season when very few could be found. In England, woodcock shooting does not commence till about the middle of October, and though the birds are nearly half as large again as our own, they are so scarce that very little shooting takes place compared with the sporting here. We extract the following particulars of this favourite amusement, from a work on "American Rural Sports."

THE SEASON.—No laws regulating the season for shooting woodcock have, we believe, ever been enforced, except by the States of New Jersey and New York, which restrict it to that period between July and February; although several cities have so far noticed this game as to prohibit its sale in their

market places, except during the above period. Sportsmen, however, in every State, respect the proper season for shooting this bird, and are generally confined to those months: but there are many, who do not bear even the semblance of sportsmen, so unprincipled as never to regard law, either natural, moral, or statute, and destroy this bird indiscriminately whenever it is to be met with, often embracing the season of incubation, when the bird is so tame as almost to be taken by the hand, as more easily to be sacrificed to their inhuman and unfeeling propensities. In connection with the pleasures attending woodcock shooting, there are many inconveniences and difficulties, which call into exercise all the energies of the sportsman. Commencing in the heat of summer, he is subject in his excursions to the scorching rays of the sun, and dampness and mud attend his every step, from which, by the solar influence, often arises a damp vapour, almost at times suffocating, which enervates the system, and serves to create excessive fatigue; it thus becomes a season of toil, pain, and unpleasant retrospection: when, if pursued during the only proper season, in the fall of the year, it would be one of the most delightful periods of enjoyment.

PLACES OF RESORT.—This bird is known throughout the United States, under different names, as the snipe, big snipe, red breasted snipe, and mud snipe, and, in some parts of the country, through ignorance, is not considered fit to eat, although they are generally held in the highest estimation as an article of luxury, and frequently command an extravagant price; it is in October and November, that the woodcock is in the best state for the table, but impatience in the sportsman urges him to war against them, so soon as the law will permit it. The favourite places of resort for woodcocks are low marshy ground, swamps, and meadows, with soft bottoms, where cattle have been grazing, although during wet seasons they seek higher land, most generally corn fields, to seek their food in the

soft ploughed ground. It is no difficult matter to ascertain the presence of these birds in particular places, as the earth will be found perforated with numbers of holes made by their bills, while searching for worms beneath the surface of the ground.

Throughout the month of July, and part of August, the woodcocks are to be found in most grounds of the above description, and in seasons of excessive drought, are very numerous on tide water creeks and shores of fresh water rivers: those extensive meadows in the interior of New Jersey, near to Atsion Furnace, and frequently in the marshy flats, overgrown with reeds: they were also found in quantities in the meadows bordering the Cohansey river, in the lower part of Jersey, in 1825, at which place three gentlemen, in the space of about two hours, on a very small spot, killed upwards of forty birds. But though the favourite places of resort for woodcocks are in the regions of steams and muddy bottoms, yet, different from the snipe, they are averse to much water, and a heavy rain will disperse them over a wide extended country, and ground which sometimes produces abundance of this game, is found forsaken by them, the night succeeding a heavy rain.

**GUNS.**—The double gun should always be used after this description of game, as the fault of shooting too soon occurs more frequently in cripples, than on any other ground, and success is threefold more in favour of the second discharge than the first fire, as the bird, by this period, has only gained the proper killing distance. Very small shot, say No. 9, is sufficiently large to kill them, there being no American bird of the same magnitude which possesses so frail a skin, and is more easily penetrated.

After shooting at a bird, in case its flight continues, the course and spot in which it settles, should be particularly marked; as it frequently happens they will fly to a much greater distance with a mortal wound, than otherwise, and many birds are lost to the sportsman, from his neglect in this point.

**DOGS.**—In Europe every sport has its particular description of dogs, to

which their use is solely applied; thus, there is the stag-hound, and the fox-hound; for hunting hares the grey-hound; for the different vermin, the beagle, harrier, and terrier—for grouse, the pointer; for partridges and pheasants, the setter, and for woodcock the springer or *cocking spaniel*; In this country, our sportsmen, for shooting purposes, confine themselves to the pointer and setter dogs, and are mostly guided in their choice by taste, rather than judgment, and use them indiscriminately for grouse, pheasant, partridge, woodcock and snipe. The springer is but little known here, and is, in fact, the only proper dog to hunt woodcocks, as it never points, but is most assiduous in pursuit, and on the instant of springing the bird, gives warning to its master; but, in the absence of this dog, the setter is undoubtedly preferable to the pointer; the nature of the ground to be hunted over is more suited to his disposition and habits, and being less mindful of briars and thickets, he will not only perform more to the satisfaction of his master, but withstand greater fatigue than the pointer.

**EASY SHOOTING.**—The woodcocks, when found in meadow land, are easy birds to shoot, and require but an indifferent shot, and slight wounds to kill them, and are therefore sought after by young sportsmen in preference to other game; for being exceedingly sluggish in their movements, they afford excellent opportunities to the beginner to exercise himself in the science of shooting. When sprung from the ground, these birds always give warning by a whistling noise with their wings, and seldom rise higher than a man's head, skimming over the ground with a slow and steady flight, to but a short distance, when they settle again in the grass; but their character is entirely changed, when the shooting is confined to bushes and thickets, and it then constitutes one of the most difficult feats to kill them, their course being very indirect and unsteady, and differing altogether from the flight of other game, springing rapidly from the ground, and rising perpendicularly, until they clear the tops of the trees or bushes, when their flight becomes more steady, but

out of reach, and it requires much experience and judgment to embrace the proper moment to shoot before they make the twistings and turnings, in order to pass between the trees, for this most generally disconcerts every one who is not an expert shot.

To follow woodcocks successfully, two persons should always hunt together, so that, when the birds are sprung, they will be the better able to mark the spot where they settle again; as success depends, in a great measure, on marking them properly, it is advisable for one to walk in the centre of the thicket, while the other keeps outside, as in narrow swamps, the birds will universally dart out of some opening, and fly along the edge, until they determine to settle again, and the chances of killing are twofold in favour of the one outside, besides the opportunities of marking.

**BEATING THE GROUND.**—Persons frequently return from woodcock shooting unsuccessful, in consequence of not hunting the ground well; too much care cannot, therefore, be employed in beating a thicket, and very slow progress should always be made through high grass, as the tenacity of these birds to their places of repose will subject them to be almost trodden upon without taking wing, and it will be well for the sportsman to halt every few yards, as this will tend to flush them, when constant motion would keep them quiet.

**FEEDING PLACES.—FALL AND SPRING.**—In October and November, the woodcocks forsake their usual feeding ground, and are to be found in tall, swampy woods, small streams, overgrown with bushes, and newly cleared land; their favourite food consists of insects, larva of insects, and earth-worms; therefore, when the approaching cold weather drives the latter deep into the ground, they then resort to woods and bushland, where, beneath the leaves, they glean a subsistence on insects. This is the only proper season to shoot them; they are then fat, and much larger than in July, and generally free from vermin.

In June, they are to be met with in almost every swampy meadow; but their number is generally confined from two to six; as, however, the season advances, and the young birds mature,

the drought drives them to those wet feeding grounds before mentioned, into which they sometimes concentrate in great numbers. These places are then resorted to by sportsmen, who most frequently make most incredible havoc and waste of life among them, sometimes killing such quantities, that before night approaches those birds killed in the morning are putrified. This unnecessary destruction of life should be avoided; it adds nothing to the character as a good shot, and most certainly detracts from his feelings of humanity; that number should suffice which may be conveniently kept, and rendered suitable for the table.

**EVENING SPORT.**—The woodcock is considered a nocturnal bird, and does all its feeding and migratory flights during this season; indeed its sight is very imperfect in the day time, and the construction of the eye evidently unfits it for the glare of day: hence the reason why it selects, in low bushes and long grass, those sombre retreats from which it never voluntarily departs, until twilight approaches. This imperfection in sight is strikingly manifested, when driven from their seclusion, as they seldom make long flights, and are always anxious to settle immediately, as though it was painful to sustain the dazzling light of the sun, and are as likely to rush into danger as to avoid it, frequently approaching the sportsman sufficiently near to be stricken by the hand. The writer himself, during the past summer, while standing beneath the shade of a tree, observed a woodcock settle within a few feet of him, and actually remain some seconds before it took to flight again; but this apparent stupidity is only attributable to their imperfect vision, in the day time. But no sooner do the shades of evening appear, than they sally forth from their thousand hiding-places, to seek their food in open glades and meadows. At this time, an expert shot may reap a rich reward for his watchfulness, should he station himself near to some dense swamp, where these birds are making continual ingress and egress.

Often in his walks at twilight, along the secluded lane or lonely meadow, does the passenger observe an object







like a phantom flit before his face, or spring from his path, with a whistling noise, and is lost in the impenetrable gloom which surrounds him: it is this lonely bird, unable to sustain that light which gives life and gaiety to other birds, now breaking forth from every opening of the woody recess, to enjoy the comfort and protection which night affords, while seeking the unmolested means of sustaining life.

Woodcocks, although migratory, remain frequently with us during the whole year—sometimes, when the streams are covered with ice, and the ground with

snow; but their places of resort then, are in cedar swamps, and those springy woods, where the water never freezes, but is constantly oozing from the ground, and it appears remarkable how this bird, whose food consists altogether of worms and insects, should at this season of the year, find means to sustain life; but Nature ever provident in her resources, and bountiful to all her offspring, has furnished this bird with a bill whose length and delicacy of touch enables it to penetrate deeply into the earth, and draw from thence its accustomed support.

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STAG.—(Plate.)

If we compare the stag and the bull as to shape and form, few animals are more unlike; and yet, if we examine their internal structure, we shall find a striking similitude between them. Indeed, their difference, except to a nice observer, will scarcely be perceptible. All of the deer kind want the gall bladder: their kidneys are formed differently; their spleen is also proportionably larger; their tail is shorter; and their horns, which are solid, are renewed every year. Such are the slight distinctions between two animals, one of which is amongst the swiftest, and the other, one of the most sluggish, of the brute creation.

In the present cultivated state of this country, the stag is little known in its natural wild state. The few that still remain wild are principally to be found in Devonshire and Cornwall. They are still met with in a state of unlimited freedom in the mountainous parts of Ireland, and are numerous in the country of Glen-gary, and other parts of the Highlands of Scotland.

The stag in colour is a reddish brown, with some black about the face, and a list of the same down the hind part of the neck, and between the shoulders; he grows to a large size: and one which was killed in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, weighed three hundred and eighteen pounds, exclusive of the entrails, head, and skin; but those found in Bavaria, far exceed this bulk. Hondius, a German geographer, relates, that on the 22nd of August, 1560, a stag was hunted

and taken, which weighed 625lbs. In 886, we are told, that Basilius was attacked by a vast stag; this enormous beast lifted the emperor from his horse, on one of his horns, by his belt, and bruised his inside so much as to occasion his death.

*Stag Hunting.*—By sportsmen the stag is called, the first year, a *calf* or *hind-calf*; the second year, a *knobber*; the third, a *brock*; the fourth, a *stag-gard*; the fifth, a *stag*; the sixth, a *hart*. The female is called a *hind*: the first year she is a *calf*; the second, a *hearse*; the third, a *hind*. This animal is said to *harbour* in the place where he resides. When he cries, he is said to *bell*; the print of his foot is called the *slot*; his tail is called the *single*; his excrements, the *fewmets*; his horns are called his *head*; when simple, the first year, they are called *broches*; the third year, *spears*; the fourth year, that part which bears the antlers, is called the *beam*; and the little impressions upon its surface, *glitters*; those which rise from the crust of the beam, are called *pearls*. The antlers, also, have distinct names: the first that branches off, is called the *antler*; the second, the *surantler*; all the rest which grow afterwards till you come to the top, are called *croches*. The impression of the place where the stag lies lain, is called the *layer*, or *lair*. If it be in covert or a thicket, it is called his *harbour*. When a deer has passed into a thicket, leaving marks whereby his bulk may be guessed, it is called an *entry*. When

they cast their heads, they are said to *mew*. When they rub their heads against trees to bring off the peel of their horns, they are said to *fray*. When a stag, hard hunted, takes to swimming in the water, he is said to *take soil*; when he turns his head against the hounds, he is said to stand at *bay*; and when the hounds pursue upon the scent until they have unharboured the stag, they are said to *draw on the slot*.

The Highland chieftains used to hunt the stag with the utmost magnificence; they assembled some thousands of their clans, who surrounded a great tract of country, and drove the deer to the spot where the chieftains were situated, when a sort of indiscriminate slaughter commenced—not of all the deer; for, although several hundreds might be driven to a particular spot, yet, from the peculiar rush of the animals, on finding themselves in danger, a comparative few only were killed. Deer stalking is a favourite diversion with the modern Highland noblemen and gentlemen.

The subject of stag hunting induces us to relate an anecdote, or rather one of the most extraordinary plans that ever was practised against the life of a human being. King William III. was passionately fond of hunting, and made it a point of honour never to be outdone in any leap, however dangerous. A gentleman of the name of Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost, and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that the king might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous, that the king, when he came to the spot, shook his head and drew back.

His late Majesty Geo. III. was frequently out with his stag hounds, and he seemed very much to enjoy the diversion. He rode tolerably well; but of course never attempted to take any extraordinary or *rasping* leaps: he was, however, a pleasant, good tempered

sportsman; and his condescending affability endeared him to all those who were in the habit of attending the hounds.

The royal stag hounds are still kept up. There are, we believe, several other stag hunting establishments; but of minor consideration. In Devonshire, up to the year 1824, stag hounds were kept for the purpose of hunting the wild deer which still continued to exist in a state of unlimited freedom in that country; the establishment was, however, broken up in 1824; the wild deer have most likely disappeared ere this; and consequently no similar establishment is likely again to exist in this country.

It is upon the continent we are to look for stag hunting; but the system of the chase is different, and not exactly in unison with the feelings of an Englishman on the subject.

Some years ago, a stag was turned out of Whinfield Park, and hunted by the hounds of the Earl of Thanet, till, by fatigue, the whole pack were thrown out, except two staunch hounds, which continued the pursuit through the greater part of the day. The stag returned to the park, whence he had started, and, as his last effort, leaped the wall, and expired immediately. One of the hounds brought the scent up to the wall but was so exhausted that he died on the spot; and the other hound was found dead at a short distance behind him. The length of the chase could not be exactly ascertained; but, as the hounds and stag were seen at Red Kirks, near Annan, in Scotland, distant by the post road about forty-six miles, it was supposed that the run could not have been less than seventy or eighty miles. In commemoration of this fact, the horns of the stag, which were the largest of any seen in that part of the country, were placed on a tree of a most enormous size in the park, and afterwards called the *hart-horn tree*. The horns have since been removed, and are now at Julian's Bower, in the same county.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long  
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,  
Before the tempest drives. At first in speed  
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,



Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.  
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.  
 Deception short ! though fleetier than the winds  
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the north,  
 He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,  
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood.  
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,  
 Hot streaming, up behind him come again  
 Th' exulting pack, and from the shady depth  
 Expel him, circling through his every shift.  
 He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees  
 The glades mild opening to the golden day ;  
 Where, in fierce contest, with his butting friends  
 He was wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
 Oft in the full descending flood he tries  
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;  
 Oft seeks the herd : the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
 What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,  
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
 Inspire the course ; but fainting, breathless, toil  
 Sick seizes on his heart ; he stands at bay ;  
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
 He groans in anguish, while the growling pack,  
 Blood happy, hang at his fair jutting chest  
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

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*WARWICK RACES.*

These races, upon which considerable business was effected, commenced with more than customary spirit on Tuesday, September 3rd. There was a fair show from the turf circles both of Middlesex, Warwickshire, and Lancashire. The stewards were the Right Hon. Earl Craven, and W. P. Thornhill, Esq. The Guy Stakes of 50 sovs. each, which excited much interest, were won by Lord Warwick's Trepidation, beating Lord Exeter's b. c. Sir Robert, by Sultan, Mr. Gifford's ch. f. Miss Charlotte, by Pantaloon, Mr. Tomes's Sir Gray, and Mr. Cooke's Tarantella ; 19 paid. The favourites for this race were Sir Robert and Tarantella, the former being backed at 6 to 4, and the latter at 7 to 4. The winner most unexpectedly took the prize, to the infinite disappointment of the knowing ones, 5 to 1 being laid against Trepidation, and 5 to 1 against Miss Charlotte. It was an excellent race and won cleverly by half a length. The Leamington Stakes, of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 100 added by the town of Leamington ; two miles, upon which the betting was heavy and spirited, were won by Mr. Owen's b. m. Diana, 5 years, beating Lord Craven's b. g. Swing, 4 years, Mr. Robinson's Windcliffe, 6 years, Mr. West's Exile, 4 years, Mr. Day's Boy Blue, aged, Mr. Thornhill's Lely, aged, Mr. Peel's Changeling, 5 years, Mr. Beardsworth's



Chester, 4 years, and Sir G. Skipwith's Lucy, 4 years; four paid. Exile was the decided favourite, and was backed at evens, 5 to 2 against the winner, and 4 to 1 against Swing. At starting Boy Blue took the lead, Lucy close up, and the rest well together, the winner lying several lengths behind. In this situation they continued nearly three parts of the distance, when Diana came out, and at the off turn for the straight running she headed the rest, and won easy. Swing second. The match for 300 sovs. between Lord Litchfield's Gob and Sir J. Gerard's Billinge was won by the former. The Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, 3 subs. two mile heats, was won by Mr. Hickes's b. g. Harry, beating b. f. Graceful. The first sweepstakes of Wednesday of 25 sovs. each, for two year olds, was won by Sir J. Gerard's Billinge beating Donald, Mad Tom, and 4 others. The Avon Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three year olds, were won by Uncle Toby, beating b. c. by Sir Gray, 8 paid. The Warwick Cup value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie, was won by Lord Craven's br. c. Ludlow, beating b. g. Liston and Manchester; 14 paid. Betting 2 to 1 on Liston, 5 to 1 against the winner. A Plate of 50 sovs. given by the members of the borough, for maiden horses, &c. was won by ch. f. Repentance, beating Fear, Catlap, and Busiris. The Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 2 mile heats, was won by b. f. by Catton, beating two others. The Thursday's Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three year olds, were won by Uncle Toby, beating Tuft, by Whisker, and Sir Gray. The King's Plate of 100 guineas value, was won by Diana, beating Windcliffe, Swing, and Tarantella. The Town Plate of 50 sovs. was won by Mr. Thorne's b. g. Harry, beating Chester and three others.

We do not profess to load our pages with the detail of the minor races throughout the country, (many of which took place during the month of September) inasmuch as it would very little, if any, interest our readers: the all-absorbing topic in the racing world has been of course the Doncaster meeting; where the contest for the Great St. Leger affords another striking proof of the little dependence there is to be placed in the previous favourite. Mr. Watt has been for months very confident of winning this celebrated stake, and the result has proved that he had formed a correct estimate of the superior powers of his horse.

*DONCASTER RACES.*

**MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.**—The FITZWILLIAM STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 20 sovs added: two year olds, 5st 10lb; three, 8st; four, 9st; five, 9st 6lb; six and aged, 9st 10lb.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Orde's b c Tomboy, 4 yrs . . . . .	1
Mr. Skipsey's b f by Whisker, out of Alecto, 3 yrs . . . . .	2
Mr. Powlett's br f The Mystery, 3 yrs . . . . .	0
Lord Chesterfield's br h Colwick 5 yrs . . . . .	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's br h The Saddler, 5 yrs . . . . .	0

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs each, h ft for two year olds: colts, 8st 5lb; fillies, 8st 3lb.—Red-House in. The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Club.

Mr. Walker's b f Cotilion, sister to Caroline, by Partisan . . . . .	1
Mr. Powlett's br c by Figaro or Lottery—Miss Fanny's dam . . . . .	2
Mr. Maxwell's b c Runnymede, by Lottery—Claret's dam . . . . .	0
Lord Langford's br f Summerhill, sister to Sir Hercules . . . . .	0
Mr. Ridsdale's b c Valiant, by Velocipede, out of Charity . . . . .	0
Lord Kelburne's br f by Jerry, out of Emilia . . . . .	0
Mr. Armitage's ch c by Velocipede, out of Granby's dam . . . . .	0
Mr. Skipsey's br c Wyndham, by Chateau Margaux . . . . .	0
Mr. Heseltine's b c Warlaby Baylock, by Blacklock . . . . .	0
Major Yarrowburgh's b f by Velocipede, out of Laurel's dam . . . . .	0
Duke of Leeds' b c by Blacklock, out of Mrs. Rye . . . . .	0

18 paid.

The PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs each, h ft for four year olds: colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb.—3lb allowed, &c.—Four miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch g Trident, by Whisker, out of Torelli . . . . .	1
Mr. Gascoigne's b f Tuberoze, by St. Patrick, out of Trulla . . . . .	2

4 paid.

**MATCH for 1000 sovs h ft: 8st 7lb each.—St. L. C.**

Lord Kelburne's b c Retainer, by Jerry . . . . .	rec. ft.
Mr. Ridsdale's ch c St. Giles, by Tramp . . . . .	pd

**MATCH for 300 sovs h ft: 8st 7lb each.—St. L. C.**

Sir R. Bulkeley's b h Pickpocket, by St. Patrick . . . . .	rec. ft.
Duke of Cleveland's b h Liverpool, by Tramp . . . . .	pd

**MATCH for 100 sovs h ft: 10 st each.—Two miles.**

Mr. Eddison's b m Adelaide, 6 yrs . . . . .	1
Mr. Beardshaw's b h Tory, by Filho da Puta, aged . . . . .	2

**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100 gneas, for all ages: three year olds to carry 7st 9lb; four, 9st; five, 9st 9lb; six and aged, 10st.—Four miles.

Mr. Osbaldeston's b m Lady Elizabeth, 5 yrs . . . . .	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b c David, 4 yrs . . . . .	2
Mr. J. Mills's b h Butcher Boy, 5 yrs . . . . .	3

5 drawn.

**TUESDAY.**—The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs each. h ft for three years olds: colts, 8st 6lb; fillies, 8st 3lb.—The St. Leger Course. (75 subs.)

Mr. Vansittart's b c Rockingham, by Humphrey Clinker . . . . .	1
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Mr. Walker's br c Mussulman, by Muley—Mufti's dam . . .	2
20 started.—The Judge placed only the first 2.	
Mr. Osbaldeston's b c Tutor, by Lottery, out of Governess . . .	0
Mr. Orde's ch c The Dancing Master, by Felton . . . . .	0
Colonel Crawford's bl c The Mole, by Whalebone—Miss Emma . .	0
Mr. Ridsdale's b c Glaucus, by Partisan, out of Nanine . . . .	0
Duke of Leeds's b c Muley Moloch, by Muley—Nancy . . . .	0
Mr. Mostyn's br c Jack Faucet, by Jack Spigot—Hedley . . . .	0
Mr. Watt's ch c Belshazzar, by Blacklock, out of Manuella . . .	0
Major Yarburgh's br c by Lottery, out of Laurel's dam . . . .	0
Duke of Leeds's b c Lot, by Lottery, out of Rhodocantha . . . .	0
Mr. S. L. Fox's b f Tesane, by Whisker—Lady of the Tees . . .	0
Mr. Gully's br c Frankenstein, by Young Phantom—My Lady . .	0
Mr. Walker's b f Anne, sister to Tarrare, by Catton . . . . .	0
Mr. J. Scott's br c Connoisseur, by Chateau Margaux . . . . .	0
Lord Macdonald's b c Carnaby, by Brutandorf—Miss Fox . . . .	0
Mr. W. Watmough's b c by Figaro, out of Madcap's dam . . . .	0
Lord Kelburne's br f sister to Retainer, by Jerry . . . . .	0
Mr. Hunter's gr c Forester, by Gustavus—Young Pipylina . . . .	0
Mr. Rawlinson's br c Revenge, by Fungus—Ruby's dam . . . .	0

The PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs each, h ft for two year olds: colts, 8st 5lb; fillies, 8st 3lb.—Red-House in.

Mr. Walker's b f Cotilion, by Partisan, out of Quadrille . . .	1
Mr. Petre's ch c Valparaiso, by Velocipede, out of Juliana . . .	2

7 paid.

The DONCASTER STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 20 sovs added, for horses, bona fide, &c. of all ages: three year olds, 6st 10lb; four, 8st; five, 8st. 9lb; six and aged, 9st.—Two miles. (9 subs.)

Mr. Houldsworth's b m Circassian, 5 yrs . . . . .	1
Mr. Gascoigne's br f Isabel, 4 yrs . . . . .	2

The CLEVELAND HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 25 sovs added by the Corporation.—One mile.

Mr. Orde's br c Tomboy, 4 yrs . . . . .	1
Duke of Leeds's b f Lady Maud, 4 yrs . . . . .	2

3 paid.

WEDNESDAY.—The Foal Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft for three year olds: colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb—One mile and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's b c Despot, by Sultan . . . . .	1
Mr. Gully's Deceiver . . . . .	2

5 paid.

The CLARENCE STAKES of 20 sovs each, h ft with 20 sovs added: three year olds, 7st 4lb; four, 8st 5lb; five, 8st 12lb; six and aged, 9st 3lb.—Two miles.

Duke of Cleveland's ch c Trustee, 4 yrs . . . . .	1
Sir R. Bulkeley's b h Pickpocket, 5 yrs . . . . .	2
Sir R. K. Dick's gr g Allegro, 3 yrs . . . . .	P

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs each, 20 sovs ft with 25 sovs added: for four year olds; colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb.—Maiden at the time of naming allowed 4lb.—St. L. C.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c Birdcatcher . . . . .	1
Mr. Skipsey's Physician . . . . .	2
Mr. S. L. Fox's br c Julius, by Jerry . . . . .	3

2 paid.

The SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 20 sovs added : three year olds, 6st 12lb ; four, 8st ; five, 8st 10lb ; six and aged, 9st.—St. L. C.—The winner to be sold for 250 pounds.

Mr. Townley's b c Algiers, 3 yrs . . . . .	1
Duke of Cleveland's b g brother to Chorister, 4 yrs . . . . .	2
Sir R. Dick's gr g Allegro, 3 yrs . . . . .	3
Mr. Oats's b f Venus by Lottery, 3 yrs . . . . .	0
Mr. Gascoigne's br f Isabel, by Catton, 4 yrs . . . . .	0
Mr. Harrison's br f Miss Whitfred, 3 yrs . . . . .	0

The CORPORATION PLATE of 60 pounds: three year olds, 6st 7lb ; four, 7st 9lb ; five, 8st 3lb ; six and aged, 8st 10lb—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Watt's b f Nitocris, 4 yrs . . . . .	0	1	1
Mr. Marson's ch f Fanny Horner, 4 yrs . . . . .	3	3	2
Mr. Harrison's br f Miss Wilfred, 3 yrs . . . . .	0	2	3
Mr. Skipsey's bl f Eve, 3 yrs . . . . .	4	d	
Mr. S. Reed's b c Slinker, 3 yrs . . . . .	d		
Mr. Gascoigne's b c Repeater, 4 yrs . . . . .	d		

THURSDAY.—The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs each, 30 sovs ft: for three year olds; colts 8st 6lb: fillies, 8st 3lb.—The winner of St. Leger 4lb extra.—St. L. C.

Mr. Watt's ch c Belshazzar . . . . .	1
Mr. Walker's b f Ann, by Catton . . . . .	2

3 paid.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs each, h ft: for three year olds ; colts, 8st 6lb ; fillies, 8st 3lb.—St. L. C.

Mr. Walker's b c Boscobel . . . . .	1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch c Titus . . . . .	2

3 paid.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs each: for two year olds; colts, 8st 5lb ; fillies, 8st 2lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Heseltine's b c Warlaby Baylock, by Blacklock . . . . .	1
Mr. Watt's b c Bubastes, by Blacklock . . . . .	2
Mr. Ridsdale's b f by Lottery . . . . .	3

17 started, 26 paid.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs given by the Stewards, with 50 sovs added by the Corporation, free for any horse, &c. three year olds 7st, four 8st 3lb, five 8st 10lb, six and aged 9st.—The winner of the St. Leger 3lb extra—To start at the Red House, go once round, and in.

Mr. Watt's b c Rockingham, 3 yrs . . . . .	1
Mr. Rawlinson's b c Revenge, by Fungus, 3 yrs old . . . . .	2
Mr. Walker's br h Consul, by Lottery, 5 yrs old . . . . .	3

8 started, 24 drawn.

FRIDAY, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, with 20 added, for three years old fillies, 8st 4lb—St. L. C.

Mr. Powlett's br by Lottery, out of Miss Fanny . . . . .	1
Mr. S. L. Fox's b Tesane, by Whisker . . . . .	2
Sir R. Bulkeley's b Katinka . . . . .	3
Mr. Houldsworth's b Constance, by Buzzard . . . . .	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs each:—Three subscribers.

Mr. Walker's b h Consul, 5 yrs . . . . .	w over
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The SCARBOROUGH STAKES of 30 sovs each, 10 sovs ft for three



yeas old; colts 8st 6lb; fillies 8st 3lb;—The winner of the St. Leger 7lb extra.—The last mile.

Mr. Walker's br c Mussulman, by Muley . . . . .	1
Col. Crawford's bl c The Mole, by Whalebone . . . . .	2
Duke of Leeds' b c Lot, by Lottery . . . . .	3

A PLATE of £100, for three year olds 7st 5lb; and four 8st 7lb; Maiden colts allowed 2lb; fillies 3lb.—Two mile heats.

Lord Macdonald's b c Carnaby, 3 yrs . . . . .	1	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b c David, 4 yrs . . . . .	4	2
Mr. Rarrow's b f by Whisker, 3 yrs . . . . .	5	3
Mr. S. Reed's b c Slinker, 3 yrs . . . . .	3	4
Sir R. C. Dick's gr g Allegro, 3 yrs . . . . .	2	5

### *To the Editor of the Sportsman's Cabinet.*

MR. EDITOR,

As you have once considered the effusions of my pen entitled to a corner of your practical Sporting Cabinet, allow me to offer you a faint sketch of my personal observation on Tuesday last, at the justly celebrated spot, Doncaster, where I arrived from a very comfortable little inn at Dursfield Bridge, on the morning of that great day,

To myself and friend all was new, and extremely interesting; still it would ill become me to attempt a description of what is doubtless perfectly familiar to most of your readers, and has many a time and oft been accurately and ably described: sufficeth to say, the great betting rooms, and those that have for years stood pre-eminent on the sporting page, had each and every one of them powerful claims on our excited attention, and as such fully occupied the mind, till half-past two P.M.—when the Produce Stakes came off, easily won by that promising 2 year old filly, Cotilion, beautifully ridden by Scott, though some said 'twas Johnson, to which Valparaiso was an indifferent second. After which came on the most animated display ever beheld of the kind, truly it was a treat to see twenty magnificent nags in such perfect condition, paraded before the Grand and crowded Stand, equipped and mounted in such excellent style!—all was breathless anxiety as they passed by for their well ordered start, which nothing but the pre-meditated interference of that pink, Henry Edwards, frustrated for the time. After returning with great apparent good temper, both in man and beast, they got admirably together again, and had a most splendid start, all getting off exactly to their mind, except one, and that very little behind. To the track across the

course, they appeared prepared for a recall. There being no flag displayed to their wakeful eyes, away they went in good earnest, the Mole and Belshazzar leading the interesting lot past the hill, betwixt which and the Red House, the pace was tremendous, without a change or shadow of tailing; and as such they came round the corner, when to my view, Forester looked like having a chance, but 'twas only for a moment; for Mussulman, with that finished jockey, W. Scott, had taken the inside track, and was beating off both Belshazzar and the Mole, when up came Rockingham, steered by that patient and thorough horseman, Sam Darling, who sat still as death; whilst Scott was making free use of his honest racer, who's true running was the admiration of all beholders. Nevertheless, Sam sat still, and his struggling opponent came back to him. Rockingham went in half a length first. The favourite (Muley Moloch) never shewed out of the pack; and how the rest came on, I leave willingly to others to describe, my attention being rivetted to the two first, and if possible, to be exact as to the time, which I say was three minutes, twenty-two seconds, and a quarter. It would be perfectly superfluous in me to say more. That the best horse won, I should think no one in their senses would be prepared to deny, and a more magnificent effort at racing, I humbly conceive, is not upon record. With myself and friend, the charm was over; the beautiful vision had vanished. So, after an accidental view of that little trotting prodigy, Tom Thumb, in fine twig, we harnessed, and retired to our snug domicile, at the "Brig," as it is termed in Yorkshire.

Walton, Sept. 19th, 1833.

BELA.

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